

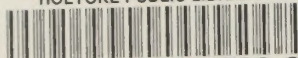
PICTURESQUE HAMPSHIRE



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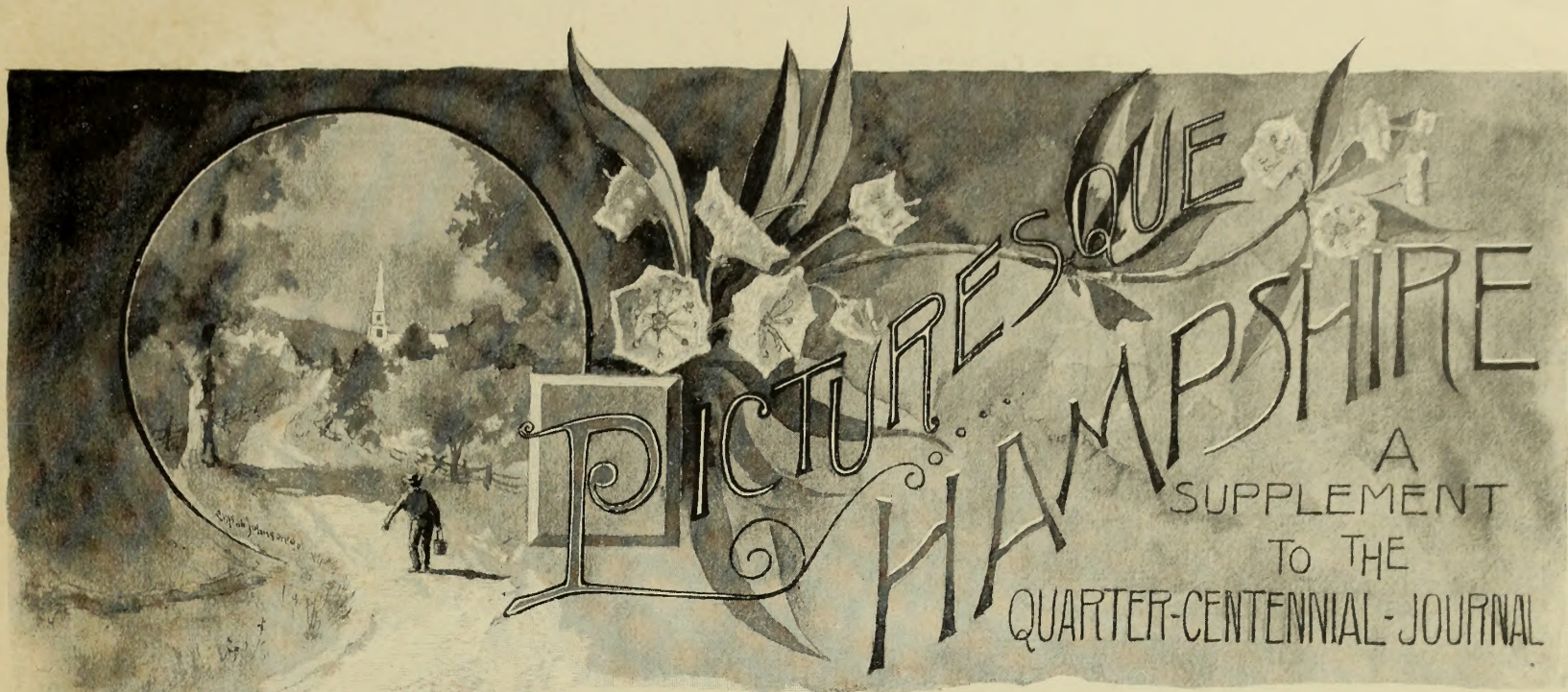
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HISTORIC GROUND IN THE CONNECTICUT VALLEY.

DRAWN AND ENGRAVED EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK, BY ELBRIDGE KINGSLEY, SUBJECT TO JAPAN PROOFS.



NORTHAMPTON, MASS., NOVEMBER, 1890.

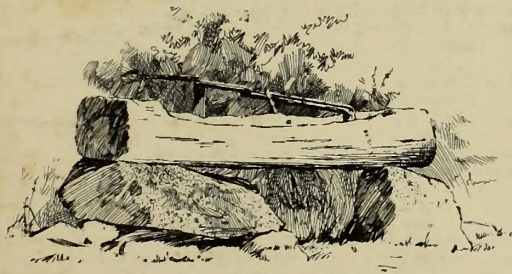
INTRODUCTORY.

Hail! gentle reader—and Good Morning! or Good Evening! as you find it—here we are on the “parting of the ways,” the “Four Corners” of roads leading to all kinds of picturesqueness.

“Picturesque Hampshire?” you ask inquiringly.

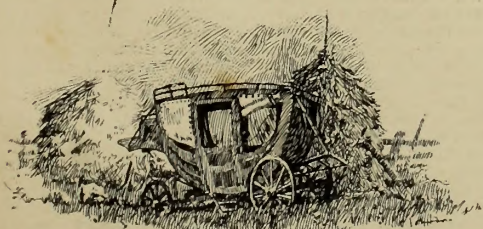
Yes, why not? Is it not a part of “Picturesque America,” and a considerable part too? If you have any doubt of it this volume must convince you.

Here is not seen the wonderful power of a Niagara’s torrent, the sublimities of the Rocky Mountains, or the



A WAYSIDE WATERING-TROUGH.

canons and gorges of the Yosemite; but show us, if you can, any fairer “Garden of the Gods” than that comprised in the meadow lands, hills and vales of Hampshire! If the Supreme Power has given us here his wonderful works only in miniature, instead of duplication, let us be thankful that we are not surfeited, and that our love for the beautiful is in no danger of being satiated, but instead is left to “grow from what it feeds upon,” and thus furnish “a joy forever.”



THE OLD STAGE-COACH.

But to return to our “Four Corners.” Here is a road which would take us over the hill, by the pretty little country church, of which you see the steeple in the title picture. Not one in fifty of our readers have used this

road, probably, but it will lead them to such wonderful scenes of beauty as they never dreamed of, if they know how to make good use of their eyes and are endowed with a fair share of art instinct. An hour out on that road, if you are a lover of nature—human and the other kind—and you will see pictures of nature’s verdure, gen-



AN AUTUMN HILLSIDE.

eral beauty, quaint objects and character scenes in a country and people you would hardly know for those of your own county or state. Who would suppose such scenes as follow this page could all be Hampshire realities? Yet we found them all, with our artists, in rides and strolls about the county, and they reveal the beauties of that every-day life which is close at hand and all about us.



THE SPRING HOEING.

Suppose we were fairly started on our carriage-ride over that hill in the picture, one of our studies by the roadside might well be the watering-troughs for tired equine creation. The variety is remarkable, and would make an interesting series of pictures by themselves, had we room for them, but we can only instance one, of

common fashion, which is to be found on the road between Chesterfield hill and the “Hollow.”

What sight more suggestive and touching than the old abandoned stage-coach, turned into the farm-yard, to fall to pieces after exposure to a few winters’ storms and the assaults of mischievous boys! unless, forsooth, some one shall rescue it from ruin and convert it into a tally-ho coach. What stories the old stage could tell, of sad and merry journeys taken in its interior, and even on top, on its outside seats!

It was late in the fall when we took our first carriage ride, hunting after views for our “Picturesque Hampshire,” and the crescent of the harvest moon shone over the corn-stacks on the hillside, as represented in the picture. It was last spring when we went over the same country again, and saw men preparing the ground for this fall’s harvest.

Next to watering troughs, guide-boards would be a study, and you can generally tell the character of a town by the care taken of them. Speaking about picturesque roads over the hills, the last sketch on this page shows us still another. There are a great many about the country that we were unable to sketch or photograph, for lack of space to reproduce them.

Another book, and another still, would fail to complete the panorama of nature’s attractions and the human character pictures that crowded upon our attention. Let any one who wishes to spend his next vacation pleasantly and profitably engage a horse and carriage, if he is not fortunate enough to have one of



THE FRIENDLY GUIDE.



A WINDING ROADWAY OVER THE HILL.

his own, take his family or friends with him, and drive leisurely a few days in the direction of any of the four points of the compass, from the shire city, or any town in Hampshire county. Our word for it, he will surprise himself, and will come back more in love than ever with his own country. A single man will enjoy himself with a bicycle; in fact, it is only wheelmen, comparatively speaking, who have yet come to know and enjoy outdoor life and travel within a fifty mile radius of the centre of Hampshire. They know every road, hill, valley and river, and you will find more than one of them enthusiastic when the subject of picturesqueness in Hampshire is touched upon; some of them have photographic apparatus, to preserve the pictures which fly before their eyes, and all of them can post you as to the best roads. The horseback ride is another pleasant way of reaching the country portrayed in these pages, but if any amount of baggage is to be carried, and the trip is to be a prolonged one, with companions, the carriage is indispensable.

Suppose now, that instead of driving out into the country, away from Hampshire's city, we turn our carriage back, over the pretty little bridge in the picture, and first inspect the attractions of the "Meadow City," for she claims our chief attraction, as queen of the county—

"Fronting the sunrise and in beauty throned,
With jeweled homes around her lifted brow,
And coronal of ancient forest trees."

As a preliminary exercise, gentle reader, we ask you to view with us an old Indian battle-ground in Hadley, on our way through the meadows, first casting your eyes on the representation of it in the beautiful frontispiece of Elbridge Kingsley, on the opposite page. Then, after a review of this historic ground, with the Hadley pastor's wife, first in poem and then in prose, please listen to a few general preachment and explanations on the nature and scope of our work, etc., after which you can jump into the carriage with us, and take a drive about town—the "grand old town," of Northampton.

HADLEY'S DELIVERANCE.

Frontispiece Illustration by Elbridge Kingsley.

Oh, beautiful Hadley meadows! how fair you are to-night!
Partly in purple shadow, partly in amber light,
With shimmer of silver poplars, and pine trees' richer green,
And the river winding slowly, your emerald banks between.
Oh dear and sweet Connecticut! in lands beyond the sea,
Where is the storied river to be compared with thee?
What fairest foreign landscape so the heart with pleasure fills,
As thou dost, charming valley, girt with eternal hills.
Rippling over the bending grass, the West wind ling'ring goes,
He finds the shy arbutus, the sweet azalea knows.
The whippoorwill's cry in the swamp sounds near, then faint and far,
And the beacon on Mt. Holyoke shines like a steady star.
Oh, lovely vale that smiles below! Oh, silent heights above!
For aye ye are the blest abode of tenderness and love.
For aye? We may not say it, turn back two hundred years,
And read a page of history all dim with blood and tears;
When, through this happy valley swept the scathe of Indian ire,
And marked its deadly footprints here, in massacre and fire.
So softly dark the night came down, two hundred years ago,
Only the wind among the pines, the river's murmuring flow,
When yonder, in their ancient fort, the council ring was set,
* And Philip's wily messenger, the Hadley Indians met;
His dark eye glitters fiercely, but his speech is smooth and slow:
"What word, Oh, braves of Nonotuck? what word before I go?"
† Ye know in Mache-Moodus the thunder rolls again,
The red men's Gitchie Manitou has heard his sons complain:
Shall I say the Hadley pale-faces have built a pen of logs
Where without bows to bring them food, they keep their Indian dogs?"
A low growl rolled around him and louder, fiercer grew
He checked it with his lifted hand, "Did Cnchoy's ears tell true?"
Or did they lie, my brothers, when they said at rise of sun,
‡ The Hadley men would take my brothers' bow, and knife and gun?"
Black low red the frown the circle round, yea, e'en the tawny brow

That once had known the Christian sign, was dark with hatred now,
A hundred bows are quickly strung, a hundred knives flash bare,—
A moment, and the fearful whoop shall thrill the midnight air,
And sleeping Hadley waken in affright to deadly harm,
But Cnchahoy has stilled them by the lifting of his arm.

The white man's eyes are blind with sleep, his ears are dull and dead,
He sees no dusky, gliding forms, he hears no stealthy tread:—
§ But when the morning brightens, and the Hadley townsmen come
To take the Indians' arms away, the empty fort is dumb,
Yet speaks of plotted treason, for these tawny heathen cling
|| Close as serpents' eggs together, (Eggs will hatch and serpents sting.)

Oh, sighing pines of Sugar-loaf! Green elms of Deerfield vale!
Ye saw the Indian serpents coiled beside the narrow trail.
Oh, flower and crown of Essex youth! the glory of our host,
** Ye are become the heathen's prey so miserably lost:
And Essex's maids and matrons long shall mourn their gallant dead,
Like mourning Rachel shall they weep nor shall be comforted.
Had not the Lord been on our side, may poor New England say,
Our hearts had fainted utterly, after this dreadful day.

To the Lord of Hosts give glory! Let the praise be His alone!
†† When He pleaseth to have mercy, deliverance shall be shown.

‡‡ His marvelous Deliverance! we saw it with our eyes!
It was on a Fast-day morning, in time of exercise,
While worthy Mr. Russell did so faithfully expound
§§ Revelation xi. 3, with searchings most profound,—
"Behold the time approacheth, and the sign is set on high,
Not longer shall His witnesses in sackcloth prophesy,
It cometh! it is at the door, the great Day of the Lord!
Which shall avenge His slaughtered saints, according to His word."

So rapt were we from things of sense, in holy fervor then,
Almost we saw the shining of the New Jerusalem!
When just beyond the door arose a wild and sudden cry,
"The Indians! the Indians! the Indians are nigh!"
As when the fowler's net is cast above the trembling bird,
Not stooed we terror-smitten there, and no one spake or stirred,
Then rushed we at our savage foe, but vainly did we strive,
Not a house had stood in Hadley, nor soul been left alive.

||| Had God not sent to rescue us, His mighty Angel down,
To rally us, and lead us, save the people and the town.
To the Lord of Hosts give glory! Let the praise be His alone,
In time of our extremity was His Deliverance shown!

Mrs. J. S. BAYNE.

HADLEY, July, 1890.

NOTES.

* It appears that the Nipnet Indians were driven more westward into the woods between Hadley and Northfield, where they soon effected their design, viz., to leave the Indians on that side the country with the same prejudice and malice against the English with which they themselves were embittered.—[Narrative of the Indian Wars, page 100.]
(This narrative was published by authority of the Governor and Council in 1677. Reprinted by same authority in 1777.)

† Mache-Moodus or "place of noises." A place before the English settlements of extraordinary pow-wows, or where the Indians drove a prodigious trade at worshipping the devil. An old Indian said when asked the cause of the noises, that "Indians' god was very angry because Englishman's God was come here."—[Trumbull.]

‡ Inasmuch that the said Hadley Indians fell into great suspicion with the English, and for a proof of their fidelity were required to bring in their arms to the English, but upon that motion they delayed a little.—[Narrative of the Indian Wars, page 101.]

§ That very night they fled away from their dwelling, which was in a wooden fortification within a mile of Hatfield, (then a part of Hadley,) whereby they plainly discovered that they had secretly plotted to join Philip's party.—[Narrative of the Indian Wars, page 101.]

|| They all hanging together like serpents' eggs were easily persuaded to join with those of Hadley, (there being so near alliance between them,) for the Sachem of the Springfield Indians was father of Hadley Sachem.—[Narrative of the Indian Wars, page 109.]

** The 18th of September, that most fatal day, the saddest that ever befel New England, which was the ruin of a choice company of young men, the very flower of the County of Essex; their dear relations at home mourning for them like Rachel for her children, and would not be comforted, because they were so miserably lost.—[Page 104.]

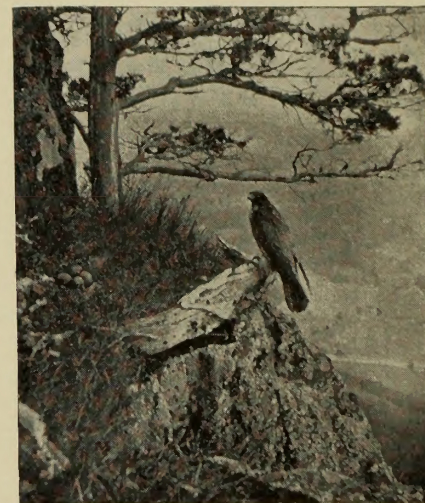
†† The time of our deliverance was not yet come. God had other trials to acquaint us with before he would turn His hand upon our enemies.—[Page 117.]

‡‡ But the Lord of Hosts, who is wise in council and wonderful in working will find out some other way to destroy our

enemies wherein the hand of His providence should more remarkably be seen, that so no flesh should glory in its own wisdom or strength, but that salvation might appear to be from the Lord alone.—[Page 202.]

§§ These texts are marked in an old Commentary—published in 1685—belonging to the Pastor's Library in Hadley. It was believed by many that the "two witnesses" of Revelation were the two regicides then hiding in Hadley; and there was a general expectation of the revolution which occurred some years later in England, and a looking upon it as a fulfillment of prophecy.

||| The story of the appearance of Goffe as the "Angel of Rescue in Hadley," is too well known to need repetition.



THE TOP-MOST CRAG ON MT. HOLYOKE.

Historic Ground in the Connecticut Valley.

See Frontispiece.

There is hardly a note in history more pathetic and touching than the experience of the exiled judges of Charles I. of England, while hiding from royal displeasure in the caves and woods of New England. While others had come to find homes and build a nation, they had come to find oblivion for every action, and finally unknown graves in the then great wilderness.

It is not necessary to go into minute detail to attract interest to Old Hadley's vague and beautiful legend of the mysterious appearance of Gen. Goffe as an angel of deliverance, during an attack of the Indians on Sept. 1, 1675. It is sufficient for our purpose to deal with it as tradition and call attention to a locality that has a sufficiency of facts within its bosom to echo this same old story of the past, like a well remembered dream.

Hadley, in the early days, consisted of a single wide street, stretching across a peninsula, made by a loop of the Connecticut river, just above Mt. Holyoke. Within the limits of the meadows formed by this sweep of the river to the west and back again, occurred some of the most stirring scenes of the early wars, and within a radius of five miles are to be found the ruins of no less than three Indian forts.

The inevitable conflict of races commenced in this fair valley August 24, 1675, and resulted in the annihilation of the original owners of the soil as a people. They were incited to action, it is said, by King Philip, who was driven from his home to find refuge with the Nipnets east of the valley, this tribe being connected with the River Indians by ties of relationship. Signs of discontent were in the air for a long time, and when, on the night of the 24th, the colonial soldiers marched down the big bend, to surround and disarm the Indians, they found the principal fort evacuated and the whole garrison in full retreat to the north. Thereafter the war was mainly carried on by deadly ambushade in the swamps, or by sudden incursions from the northern hills, giving color to the theory that there could have been no attack on Hadley Sept. 1.

But the eastern borders of the valley being in the hands of the hostile Nipnets and trails leading over eastern spurs of Mt. Holyoke directly to an Indian fort half a mile south-east of the village street, may offer another solution to the mystery. From the lay of the land it is easy to see that this direction of approach was the only one that the Indian would naturally take, either for surprise or retreat, as all other avenues were open ground or cut off by the river.

This region below the village has undergone few changes since the first settlement, save the annual cuttings of the river into its banks, forming new channels for itself and leaving sand-bars and driftwood in the place of rich meadow land. The road follows the curve of the river as it bends to the south, along high sand banks till the land dips to a lower plain called Fort Meadow. A small mill stream, called Fort river, debouches out upon this plain and joins the Connecticut a half mile below.

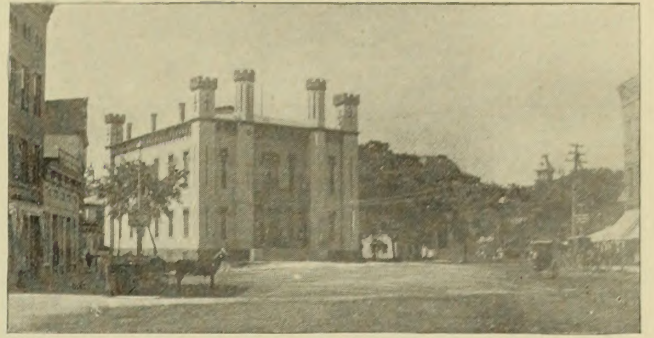
On the eastern bank of this stream a high bluff, overgrown with pine, marks the site of the Indian fort: back of it the plateau keeps the same high level and joins the foot hills of the mountain. It is plain that the savages would cross the small stream at this point, as it

is nearest to the hill on the opposite side, and from the cover of this hill drop under the high banks of the Connecticut, leading directly into the southern end of the village street, and also, if by watchfulness the foe was discovered in time, this sand hill would naturally be made use of in self-defense by a soldier of the experience of Gen Goffe. The usually accepted impression of the legend, that the Indians actually reached the church, seems hardly possible, unless nearly the whole street was laid in ashes before reaching it. At all events, recent excavations in the same hill uncover Indian bones and relics in a profusion that seems to point to the spot as the unknown battle ground. If the English succeeded in driving the foe back over the bluffs, their dead would be buried on the ground, while the fallen of the whites would be taken to the cemetery west of the town.

It is a beautiful scene, this link to so many stirring memories. Below us the stream winds in and out of brush and swamp undergrowth, forming shallows and lagoons that are thick with rushes and lily-pads. Overhanging trees are draped with festoons of wild grape vines, and the shadows are dense with fern and clematis.

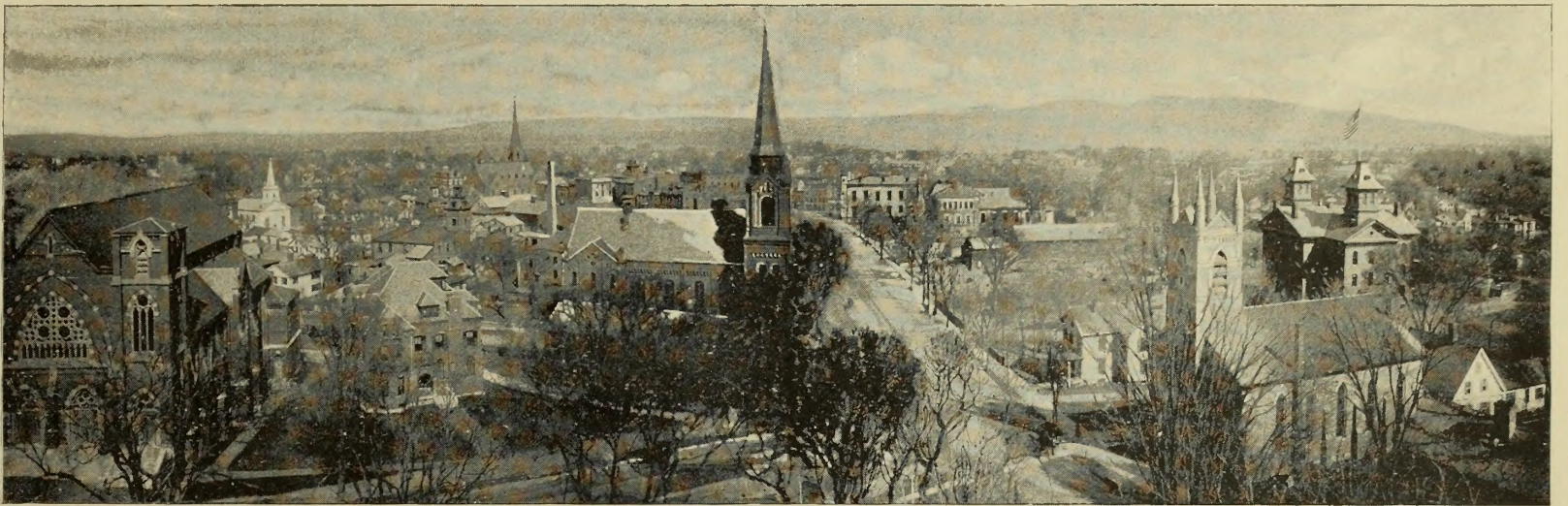
The setting sun lights up the eastern shores of the stream and the whole side of Mt. Holyoke is a blaze of variegated greens. The white mountain house stands out against a purple background of clouds, like a beacon, overlooking the peace of the valley. And this is the only reminder that modern civilization is sweeping up

Quarter-Centennial Journal made the enterprise a bold and hazardous one for a country newspaper publisher, and many predicted its pecuniary failure. But again it was proved that the public know a good thing when they see it. The character of the work was not the highest from a literary standpoint, nor did it aim to be, but the public spirit and enterprise—we trust we may be excused this little egotism—was appreciated. The book had a brisk sale but it was sold at a low price, and only for the advertising patronage of many kind friends the publishers would have been seriously out of pocket. As it was they obtained only a modest profit for several months of hard labor and the expenditure of several thousand dollars, and this naturally led to caution and hesitation in the consideration of any further enterprises of the kind. Hints were often given that the people of Northampton and Hampshire county would appreciate a resumption of such work as the Quarter-Centennial hinted at, but the publishers did not



LOOKING TOWARDS THE CITY HALL.

—as he rarely owns Boston & Albany railroad stock—and in this case he will not grumble if he is able to pay his bills and secure all parties from loss. Without a cent of profit he will then be proud of it, as a monument to his native town and county, and to all concerned in its



VIEW OF THE CITY OF NORTHAMPTON, LOOKING EAST, FROM SMITH COLLEGE TOWER.

like a vast sea, to capture these quiet nooks to its own uses. Soon there will be no traces left of relics and associations that connect the present with the beginnings of the Nation.

ELBRIDGE KINGSLEY.

Picturesque Hampshire.

[Entered at the Post-Office as second class matter.]

A SUPPLEMENT TO THE QUARTER-CENTENNIAL EDITION OF THE
HAMPSHIRE COUNTY JOURNAL.

CHAS. F. WARNER, Editor. WADE, WARNER & CO. Publ'rs.
PRICE: Fifty cents in Paper Cover; in cloth, \$1.50; Russia Leather, Beveled Boards, Full Gilt, (Edition Limited, to one hundred copies,) \$5 each.

Hampshire County Journal,

WADE, WARNER & CO., PROPRIETORS.

A FIRST-CLASS, FREE, INDEPENDENT FAMILY NEWSPAPER
Succeeding the Journal and Free Press.

Published every Friday Afternoon, in Jones' Block, Court St.,
NORTHAMPTON, MASS.

TERMS—Two dollars a year, but if paid in advance, or within
six months of the time of subscription, \$1.50.

EDWARD H. WADE.

CHARLES F. WARNER.

WHY THIS BOOK WAS PUBLISHED.

In the Quarter-Centennial edition of the Hampshire County Journal—of which this work is a supplement—the editor stated that the material for illustration, readily available, to portray the beauties of Northampton and the surrounding country, was almost inexhaustible. This was in 1887, and he further said that it might be advisable at some future time to publish a book supplementary to the Quarter-Centennial, but while hoping that he might be called upon to do so, he was not at all sanguine of such an issue. The cost of publishing an edition of ten thousand copies of such a work as the

feel able to share all the risk and uncertainty of such an enterprise as this is, in addition to their regular business and during the summer of 1889 one of Northampton's most public-spirited citizens came forward, urged the publication of this book, and declared his readiness to co-operate in launching the work, as a meritorious public enterprise.

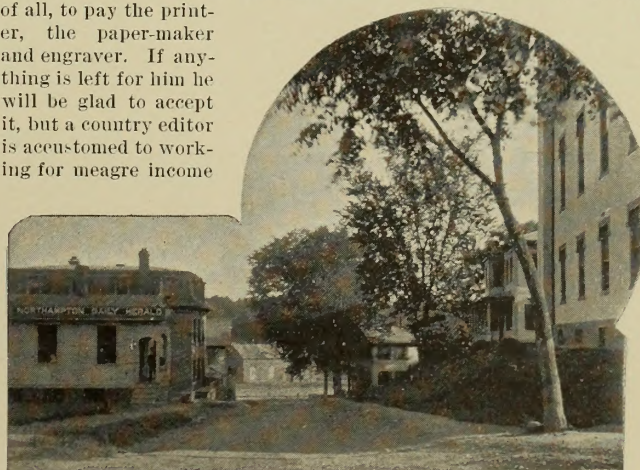
But for this act of one who in numerous other ways has made himself a general public benefactor, the editor fears that he never should have felt able to undertake the work of gathering and culling so much material as was necessary for his ideal work.

It now remains for every son of Hampshire to show his appreciation of this enterprise—much more costly than was the Quarter-Centennial—by patronizing it liberally, for the benefit of the publishers, themselves and their friends. The editor desires, first of all, to pay the printer, the paper-maker and engraver. If anything is left for him he will be glad to accept it, but a country editor is accustomed to working for meagre income

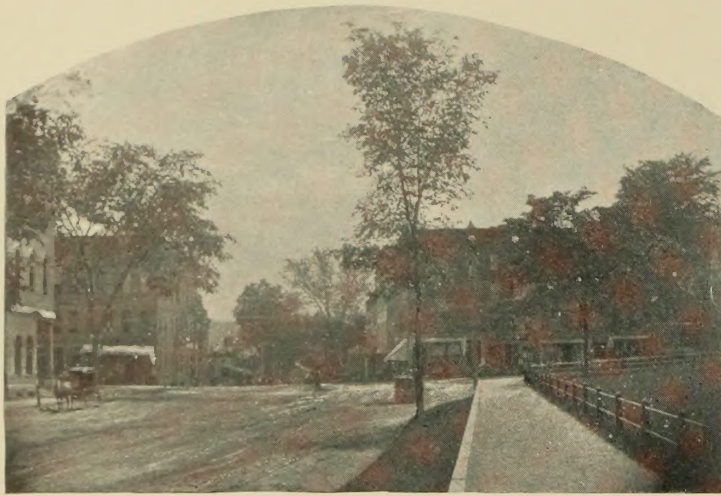
production, while he would hope for the time when the sons of Hampshire would heartily appreciate the public spirit that prompted it—for it is surely not too much to claim that spirit for both, when the use of capital, time and labor can never be fully compensated by any proceeds that can accrue from the sale, at so low a price, of such a limited edition as is given of this work. Only an edition of 20,000, or double the number of copies, could furnish to the editor and publishers such a profit as would be commensurate to its importance and worth, and hence they will have to take out a share of their satisfaction in glory instead of any great amount of hard cash, but, as noticed before, one of them at least is supposed to be chronically content with such returns for his labor—at least, so the paragraphers will have it.

THE PRICE OF THE WORK.

It will hardly be doubted that the cost of bringing out "Picturesque Hampshire" would fully warrant as in charging one dollar a copy for it, but on the other hand there are doubtless many who could not afford to pay this sum, who could pay fifty cents, and that is the reason for the popular price we have placed on this work. It is desired to bring its possession within the means of every citizen of the county. It is the first book of the kind in this or any other county, that we know of. The people of Hampshire have a right to be proud of it, but a higher price than fifty cents for it might make some feel that the enterprise was not such a public-spirited one as it is. Now the editor and publishers of this work can claim at least that motive. They have published the book to glorify the beauties of their native city and county, and every one else, for the small sum of fifty cents, can claim the credit of patronizing public spirit and enterprise and thus aid in satisfying the obligation, if there is any, to the originators.



CRAFTS AVENUE.



LOOKING FROM KING STREET TOWARD PLEASANT STREET.

For the convenience of those who prefer their "Picturesque" bound in cloth a special edition has been published and will be put on sale at \$1.50 a copy. A very limited, choice *edition de luxe*, bound in Russia leather, with beveled boards and gilt edges, has also been issued and will be sold, only by subscription, at five dollars per copy.

Our Artists, Photographers and Engravers.

"Picturesque Hampshire" is of course largely the work of artists, photographers and engravers; in fact, the reading matter of this work is necessarily subordinated to the display of their handiwork.

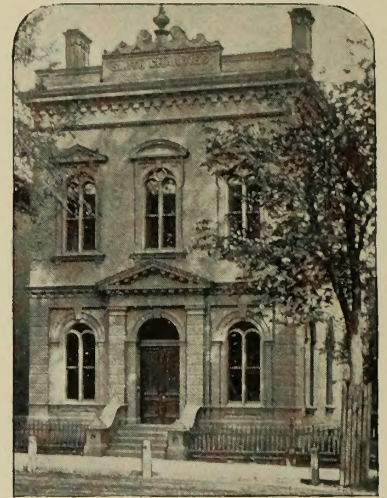
First of all, the Frontispiece of Elbridge Kingsley, the ideal artist and engraver, speaks for itself and is described on another page. This is the chef d'œuvre of our work. It is one of the triumphs of the Century Magazine's favorite artist, who delights in culling the beauties nearest his old home. He has been many times urged to set up his tent, or, rather, his car, elsewhere than in western Massachusetts, but as yet he has not been lured any length of time far from the scenes of his boyhood; he has generally found a great sufficiency of art material right here in Hampshire. The old towns of Hadley, Hatfield and the Meadow City owe much to Elbridge Kingsley; with the devotion of a lover to his mistress, he has painted and extolled their beauties in many a picture; he is most at home with them, and yet he treats them with the most perfect delicacy of feeling. His description of the

Frontispiece furnishes the clue to his treatment of the subject, and one can almost feel the inspiration and divine afflatus of the artist himself, as he looks over this historic land of his fathers, with eye concentrated so wholly upon its picturesque foreground that the distant mountain and its top-most house fade into the shadows of evening light and all is lost but the objects nearest at hand on the sacred ground.

Photographers are not always artists; they are sometimes too mechanical in their work to make use of the many natural aids to picture grouping which lie at their command, but "Picturesque Hampshire" is singularly fortunate in being able to show unusual talent in the gentlemen engaged in this work. Photographer Lovell of Northampton and his careful assistant, Mr. Cole,

aided the editor of this work in the collection and preparation of a large part of the scenes taken about the county in the fall of 1889 and the spring of the present year, and Mr. Knowlton assisted, but we should fail to do justice to the amateur photographers of the county did we not mention particularly the aid they extended us. Prominent among them is L. H. Kingsley of Hatfield. To him we are indebted for the best views in Hatfield and near vicinity. Mr. Kingsley has some of the art instinct of his brother and knows when to take a picture. The light and shadow effects which he seizes and utilizes in his scenes make his pictures works of art. Fred E. Judd of Southampton is another gentleman to whom we are indebted for views in that town. Mr. Judd has the enthusiasm of an artist and the delicate, refined taste of

doubtless, the heart of Kingsley, could he be lured away from these charms of his own home, which, apparently, he never can exhaust. To Mr. Johnson we are indebted for the cover and title design, some excellent wash-drawings, pen and ink sketches and photographs, which we have utilized. This young artist has the rare faculty of making and seizing artistic situations. A little boy



THE SMITH CHARITIES BUILDING.

or girl by the roadside, when he happens along with his camera, suggest happy possibilities to him, especially if the child has a fish-pole or basket in hand, or is engaged in any pleasing occupation or amusement, and our readers will find these pages brightened with several "cute bits" of character sketches in this particular. Mr. Johnson evidently has a useful career before him, and he will be heard from some day in a still more pro-



VIEW OF THE CITY FROM THE HILL CORNER OF PARK AND PROSPECT STREETS.

one who searches out Nature at its best, as is shown in his discovery and picture-preservation of the choicest of the attractions of his town.

Fred L. Cleveland of West Chesterfield, another amateur photographer, has our thanks for a picture of the old bridge at that place. He has an interesting collection of local scenery, of his own, and travelers through that region would do well to call upon him.

Artist Clifton Johnson of Hoekanum will be remembered by readers of the Quarter-Centennial edition, as he contributed greatly to the artistic success of that work. Since that time he has fully justified the expectations we entertained for him, having performed meritorious work for Scribner and other magazines and publishers of various books. It was quite a matter of course that he should come to our aid in "Picturesque Hampshire." He has lived close to the heart of Nature in this county, like his "elder brother," Kingsley. He has literally pitched his tent and camped on the heights, in the valleys and rocky fastnesses of the towns of Hampshire, in the summer months, and there searched out and brought to light much picturesque beauty, which would as much delight,

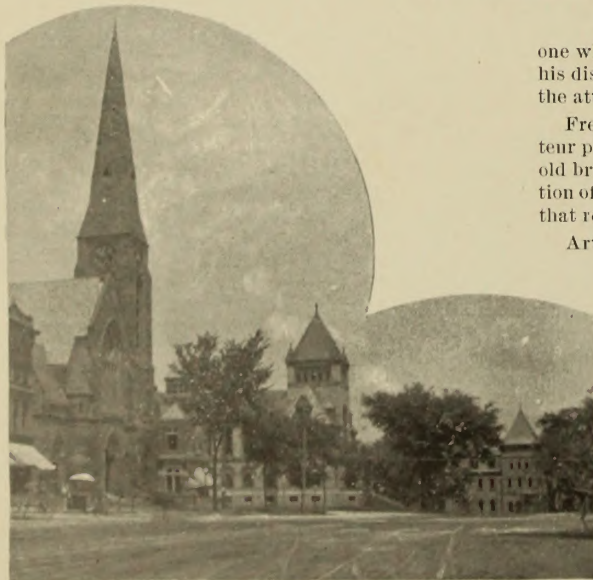
nounced way, as such talent is always at a premium.

Among our artists, the deft and facile hand of Thomas M. Shepherd of Northampton should be noticed. With unusual skill and fidelity he has reproduced many of the saliently picturesque features in public and private buildings in Northampton, with noticeable success. Miss Susanna Lathrop also contributes a few pen and ink sketches.

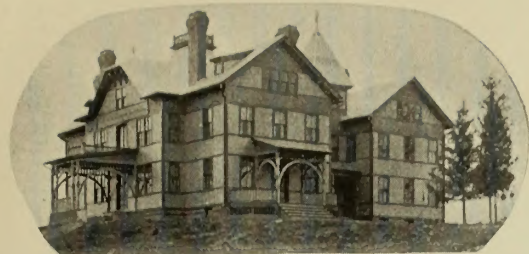
Finally, we most heartily acknowledge our indebtedness to the Boston Engraving Co. of 227 Tremont street, Boston, who have furnished us with over four hundred engravings for this work. For delicacy of execution, their engraving, in the much admired half tone process, is better even than that of our Quarter-Centennial edition. The assertion that Boston cannot approach New York in this line of work is now exploded. The work we have in these pages is much superior to any we have heretofore used, where the subjects were happily chosen and the photographs fairly good.

WHAT "PICTURESQUE" IS NOT.

"Picturesque Hampshire" is not an historical work. It will be readily seen why. It is not an attempt to "boom" any one city or town of the county, at the expense of any other. Northampton, as the shire of the county, is given the most and natural prom-



FIRST CHURCH, COURT-HOUSE, ETC.



THE DICKINSON HOSPITAL.

inence, but the prevailing idea throughout is to treat all the towns from a picturesque point of view purely. There is no attempt to glorify Hampshire's great sons of the past or present, to any considerable extent,—they are so many in number and history has done and will do them justice—but portraits are given of our greatest poets, authors, and America's greatest theologian, who found here his severest battle ground, while Jenny Lind is represented as one who gave Northampton its long-boasted meed of praise, as "the 'Paradise of America.'"

"Picturesque Hampshire" is not a gazetteer, nor a travelers' guide-book. Other publications cover the ground of such works and can be easily obtained in the public libraries or book-stores. In a work of this kind it is difficult to find room in text for more than the barest description of the interesting points pictured. The original design of the editor was to make a work of considerable literary value, with contributions from several prominent authors, but the great quantity of illustrations selected, even after the weeding-out process was complete, prevented this and have made necessary the subordination of the text to the illustrations, as a general thing.

NO ROOM FOR LITERARY DISPLAY.

Owing to the copiousness of the illustrative matter in this book, it has been found impossible to carry out the original intention of giving a story by Edward Bellamy. This was contracted for, as announced in the prospectus, but as, under pressure of ill health, the author gave his consent reluctantly, we feel sure that he drops the matter without regret, leaving for us only the sentiment of loss in this matter—but the abundance of engravings and the low price of the book ought to amply absolve us from any imputation of bad faith in making the announcement we did to the public.

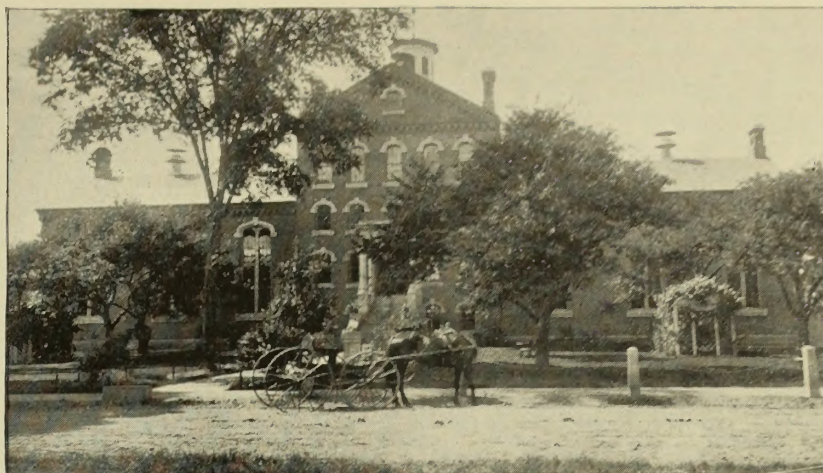
OUR PORTRAITS.

In a work of this kind, portraits must be the exception, but we find room for those of Jonathan Edwards, Wm. Cullen Bryant, J. G. Holland, Chas. Dudley Warner, George Bancroft and Jenny Lind, six of the most distinguished personages who have reflected credit upon Northampton and the county. In the brief limits of our space, it is impossible for us to give biographical notices of these subjects and these can be readily found in books

devoted to that work.

It is simply necessary for us to say here that Jonathan Edwards, stern Calvinist as he was in his earlier ministry, so broadened his theological views in later life as to raise the cry of heresy against himself. He favored what was called the "half-way covenant"—the admission of "unconverted" persons to the sacrament of the "Lord's Supper,"—and on this account such a hue and cry was raised against him that he had to leave Northampton. For the liberality of his later years he deserves this mention and a mellowing remembrance of his austerity.

William Cullen Bryant!—what sacred hours, in memory, cluster around this revered Hampshire poet's name! "Thanatopsis," "The Flood of Years" and "The Water-Fowl," are works grand and immortal, and in pages farther on in this work more is said of this



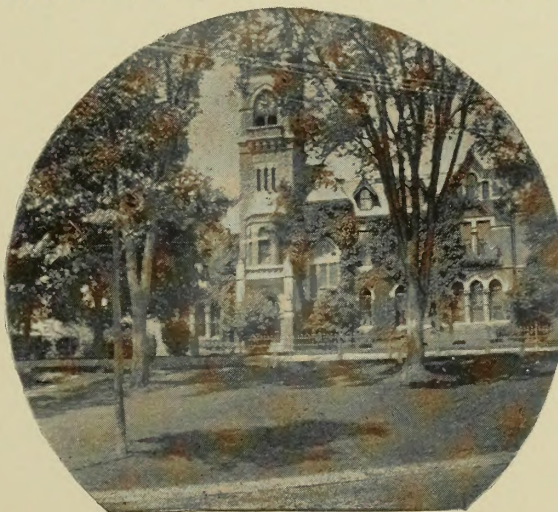
THE COUNTY JAIL ON UNION STREET.

in the last generation, when he taught the famous Round hill school, which was chiefly attended by the sons of southern planters. Mr. Bancroft is now in very precarious health, and before these pages go to press may be numbered with the "silent majority," but his great literary services, aside from past local associations here entitle him to a place among our portraits.

And finally, the gentle, lovely character, Jenny Lind!—what can we say of her that has not already been said? We reproduce a quaint old daguerreotype which represents the "Swedish Nightingale" and her husband, Otto Goldschmidt, in the position frequently assumed by young people of their time, when sitting for portraits. Jenny Lind spent in Northampton the happiest days of her life, and why she was happy may be easily imagined. She was as generous and charitable as she was gifted and the poor of Northampton and many other places shared her bounty. It is most fitting that the portrait of this beautiful woman should complete and crown our list of portraits.

NOT AN ADVERTISING SCHEME.

While "Picturesque Hampshire" is not an advertising scheme, it has been necessary to take some advertisements in order to carry it through successfully, but it would require considerably more than we have, to make the work pay without large sales of the book itself. We could have subordinated our illustrations and text to the project of adver-



A GLIMPSE OF SMITH COLLEGE.

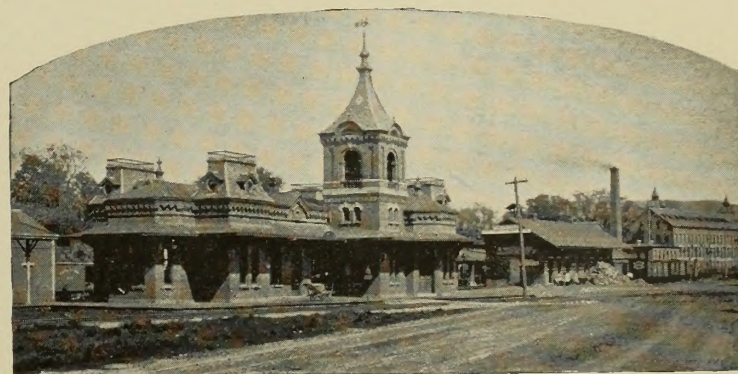
most impressive of nature's poets.

Josiah Gilbert Holland was, too, a poet of no mean order, and as a native of Belchertown Hampshire treasures his memory, while Northampton owes him her finest tribute in "Kathrina."

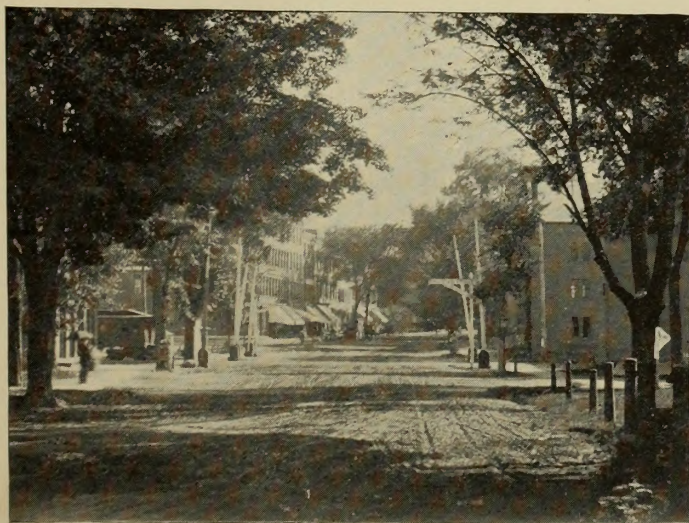
Who does not love the hearty, often rollicking style of Charles Dudley Warner, when he goes back to the old Plainfield farm, takes down the bars, lets us into the sweet scented pasture and shows us how pleasant it is to be a boy?

The incense of family affection rises all the stronger about the now more often-kindled wood fire on the hearth, in many homes all over the land, because of his "Back-Log Studies," and the friends of the genial editor of Harper's "Easy Chair" will be glad to see his kindly "counterfeit presentment" in Picturesque Hampshire.

George Bancroft, the veteran historian, now over eighty years of age and living in Washington, D. C., was a familiar figure on Northampton streets

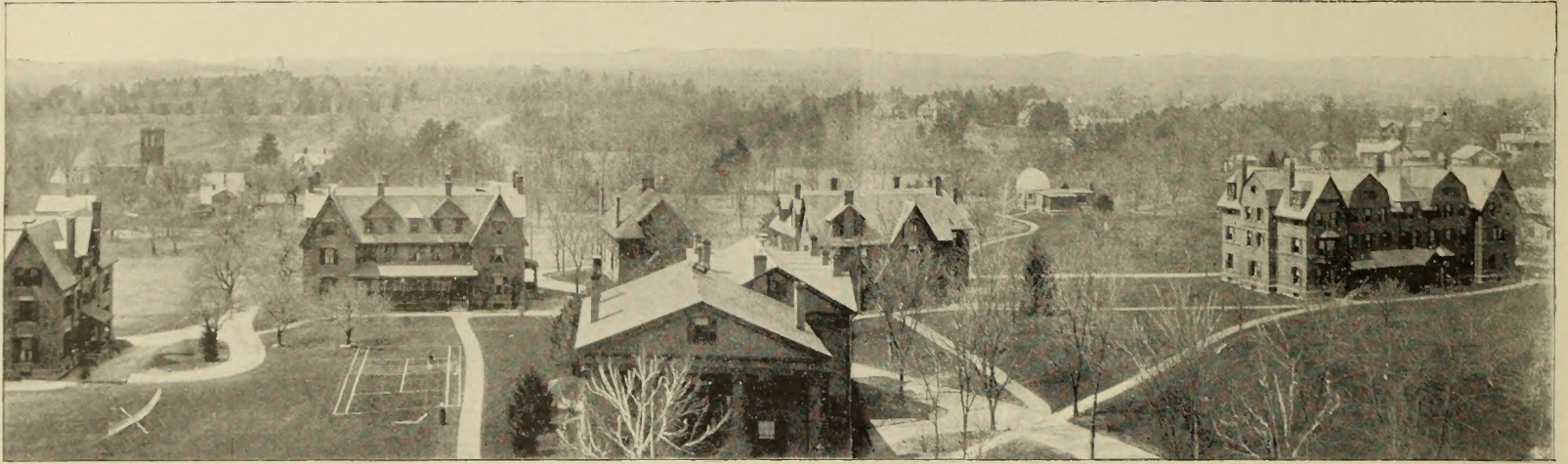


DEPOT OF THE CONN. RIVER AND BOSTON & MAINE RAILROADS.



LOOKING UP MAIN STREET FROM BRIDGE STREET.

tising, even in the reading matter, and doubtless reaped rich returns therefor, but we have preferred to give the people of Hampshire county a purely artistic work. The advertisements are by themselves, as in the Century magazine and similar publications, and the advertisers are entitled to consideration from their own merits, especially for their enterprise and public spirit in using such a work as this. We trust it will only need a glance from the reader to see that such a volume is not issued from the motive which inspires the publishers of so many advertising dodges—merely to catch gudgeons and make money. The object of this publication was, first, to produce a superior, artistic work; next to make a dollar for the publishers if consistent therewith. The first object could not be assured of attainment if the text and illustrations were sold to



VIEW LOOKING WEST OVER THE COLLEGE GROUNDS.

advertisers, and so the second point was made subsidiary to it. Let the public give credit accordingly. That is all we ask.

REMEMBER THE ABSENT ONES.

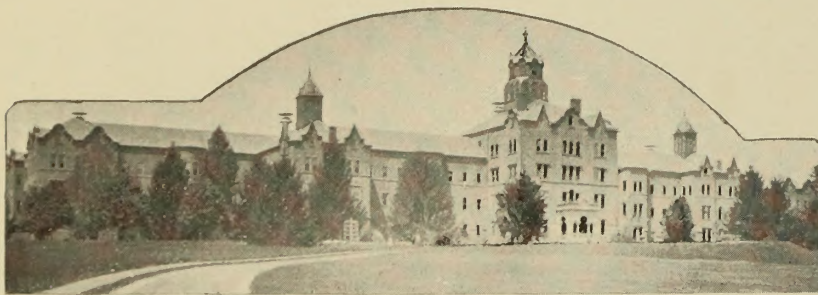
No more grateful act can be performed than to send the absent sons of Hampshire copies of "Picturesque," and the price is so low that almost every one can afford to send several copies to his friends. Think how welcome

views, by themselves, but they are only taken because of picturesque or historical value.

INTRODUCING NORTHAMPTON.

This publication is not a business or trade affair, in the sense of intention to "boom" Northampton or any other place in Hampshire county, as already said. It is assumed that the Quarter-Centennial edition of The

ter Centennial Journal, and the office of this publication is more particularly to portray the picturesque attractions of the "Meadow City" and its sister towns—of the Northampton, in which Beecher laid the scene of his story, "Norwood;" of which Holland sang in his "Kathrina" in well known lines, and which Jenny Lind praised so highly. We might fill many more papers with descriptions of the general business and social attractions of Northampton and all the Hampshire towns, but



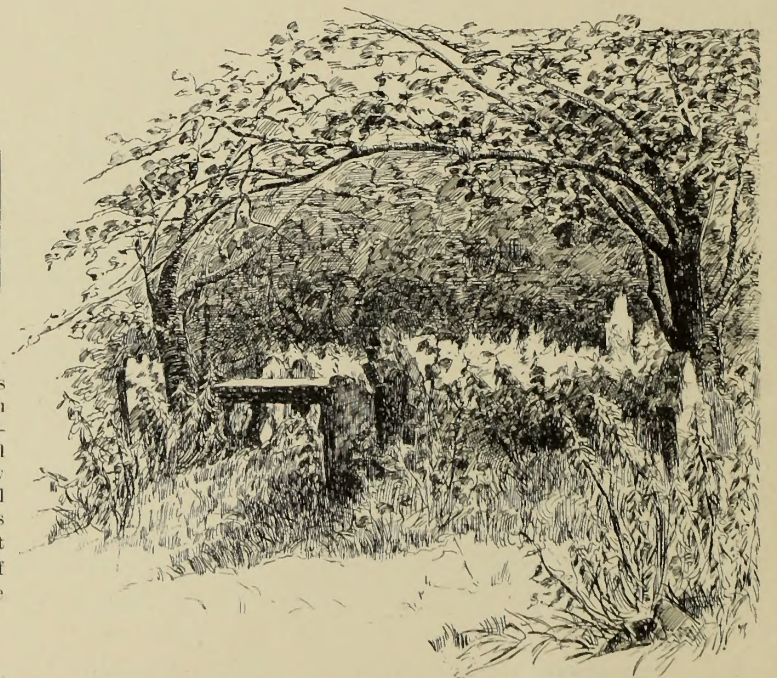
THE STATE LUNATIC HOSPITAL.

such a work as this must be to one who has been for some years far away from his native Hampshire hills and meadows. Every Hampshire boy will want a copy of this book when he sets his eyes upon it, for it will be to him a vivid picture, aye, a whole panorama, of the land of his fathers and his own boyhood.

NO FAVORITISM IN "PICTURESQUE."

In making up the collection of pictures for this work, it has been our object to keep clearly in mind, all the time, the main idea, to treat the subject from a purely picturesque point of view, to single out no particular building or dwelling, because it would please certain parties. On the contrary, everything of this kind was studiously avoided; there are a few private residences in detached

Journal, and the various histories, gazetteers and guide-books have informed pretty much everybody what the general attractions of Northampton and the various towns in the county are. For instance, it is well known that Northampton is situated on the Connecticut river, seventeen miles north of Springfield, very nearly in the



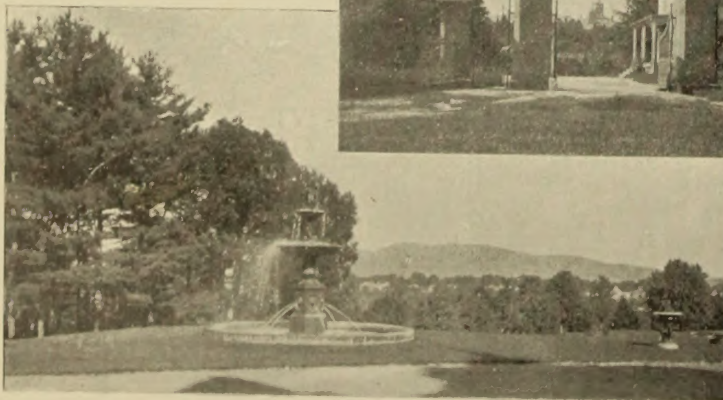
OLD STONES IN THE CEMETERY.

geographical center of the county; that it is a city of about 15,000 population; that it has the usual complement of churches, fraternal societies and public institutions, including Smith college for young ladies and the Mary A. Burnham preparatory

school; is soon to have an agricultural college and one of the most liberally endowed libraries in the world. The state lunatic and Dickinson hospitals and home for aged women, with the Smith Charities and Florence Kindergarten, are among its beneficent institutions, and the schools are among the best in the country. All this was amply set forth in the Quar-

ter Centennial Journal, and the office of this publication is more particularly to portray the picturesque attractions of the "Meadow City" and its sister towns—of the Northampton, in which Beecher laid the scene of his story, "Norwood;" of which Holland sang in his "Kathrina" in well known lines, and which Jenny Lind praised so highly. We might fill many more papers with descriptions of the general business and social attractions of Northampton and all the Hampshire towns, but

We are not yet ready to give our reader the promised carriage-ride about town, as we wish first to prepare and unfold a sufficiency of the local panorama to make the event interesting. Preceding it must first come an article on the famous "River Gods" of Northampton (the men of two generations ago who, by their learning, political sagacity and eloquence, made this place honored and respected all over the country). And now, having taken a pictorial look at the principal public buildings about the center of the town, the article on the next page, descriptive of the most picturesque church fronts in the city, seems timely.

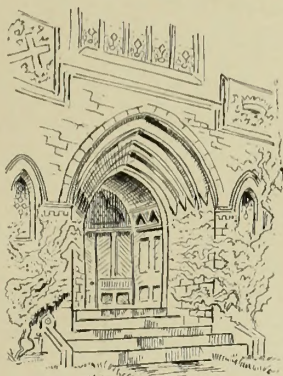


ENTRANCE TO AND FOUNTAIN ON HOSPITAL GROUNDS.

Appearance of Church Doors on Week Days.

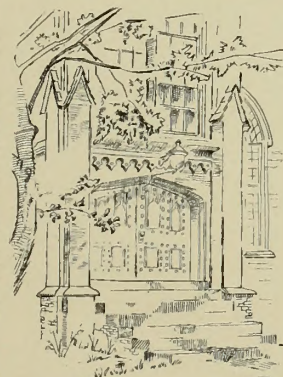
Even with the door closed, the massive and well proportioned arch entrance to the First Church, looks very inviting and attractive, particularly in summer-time, with the bright fresh Chinese ivy clinging as affectionately to its walls as once did the old parishioners to the original society at a time when it was the only church in the place and its material affairs—the parson's salary, etc., if not its religious bearings—were discussed in regular town meetings and yearly appropriations made therefor, the same as for other town expenses.

But there was at this time in this old church a growing liberal element that clung more fondly to their new idea than to the mother



church and in 1825 became the first swarm from the old hive, and formed the Second Congregational (Unitarian) Society. This "Church of the Three Judges," as it was then sometimes called, on account of Judges Howe, Hinckley and Lyman being prominent in its organization, has always had a wonderful influence in liberalizing the whole community and chose for its architecture the unpretentious Doric order, secluded from display by a beautiful tree-shaded avenue, an appropriate symbol of true char-

acter and its intelligent faith in the One Eternal, Power, Wisdom and Love. The second succeeding child was naturally of different type, desiring more definite forms of worship and church government and encouraged by Mr. Cogswell, one of the then recently organized and subsequently celebrated Round Hill School, whose pupils were largely wealthy men's sons and from fashionable families in the cities and southern states, who desired their children to attend the same church as at home—the Episco-



pal society was formed and a structure erected, using the symmetrical Gothic style—quite mediaeval even as to its bolt-studded doors and presenting as a whole today the most graceful front in town, and one of the best works of Architect Pratt of Northampton.

The Baptist church was built through the indefatigable efforts of its first pastor, the Rev. Mr. Willard, who obtained many subscriptions thereto from those of other denominations, both in the town and elsewhere, and, as if in seeming acknowledgment of these donations the organizers, selected a plain, unadorned style of architecture, free from unnecessary ornaments, and as straight and stern in its lines as the faith for which it was to stand; but in late years much improvement has been made in its appearance and some likeness to

Smith college tower will be discerned in the engraving of this church tower. The building stands on one of the most sightly and beautiful spots in town, opposite the college green, or triangle, and facing the entrance to Elm street. But a few feet away lies the Turner lot, chosen as the site of one of the greatest libraries of modern times,

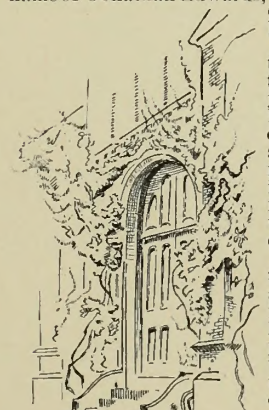
and gazing down the street, from the top-most windows of the church, one looks upon the main business street of the town. Altogether, the Baptist people have much to felicitate themselves upon in the situation of their edifice.

The Methodist and Baptist people seceded from the original society about the same time, although the former sect was maintained by a few families at West Farms, then called "Lonetown." The society here today is quite prosperous, and will, no doubt, soon have a more elaborate church than is here illustrated.



the general good accruing therefrom and assisted them financially and otherwise. Quite a difference between those times and today, with their old edifice given over to one branch of the sect and the other occupying this costly structure on Elm street, the only example of cathedral architecture in the city, a style which is the pride of Europe and the admiration of all travelers.

There still remained in the Old Church an element that was more demonstrative in its religious zeal than the majority of the members, although of nearly the same belief, and assuming for its banner of conservatism the celebrated name of Jonathan Edwards,



organized a society bearing his name.

It was a sorry day when their first edifice succumbed to the flames, some twenty years ago, but now its members need not feel other than contented in their modern and well appointed building, newly re-furnished and having an outside most gracefully attired in the climbing woodbine about its ample entrances.

During the past summer the church has been repaired and greatly improved in its interior, by lowering the galleries, re-enshrouing the pews and re-frescoing the walls. The spire is called the best proportioned in the city, and the architecture was by W. F. Pratt of this place.



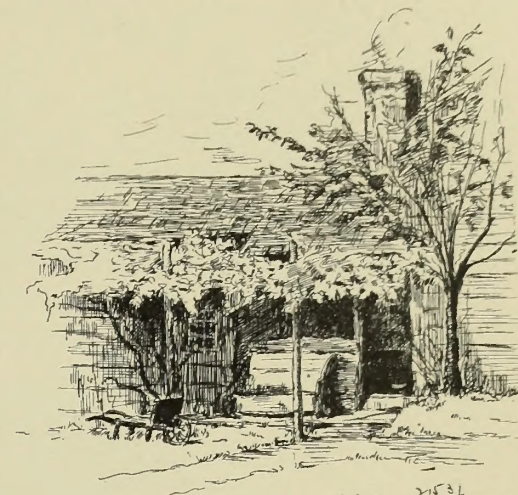
A LOOK UNDER THE TREES OF THE BRIDGE STREET PARK.

THE RIVER GODS OF NORTHAMPTON.

The term "River Gods" is a cabalistic phrase, in some respects, to the young and aspiring politicians of Hampshire county. But there was a time in our history when it was full of meaning and significance; when no political enterprise or movement was projected until certain distinguished gentlemen residing in our beautiful valley had been consulted and their concurrence fully secured. Now we are not consulted at all. That marks the difference between now and then. Indeed, so far as political influence is concerned, Hampshire may be classed with Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard. There are



In the early part of the century an Irishman was considered, here, as almost a curiosity and about the first one who came to town to live was Ben Jackson, during the year 1811, to be a weaver in the woolen mill, at "Shepherd's Hollow," now called Leeds, but some thirty years later, enough families had arrived to form a Catholic society and build this church on North King street, it being near where most of the communicants lived. At first there was considerable opposition to their organizing, but many Protestants believed in



THE BACK PORCH OF AN OLD BRIDGE STREET HOMESTEAD

some old men still living—of whom the writer is one—who can remember with excusable pride and exultation the period when the voice of our county was frequently potential in the councils of political parties, in the selection of leaders and in conducting campaigns. It is not necessary to inquire why we have sunk into this humiliating obscurity. To the intelligent reader the fact is apparent and the reason obvious.

In colonial times there were just two localities in the province of Massachusetts that overshadowed all others. These were Boston and the towns in the immediate vicinity, and the settlements in the Connecticut Valley. After leaving the sea-shore, political influence, with a "hop, skip and jump," passed over what now constitutes the great county of Worcester, then a region of small and inconsequential hamlets, and alighted in the river towns. Once the town of Hadley possessed more political weight in the General Court of the province than does the city of Worcester in that of the State. And this remark is also true of Hatfield. In recent years among politicians little account is taken of Western Massachusetts except the county of Berkshire. Men of respectable abilities, if they only live in Berkshire, are magnified in the eastern part of the state into intellectual giants, as it is well known that

"Distance lends enchantment to the view!"

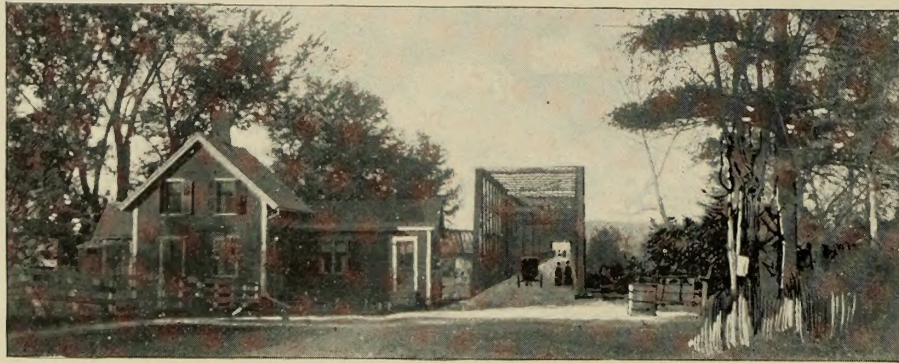
It is impossible in the limited space assigned to this article to mention all the personages who may have proper claims to be classed as "River Gods." A few may be selected as types of the others. The political reign of these gods may be divided into two periods, namely, under pr vince rule, when we imported royal governors, and there was a constant struggle between these officials and the representatives of the people to successfully resist the encroachments of kingly authority



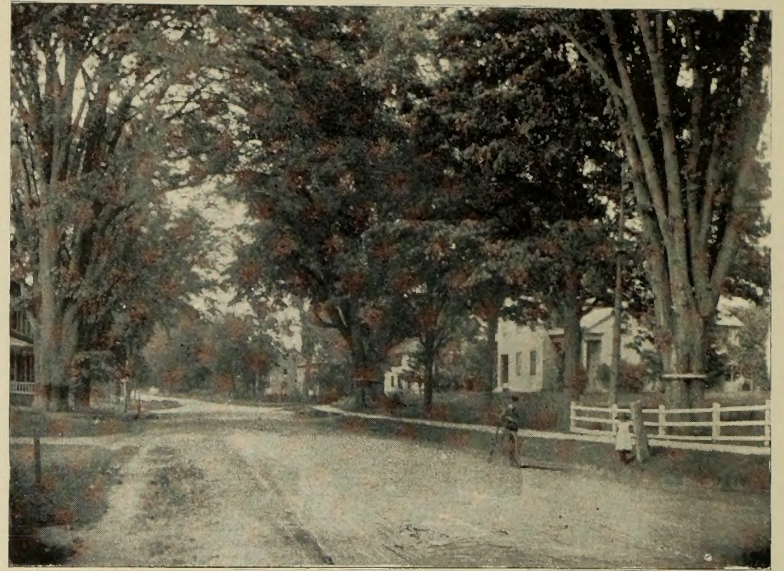
LOOKING WEST, DOWN BRIDGE STREET.

upon the rights and liberties of the colony; and lastly, under the commonwealth, when all our political contests were confined to our own citizens, all equally honest and patriotic, and involved no higher consideration than the preference which should be extended to one party or the other as an agent in administering the government of the state.

The rural and charming town of Hatfield should hold in lasting remembrance the name of Samuel Partridge. In early colonial days Hatfield was inseparably associated with the character and fame of this distinguished gentleman. Little information is to be obtained in regard to his origin. Something, however, may be learned from contemporaneous history. It is certain that his literary attainments were respectable for the times in which he lived; that both in private and public life his character was irre-



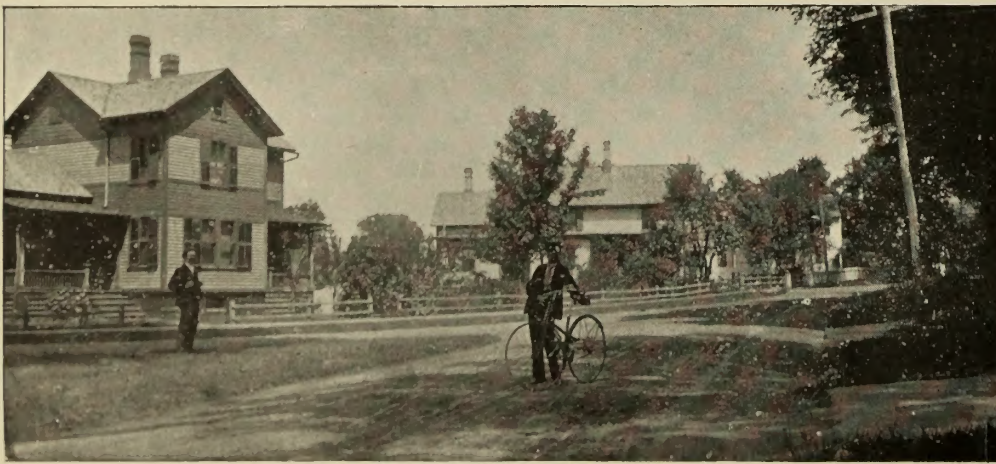
THE CONNECTICUT RIVER BRIDGE, EASTERN TERMINUS OF BRIDGE STREET.



KING STREET, NEAR THE EDWARDS ELM.

score, the enlightened judgment of Samuel Partridge penetrated the wretched fallacy of these pretended diabolical influences, and adopted such summary measures in his court in the treatment of witchcraft informers as to completely banish this religious pestilence from the valley. It required some moral courage on his part to do this thing, as the delusion had not then subsided, and Sewall had not yet written, in view of his judicial enormities, "Woe! wee!" in his journal. Probably Cotton Mather never sincerely repented of his misdeeds. Should Hatfield ever erect an enduring memorial in honor of any of her colonial worthies, the name of Samuel Partridge, one of the earliest of "River Gods," distinguished for his virtues, patriotism and wisdom, should be inscribed upon the tablet.

Northampton has produced some men of splendid intellectual endowments; and among them no one stands higher than John Stoddard, son of the Rev. Solomon Stoddard. He was a graduate of Harvard College. We learn from traditions and historical fragments that, despite his eminently respectable origin and educational opportunities, the people considered him quite a common sort of a man in point of ability, ranking in this respect with the average citizen. As a matter of fact, John Stoddard was not a politician. It is doubtful if he would have known how to pack a town caucus or run a county convention, had such institutions been in existence in his day, and he would have been utterly dismayed at the bare suggestion of conducting a Congressional canvass. And yet John Stoddard was a conspicuously great man, and, if not a politician, the first statesman of New England. It was when he began to mingle in public affairs that the people discovered and appreciated his great abilities and sterling integrity. It is noted that he was the first citizen of the province, having hardly an equal and no superior. The tory Governor, Thomas Hutchinson, who constantly urged upon the home government



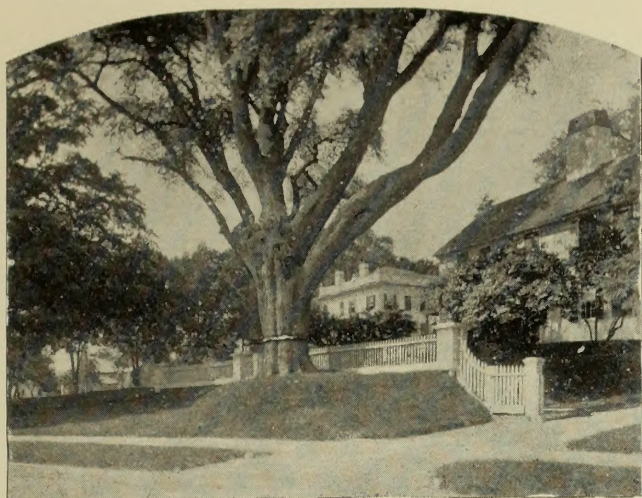
ON NORTH STREET, GOING TOWARD THE FAIR GROUNDS.

proachable and unassailable; that his intellectual endowments were so munificent as to entitle him to rank among the leading men of the province; and that to the day of his death he retained a full measure of well-earned and well-deserved popularity. For several years he was the honored representative of his town in the General Court, and frequently a member of the council. A puritan was instinctively a lover of liberty and Samuel Partridge was in full sympathy with the liberal ideas and opinions of the patriotic men who established the Commonwealth of England. It is true that our ancestors did not occupy the advanced ground which we have happily reached in regard to the limitations of governmental authority. But compared with the doctrine of passive obedience to the exercise of arbitrary power, sedulously inculcated by the established church in the mother country, the settlers of Massachusetts, unconsciously perhaps, were developing slowly but surely into modern democrats.

It is unfortunate that so little is now known of a man who undeniably was held in very great esteem, not only in the old county of Hampshire, but throughout the colony of Massachusetts Bay. Under the judicial system that then prevailed he was a magistrate of the county and a member of the court whose sessions were held in Northampton. To his credit it should be mentioned that, when the witchcraft delusion was at its height, promoted by the insane ravings of Cotton Mather, and Judge Sewall was sending the helpless and innocent victims to the gallows by the



ON POMEROY TERRACE.



VIEW ON HAWLEY STREET.

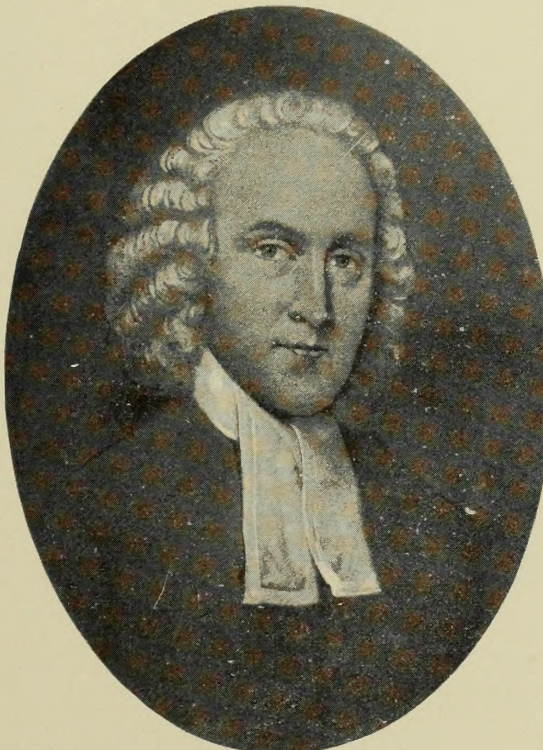
the expediency of arresting and hanging Samuel Adams, is constrained to concede that Colonel Stoddard possessed extraordinary merit and worth. Yet there is every reason to believe that had Mr. Stoddard lived a few years later and participated in the revolutionary struggle, he would have stood by the side of Samuel Adams in inflexible opposition to the aggressions of British authority. President Dwight, of Yale



POMEROY TERRACE AND HANCOCK STREET.

College, in whose veins flowed the Stoddard and Edwards blood, tells a story that illustrates the high esteem in which Colonel Stoddard was held. It appears that on a certain occasion the royal Governor, Shirley, was entertaining a select company of Boston's aristocratic society when a servant entered the room and informed the Governor that a gentleman at the gate wished to see him. "Ask the gentleman to come in," said the Governor. "I did, sir," replied the servant, "but he said he could not stay." Colonel Stoddard was probably on his way to Northampton, and supposed to be economical of time. His Excellency's high-toned guests thought such language disrespectful to the chief magistrate of the province, and were inclined to be somewhat indignant thereat. "What is his name?" said the Governor. "I think," said the servant, "he told me his name was Stoddard." "Is it?" exclaimed the Governor; "excuse me, gentlemen, if it is Colonel Stoddard, I must go to him." And he walked out to the gate, did this royal governor, to do honor to one of the most distinguished of the River Gods. Governor Hutchinson says in his annals of those—to us—far away times, that "he shone only in great affairs," and that "inferior matters were frequently carried against his mind, by the little arts and crafts of minute politicians, which he disdained to defeat by counter-working." From which it is quite apparent that Colonel Stoddard would not have been a very influential or popular member of our General Court in recent years. Jonathan Edwards, his nephew, who preached his funeral sermon, thus sums up his character: "Upon the whole, everything in him was great, and perhaps there was never a man in New England to whom the denomination of a great man did more properly belong." This precisely describes the man. Springfield has erected a statue of Pynchon. When will Northampton erect one in honor of her greatest and noblest son? In thus honoring the memory of this eminent citizen the city will honor itself.

Probably no two men ever lived in the county of

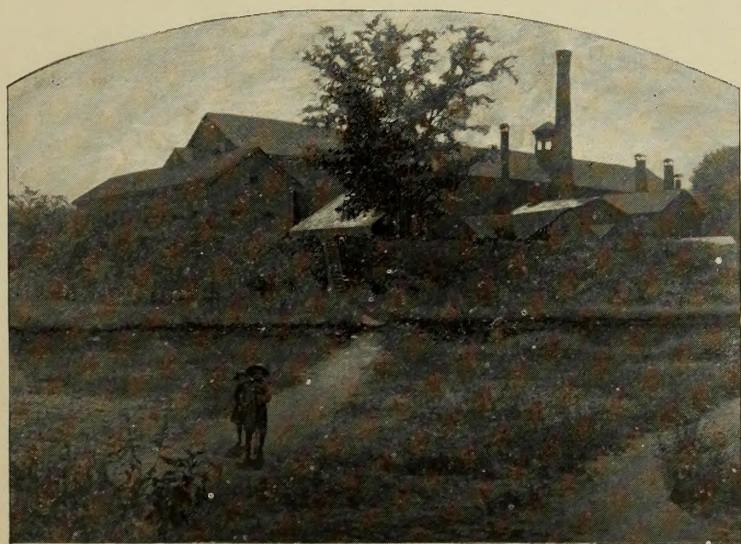


JONATHAN EDWARDS, L. L. D.

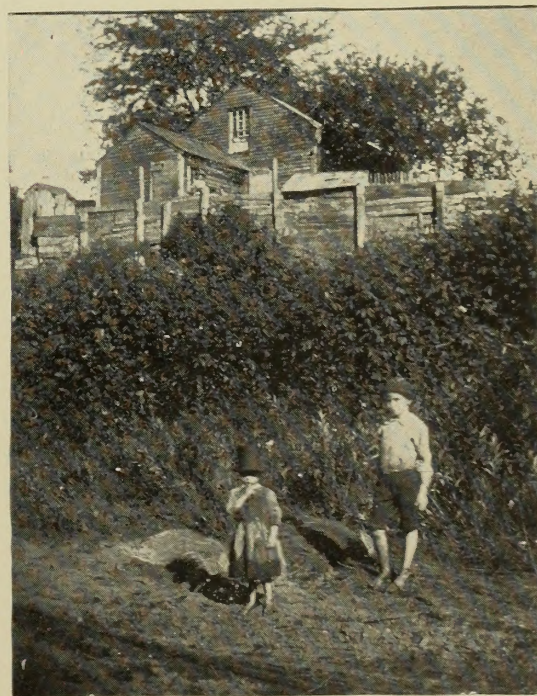
language. But he is to be gratefully remembered for his patriotic labors in vindicating and defending the liberties of the people of Massachusetts against the persistent encroachments of the British government. For a long series of years he represented Northampton in the General Court. This was the popular assembly of the period, and it was constantly engaged in a struggle with the royal governors and the English ministry, in which the advantage did not always remain with the latter. And during these years no person was more efficient or more conspicuous in resisting trans-Atlantic tyranny than Joseph Hawley. Unfortunately he was afflicted with a mental malady which increased with advancing years, and imperatively required his retirement from public affairs. In 1776 he withdrew from all official employments and spent the

Hampshire who possessed so much influence among the people, and formed and moulded public opinion so efficiently, as Samuel Partridge and John Stoddard. They instructed and educated the masses on all the political questions of the day, and prepared them to act wisely and judiciously in the transition in political conditions which their rare foresight and sagacity enabled them to discern with unerring certainty in the near future.

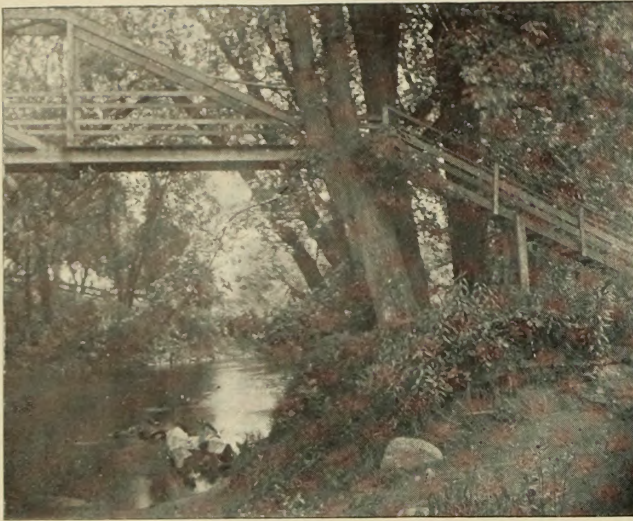
When John Stoddard died, Joseph Hawley, who was destined to succeed him as the leader and spokesman of the people of the Valley, was twenty-four years of age. He had been educated for the ministry, and occasionally preached to such congregations as were destitute of pastors. In the expedition against Louisburg he officiated as chaplain of a regiment. But he was not, in the order of Providence, to bury himself in some small and insignificant town as the religious teacher of its inhabitants. The mantle of the dead statesman fell naturally and gracefully upon his shoulders and it could not have fallen upon any one more worthy to wear it. Besides, he inherited from his mother, the daughter of the Rev. Solomon Stoddard, the robust mental and moral qualities for which the whole Stoddard family was noted. Eventually he studied law and attained a high position at the bar. As an orator he was distinguished for the earnestness of his manner and the vigor of his



SUNDOWN—WILLIAMS MANUFACTURING COMPANY.



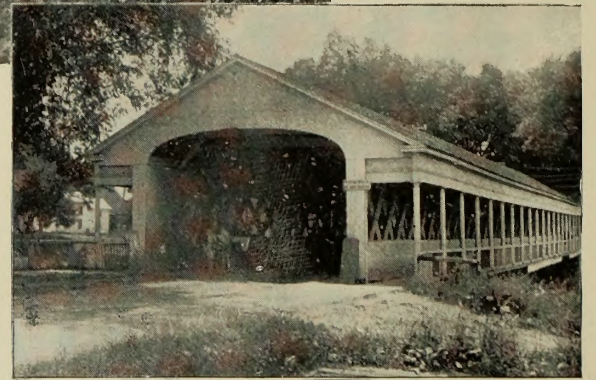
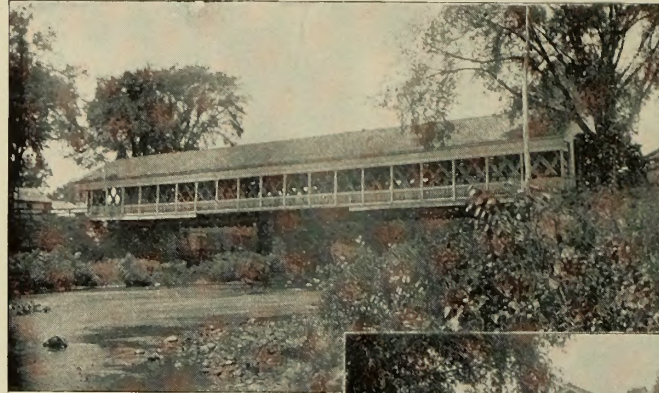
THE HOLLOW NEAR BASKET SHOP.



FOOT-BRIDGE OVER MILL RIVER, NEAR BASKET SHOP.

Hampshire. His fame is inseparably connected with the political struggles of the times in which he lived, and as party strife was then fierce and uncompromising, political prejudice has inevitably had some influence in rendering public opinion unfavorable to some of his official acts. He was probably selected as the Federal candidate for Governor because Hampshire county was overwhelmingly Federal in politics. And here it is proper to say that Governor Strong's character, so far as we know, in all the private relations of life, was faultless and irreproachable. It is sufficient

to remark that both Federalists and Democrats greatly esteemed him as a man and a citizen. It was his official conduct that his opponents criticised, and, after the lapse of three-quarters of a century, candor requires the admission that the criticism was neither unjust nor unmerited. When President Madison made a requisition on Governor



THE SOUTH STREET BRIDGE.

residue of his life among the people whom he had so long and so faithfully served. The late Judge Joseph Lyman, who read law in the office of Mr. Hawley, relates an incident which is characteristic of the man. It appears that Caleb Strong was Mr. Hawley's colleague from Northampton in the provincial congress, and on returning from the eastern part of the State, found his associate at



VIEW ON SOUTH STREET, LOOKING SOUTH.

home laboring under great depression of mind, and expressing the apprehension that if the cause of the patriots should fail he would be hung. Mr. Strong said, in reply, "No, they will not probably hang more than forty men, and you and I shall escape." This roused Mr. Hawley, and he responded with all his old-time energy. "I would have you know, sir, that I am one of the first three." And the next day he made a speech to the citizens of Northampton which contained sufficient treason to fully justify his assertion.

It is no disparagement to other worthy and talented men who lived in Hampshire county during the colonial period, to say that Samuel Partridge, John Stoddard and Joseph Hawley were pre-eminently the leaders of public opinion, and exercised a marked and salutary influence upon the legislation of the province. They were emphatically the River Gods of the colonial era, and performed a great and noble work in educating the people to a higher appreciation of the inestimable blessings of personal and political freedom. History has failed to do justice to these men.

For the first twenty-five years under the State organization Caleb Strong was clearly the first citizen of Northampton and of the county of

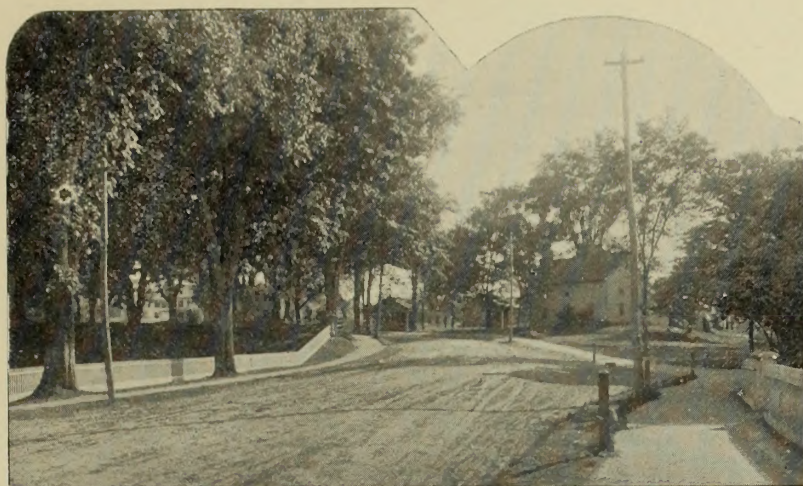
Strong for troops to reinforce the army of the United States on the northern frontier during the last war with Great Britain, the executive of the State, in refusing to comply with the request, was indisputably violating his constitutional obligations. He was resisting the authority of the general government, precisely as the contumacious Governors of Kentucky and Missouri, Magoffin and Jackson, resisted the authority of the general government in the beginning of the rebellion. The reasons given by Governor Strong for declining to perform an imperative duty are insufficient. Indeed, in this whole matter he acted, unconsciously, it is hoped, in entire conformity with the wishes of the British commanders who confronted Brown and Macomb. They did not desire that these generals should receive any reinforcements from Massachusetts, and Governor Strong took especial pains to prevent them from receiving any. It is a curious feature of the transaction, that Strong's policy should be in perfect harmony with that of the British government. He could not have promoted their interests more effectually if he had received his instructions directly from the English ministry. The



WILLIAMS MFG CO'S BACK YARD.

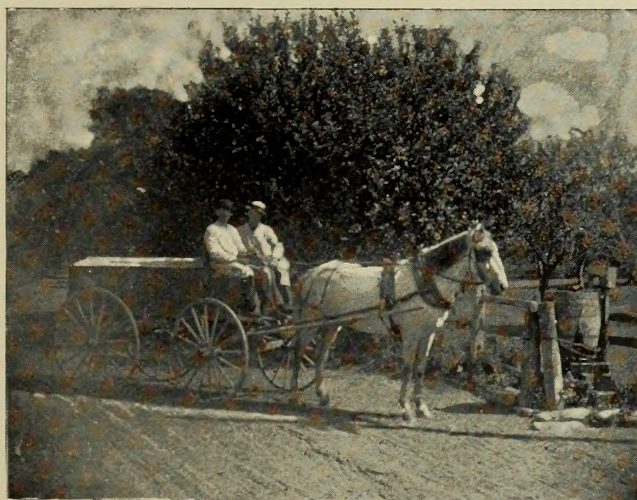


VIEW ON SOUTH STREET, LOOKING NORTH.



VIEW ON SOUTH STREET, LOOKING UP THE HILL

attitude of Massachusetts during the war was simply shameful and disgraceful. The government of the State was then in the hands of the Federal party, and "aid and comfort" were extended to the enemies of the Republic. It was well for Governor Strong, while defying the national authority, that James Madison was a man of mild and equable temper. Had Andrew Jackson been President in this emergency, there is every reason to



A NORTHAMPTON MILK TEAM.

believe that he would have brought Strong to a realizing sense of his duty, if it had taken Brown's entire army to do it.

This is the darkest page in the history of Massachusetts. But it was the legitimate result of the teachings of such ultra Federalists as Timothy Pickering of the Essex Junto, and Gouverneur Morris of New York. Calhoun did not invent the pestilent heresy of secession. It was the political thunder of these Federal leaders, and ten or fifteen years afterwards the South Carolinian stole it from them.

The first forty years of the present century, all things considered, were golden days for the River Gods of Hampshire county. In that space of time



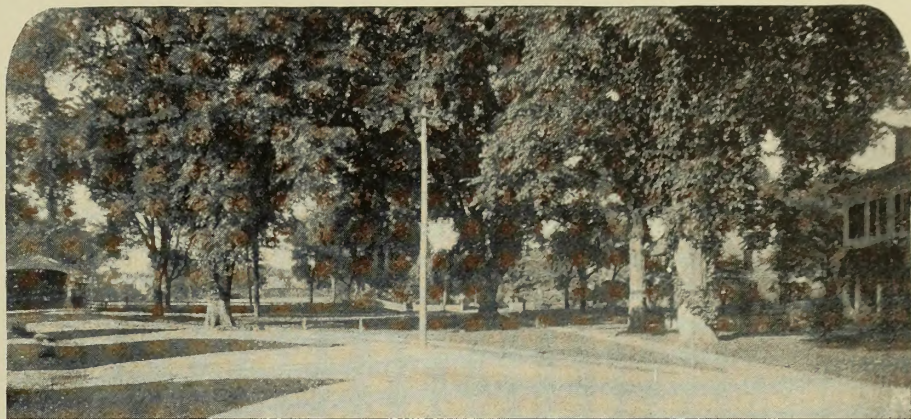
PROSPECT STREET LOOKING TOWARD ELM.

Northampton furnished the State with three United States Senators. This finds no parallel in the history of the Commonwealth. It must be remembered that Northampton was then a small town with a population limited to two or three thousand persons. But no town of the same number of people could boast of containing so many citizens of eminent ability. These men were not elevated to senatorial dignity by the mere claims of locality. They were elected on account of their conspicuous fitness for the place. They were Eli P. Ashmun, Elijah Hunt Mills, and Isaac Chapman Bates. Of the latter it may

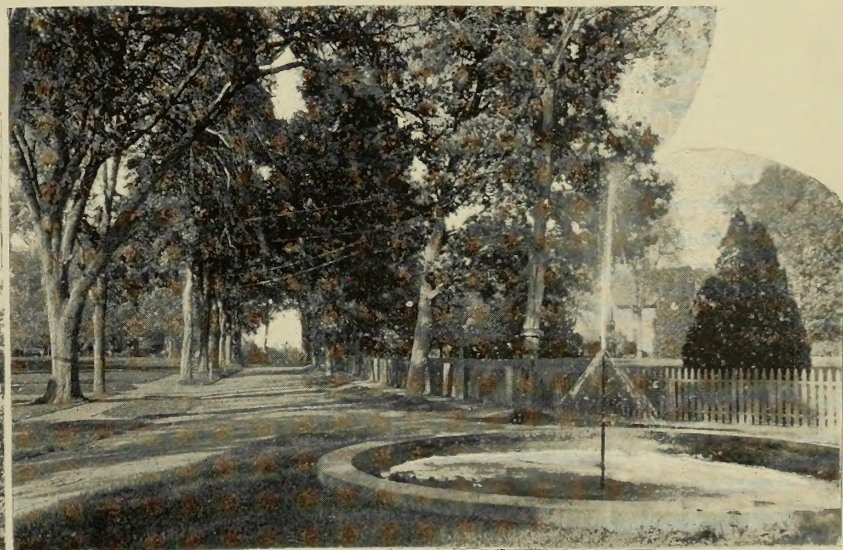
be remarked that no greater man has lived in the State west of Boston in the nineteenth century. The writer has listened to many of the most celebrated orators of national reputation during the last fifty years, and he can truthfully aver that for grace and fascination of manner, felicity of illustration, and splendor of diction, he has never heard a man who was superior to Mr. Bates. He was the greatest as well as the last of the "River Gods" under the State government. Like John Stoddard he could be very great on great occasions. During a long period of service as a representative in Congress, he became strongly attached to Henry Clay, and embraced some of the opinions of that gentleman on the subject of protection. Entertaining these views he made in the Senate a speech on the tariff question, which his political opponents were candid enough to admit had never been equalled by any of the efforts of Mr. Clay or of Mr. Webster. Mr. McDuffie, of South Carolina, the successor of Mr. Calhoun, and hardly inferior to the great nullifier in mental power, the leader of the party in the Senate in favor of a revenue tariff, complimented the Senator from Massachusetts by saying that it was the ablest and most logical argument in support of the theory of protection ever delivered in any legislative assembly. In taking leave of these "River Gods," superb in moral qualities and intellectual gifts, we tender them the parting salutation of Edmund Burke: "Hail! and farewell."

S. B. QUIGLEY.

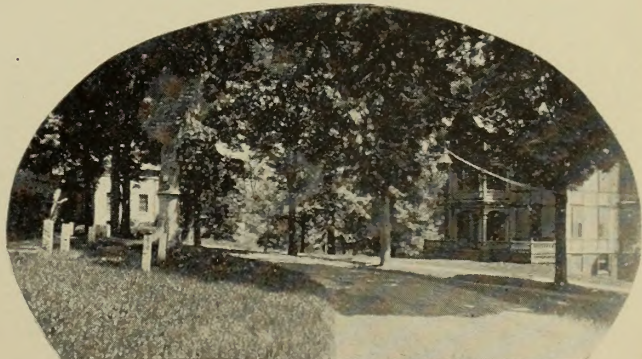
Before taking up the work of describing the saliently picturesque features of Northampton we give place to the following reminiscence of life on an old homestead in the "grand old town," a generation ago. It is a charming picture of the good old grand-mother, such as many a lot of children are blessed with, and the reminiscence will be read with



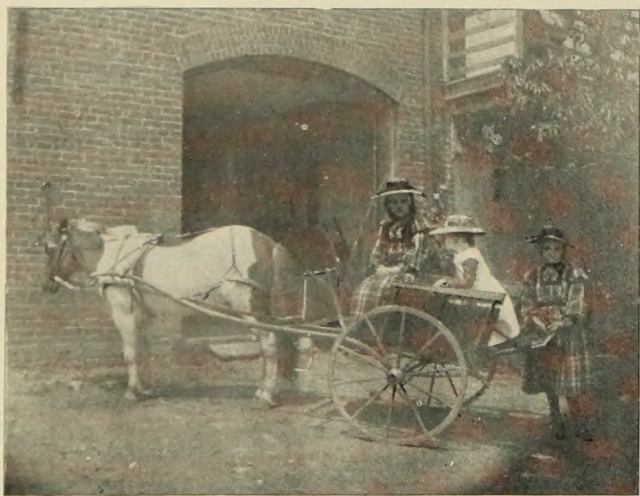
ON SOUTH STREET, LOOKING ACROSS THE COMMON.



PROSPECT STREET, LOOKING NORTH.



CORNER OF PROSPECT AND PARK STREETS.



A RIDE IN PROSPECT.

interest by all lovers of that nature, the touch of which makes the whole world kin. "Vieux Temps," the writer, is a favorite contributor of the readers of the Hampshire County Journal.

Reminiscences of an Old Homestead.

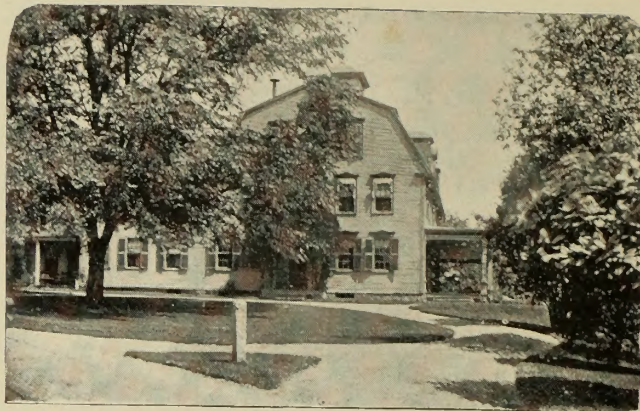
There is an old saying that grand-parents live their lives over again in their grand-children. I believe this to be true, especially of grand-mothers. My own, on the parental side, was a convincing proof of the general truth of the maxim. The same watchful care and solicitude, the admonitory cautions and counsels, found equal expression with those who once administered to their own children, and I have no doubt formed a large part of the serene enjoyment of their declining years.

Among the many pleasures of my childhood none rank higher in my estimation than the occasional visits

separating it from the loaf and handing slice after slice to the waiting group of youngsters, with the parting injunction, "Now, boys, don't go near the river," an admonition which impelled us to the forbidden locality as fast as our legs could carry us.

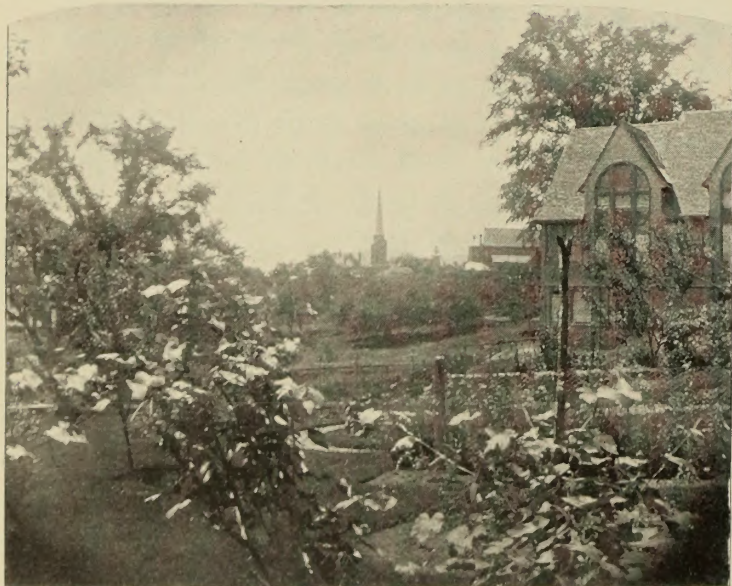
The extensive farm, made of woods, plain and meadow, afforded every variety of youthful amusement. The wooded portion of it was then full of game, the streams abundant with the delicious trout, and the vast plain with woodchucks and the smaller class of rodents. In the meadow, bordering the river, was the "sugar orchard," so-called, where, in its season, we waited with boyish impatience for the still more toothsome luxury of "wax" made on the present day can never leave upon the palate such a sensation of entire satisfaction as this homely but satisfying condiment afforded.

THE HINCKLEY-BARRETT PLACE.

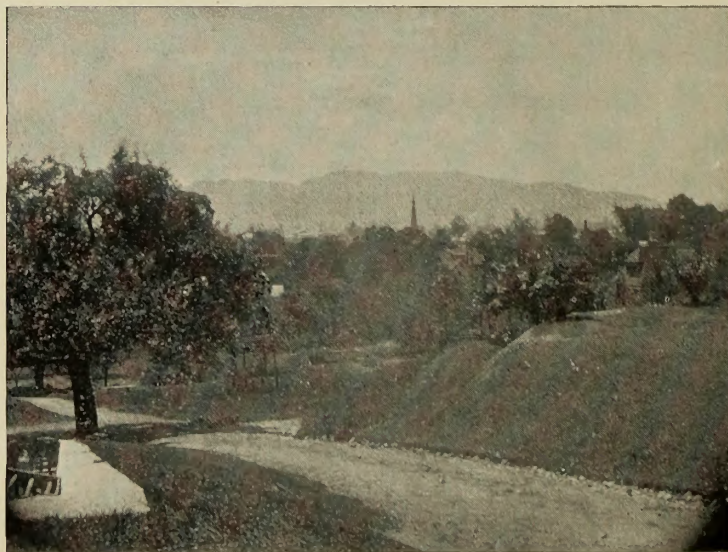


AT WORK ON THE LAWN.

The old tenement, made in the then prevailing style, was afterwards supplemented by various rambling structures of sheds, milk rooms, etc., until it presented a labyrinth of passage-ways, making a perfect paradise for sportive boys to investigate and wonder at. The old, deep well worked by a windlass, I can almost hear now; the rattle of the descending bucket and the rat-tat-tat of the ratchet on its return. Its deliciously cool water needed no ice, for deep down in its dark recess we could see the shining tin pail that held the butter, which then required no better refrigerator than this primitive method furnished. Occasionally one of two large trout that had long been tenants of this cool retreat, were hoisted in the "old wooden bucket," quickly to be restored to his desired



A VISTA—EDWARDS CHURCH SPIRE FROM J. R. TRUMBULL'S GROUNDS.



GLIMPSE OF CITY AND MOUNTAIN FROM ROUND HILL.

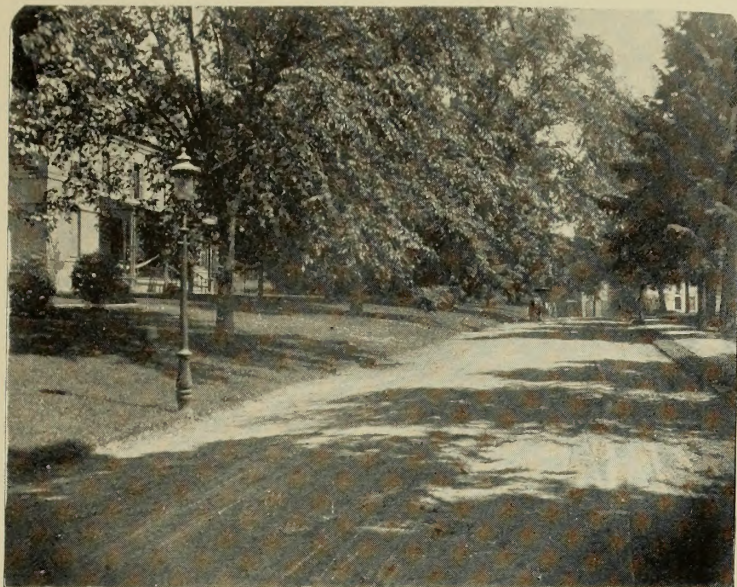
to the home of my grand-parents, where every substantial bodily comfort, accompanied with genuine heartfelt hospitality, was always our welcome. An invitation to the pantry was the first item on the program. My grand-mother was a firm believer in the old adage that little boys, like pigs, were continually hungry, and providently made that proposition her first consideration. I vividly remember the snug little apartment, lighted by a single small window, with its row upon row of plates, earthen ware, pans of milk and all the paraphernalia of household utensils for cookery, and especially the barrel from which she drew the loaf of rye bread—such as I never expect to taste again—upon which she spread the butter with the customary discretion of those days, sprinkling the surface with either maple sugar or honey from her own bee-hives, then deftly



ROUND HILL FROM KING STREET.

element. The tall, stately pines that lifted their lofty tops to a great height, at the rear of the house, the maples that furnished sweets, and indeed, most of the forest on the farm have disappeared, but their picture is distinctly painted on my memory.

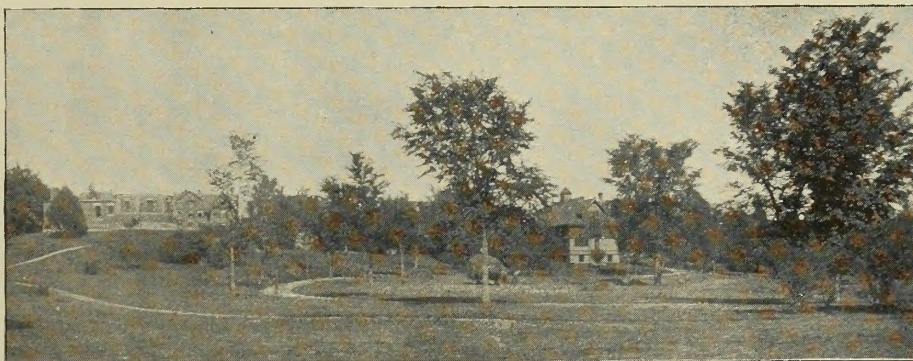
Returning at night from a ceaseless round of rambles and sports, fagged out with our excess of enjoyment, with cut fingers, bruised feet and weary limbs, the sympathizing grandmother was ready, like the good Samaritan, with salve and rags, to tenderly bind up the aching members, and, supper over, to relate stories of bears and Indians, to which we could have contentedly listened all the night. Our bed, under the sloping roof, where, if it chanced to rain, we could hear its hilling patter, was a luxury that wealth and fashion can never pur-



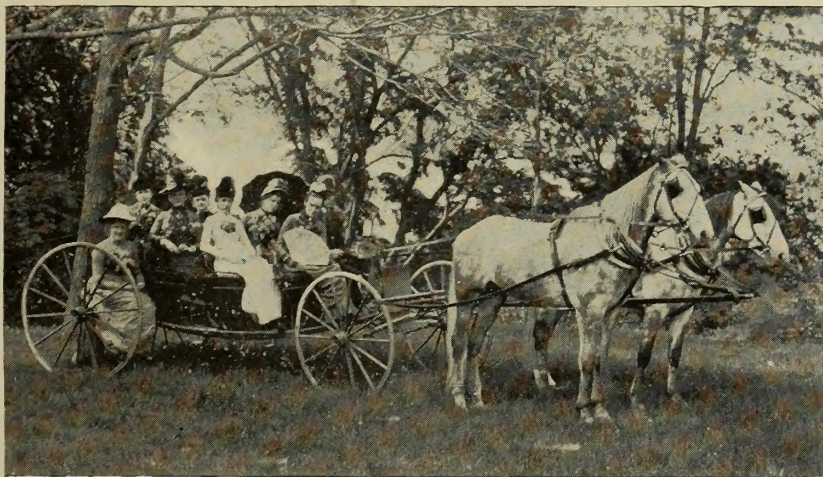
ROUND HILL, OPPOSITE CLARKE INSTITUTION FOR DEAF MUTES.

chase or enjoy with a mint of money.

In the autumn, when the golden apples were at maturity, a day's visit to the cider mill, which then was a part of the farm's economy, was in order, where we all imbibed through that primitive hydraulic process, the straw, quantities of the seductive tittle enough to horrify our modern straight-laced prohibitionists. Cider was then a universal beverage, free as water at every meal, and much more used, I verily believe. Farmers were accustomed to put up from ten to twenty barrels for yearly consumption and the long winter evenings were not thought to be endurable without the accompaniment of a basket of



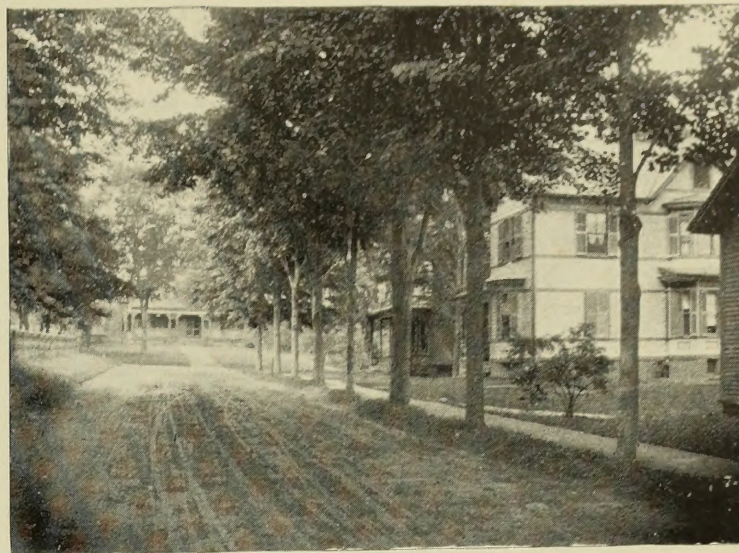
SMITH COLLEGE MEADOW.



A SMITH COLLEGE PARTY ON MOUNTAIN DAY.

apples, nuts, and a big pitcher of cider, which was replenished when emptied. Modern reformers and cranks may carp at and moralize as they will over this old custom, but it was sensible and wholesome, compared with many of the present methods of entertainment approved by the caprices and whims of "reformed society."

But the crowning festival of frolic and abandon was the annual holiday of Thanksgiving, when, after the morning's sermon, and the usual bountiful dinner, a stage coach load of us left the center for a visit to the Bear Hill farm, where, gathered around the fires that blazed in parlor, "living-room," and kitchen, we met a crowd of uncles, aunts and cousins



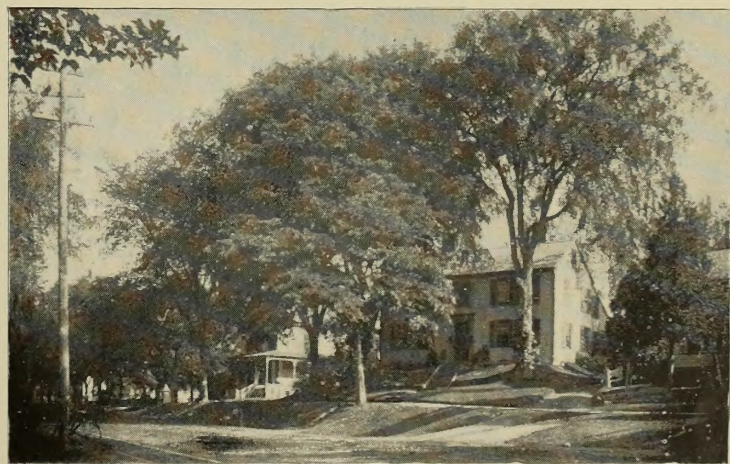
HENSHAW AVENUE, LOOKING TOWARD RESIDENCE OF C. H. PIERCE, ESQ.

that filled the spacious old house, almost to repletion. The customary greetings over, the children were, at candle-light, permitted to occupy the kitchen, where they were allowed full license for frolic and noise. That well-remembered apartment is fresh in my memory: low-studded, brown with smoke, with the primitive fire-place full eight feet wide, in the chimney of which hung the old crane, with its pot-hooks and trammels, the dye pot in one corner and the yeast pot in the other. Pendant from the grimy ceiling was a row of wooden poles, from which hung ears of seed corn braided together and strips of pumpkin rinds for the winter's supply of "sass" and the appetizing Yankee luxury of pumpkin pie. A close inspection of the huge chimney would reveal fitches of bacon drying and the "rennet" bag, that indispensable requisite for the cheese dairy, while on one side of it was the great oven, capable of

receiving loaves and pies enough for a neighborhood feast. This old adjunct to the kitchen fire-place, once thought to be an essential to house cookery, has now become obsolete save in a few rural localities. An immense back-log, with a corresponding fore-stick, reinforced with smaller wood and a blazing pine knot, when in full combustion, furnished light enough for all desirable purposes. Here we had unlimited sway, save when at intervals the adjoining door was opened and the shrill remonstrance of a nervous and dyspeptic aunt broke in upon the tumult with, "Boys, boys, don't make such a noise," and the encouraging voice of the dear

old grand-mother with "Now, Sally, do let the children alone, you must remember that you were once young." The door closed and bedlam broke loose again. In the midst of our jollification the venerable gray head of grand-father, who, under an infirmity of hearing, was happily indifferent to any kind of noise, appeared, and we at once knew what was to be expected. A huge chest in one corner was opened and from its cavernous depths handfuls of hickory nuts were thrown broadcast on the floor. The scrambling for a share seemed to give the keenest enjoyment to the sympathizing and generous dispenser.

But all human pleasures must have an end, the old tall clock that had told the

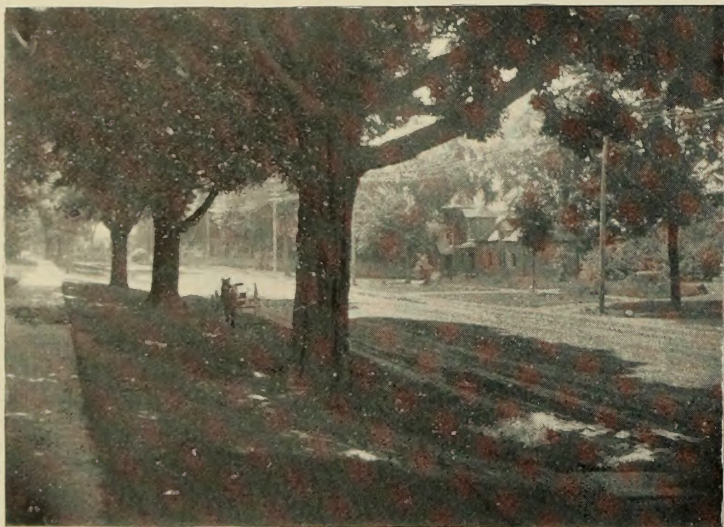


ON ELM STREET, NEAR THE JEWETT HOUSE.

hour fifty years, had ticked off the dreaded hour of nine, which was the signal of departure. Joining the group in the sitting-room, we were treated to the scanty, but sugary, remains of a huge pail of "flip" that the older guests had enjoyed. This, with a parting gift of maple sugar, closed a day of unalloyed enjoyment. Dear old grand-mother, to whom we were indebted for the greater part of these simple but hugely prized joys, how vividly are all the features of thy kindly face imprinted on my memory! Photography at that day was an unknown art, nor do I need its aid to recall that loving countenance, though it has lain for more than fifty years beneath the turf of the cemetery. My memorial can be of but little worth, save perhaps to the very few surviving participators in these scenes, but the thought of rescuing some poor remains of past years from obscurity, prompted this imperfect record of them.

"Yes, let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
The simple pleasures of the lowly train;
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art."

VIEUX TEMPS.



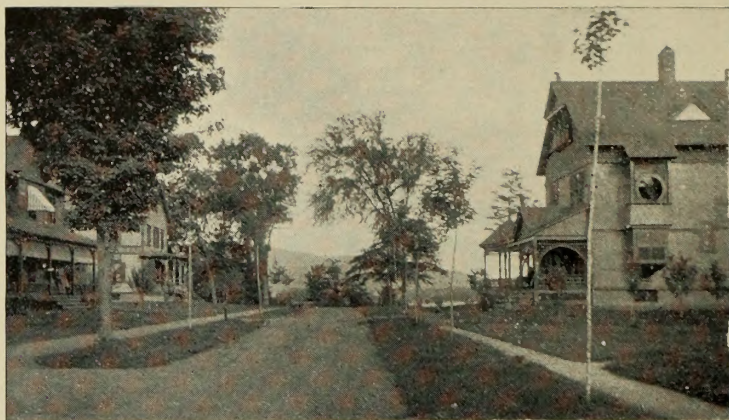
SUNLIGHT AND SHADOW ON ELM STREET, (NEAR SCHOOL-HOUSE.)

Through the kindness of Bishop Huntington, of New York, we are enabled to use the following interesting picture of Northampton as it was seventy years ago. It appears in the form of letters, written by Timothy Dwight, D.D., LL.D., and President of Yale College, and is now out of print. The work consists of four volumes and is in the Northampton public library, but strange to say, the matter which we quote below is not to be found therein, and was the fault of the binder, as a note therein explains.

An Old-Time Picture of Northampton.

Described by Dr. Timothy Dwight, in "Travels in New England and New York."

About four miles above South Hadley the Connecticut passes through the two large mountains, Tom and Holyoke; having apparently made here, in ancient times, a breach in this range, and forced its way. By the old people in Northampton I was informed, many years since, of an Indian tradition, that the great valley north of these mountains was once a lake. The story is certainly not improbable. From an attentive survey of the country along this river, I have no difficulty in believing that a chain of lakes occupied the several expansions at some distant period of time. Here, certainly, the general geography

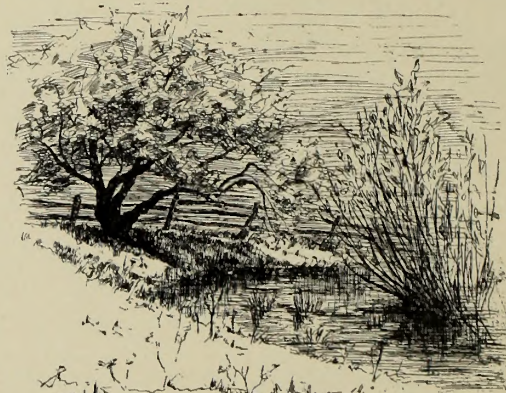


ON HIGH STREET LOOKING TOWARD MOUNTAIN AND MEADOW.

of the country, and the particular appearance of the scenery near the river are favorable to this opinion.

We reached Northampton at sunset, and continued there until Tuesday.

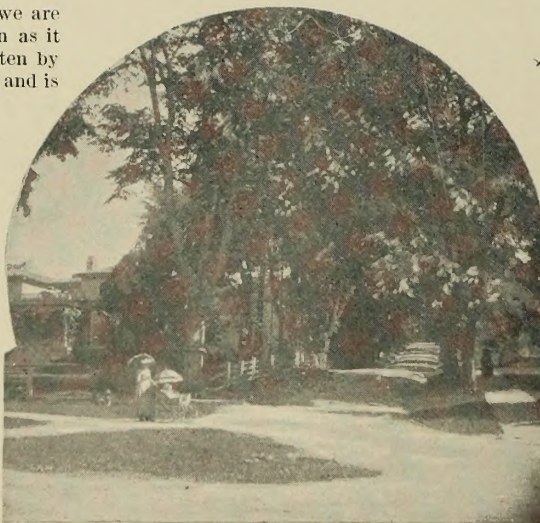
Northampton is built on ten streets, proceeding from the centre with no very distinct resemblance to the claws of a crab; only somewhat less winding, and less regular. It has been said that they were laid out by the cows; and that wherever these animals when going to feed in the forests made their paths, the inhabitants located their streets. The probability is that the first planters, being both inclined and obliged to build near to each other, placed their houses wherever the ground was sufficiently dry to furnish convenient building spots. In spite of this irregularity the town with its scenery, is a very interesting object to the eye.



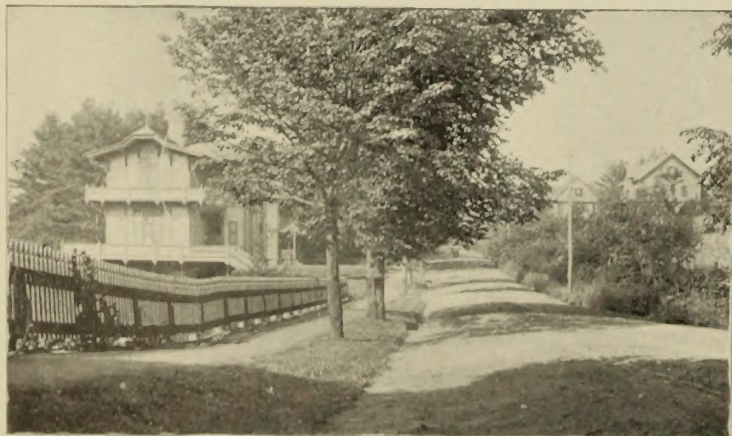
"A BIT" NEAR WELCH END.

Northampton contains three hundred houses, and is the largest inland town in Massachusetts. You will remember that by a town I all along intend a collection of houses in the original village, and not those of a township. A considerable number of the houses are ordinary, many are good, and not a small proportion are handsome. They are, however, so scattered in the different streets as to make much less impression on the eye than even inferior buildings are handsome. The stores and shops, built on the side of an irregular square in the center, give the traveler a lively impression of the business which is carried on.

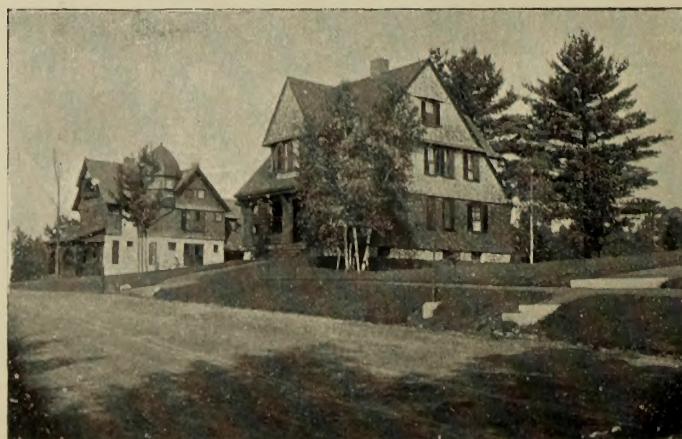
The objects, by which this town is surrounded are not, within my knowledge, excelled in splendor and beauty. As I shall describe them hereafter, I shall only observe in this place, that the magnificent front



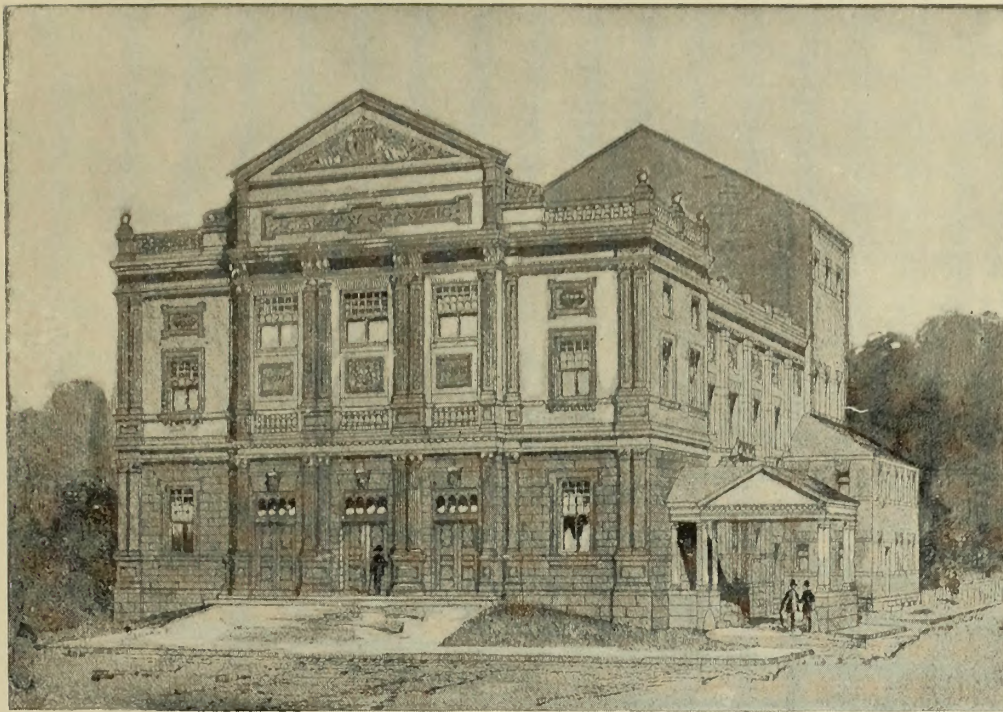
LOOKING UP ROUND HILL STREET.



A SWISS COTTAGE ON PARADISE ROAD.



ON PARADISE ROAD HILL.



THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

presented by the two mountains, Tom and Holyoke, with the fine opening between them, limited by the Lyme range at the distance of thirty miles, forms an assemblage, not less delightful than singular; and that Round Hill, the summit of an elevation terminating in the center of the town; a summit, finely regular, crowned with a noble grove, and exhibiting immediately beneath the grove three elegant houses, is inferior to no objects of the same kind in New England.

A great deal of mechanical and mercantile business is done in Northampton. The most considerable manufactory of duck, and of coarse linen cloth in the United States, is established here; as is also a large and well contrived tannery, on a capital of \$100,000. There are two printing offices, a paper-mill, a book-store, &c., &c. [This in 1820, remember.]

For a long time Northampton was remarkably free from litigation. My grandfather used to boast, that in eighteen years of his life, in which he was in full practice as a lawyer, not a single suit was commenced against any one of the inhabitants. I have been also informed, though I will not vouch for the correctness of the information, that before the revolutionary war no inhabitant sued another for debt.

Their manners still resemble those of their



JENNY LIND AND HER HUSBAND

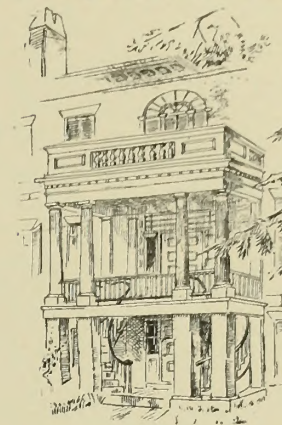
ancestors, but have been changed in many respects, and not always for the better, since the commencement of the American revolution.

Northampton contains one parish, and scarcely has there at any time been a dissident from the New England system of religion. Probably no people were ever more punctual in their attendance on public worship than they were for one hundred and thirty years from the first settlement. Fourteen hundred and sixty persons were once counted in the church on a Sabbath afternoon; amounting to five-sixths of the inhabitants. During a great part of the period, religion has flourished in an eminent degree. The present generation are certainly less distinguished in this respect, than those who have preceded them. Yet within a few years, religion has prospered extensively, both here and in many other parts of this county. The increase of wealth, the influx of strangers, and other causes of degeneracy, have sensibly and unhappily, affected a considerable number of the inhabitants.

House Fronts and a Grand Staircase, Etc.

A stroll "about town" before that "carriage ride" is taken will give our readers some idea of quaint and picturesque effects that they would not otherwise have the opportunity to observe, and these will be found in a leisurely observation on the principal streets.

It has always been considered a pardonable piece of extravagance to elaborate the front of all buildings and

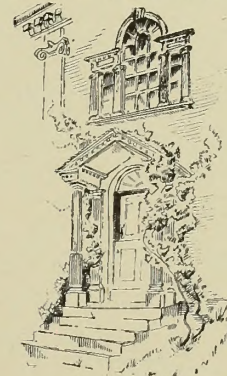


established record, but not in him, because of his being younger. "Doctor," said good Mrs. Hutchins, "I know

what is killing these children; it's the dosing. Now let me go as nurse to your next patient; you pretend to give medicine while I take care of the child."

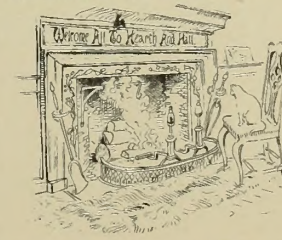
That child recovered, likewise others by good care and imitation pills, until no one would have other than Dr. Frink to serve them. From that day his success was assured and secretly reimbursing his invaluable assistant, he became rich and thus able to build this very costly and substantial brick residence now occupied by Miss Allen on King street. The thickness of

the walls is seen about the windows, and this postern-door half hid by the fragrant lilies, whose prerogative to rest unmolested near old buildings has long been granted and unquestioned.



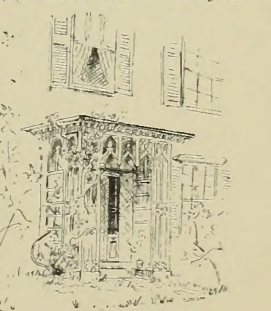
to which this entrance belongs, which is noticeably of

the ever-pleasing colonial style. The front door is horizontally divided, the upper portion swinging back independently of the lower section and one can readily imagine the charming picture once made by Asahel's very attractive daughter, Miss Polly Pomeroy, as she conversed with her many friends and admirers through this half-admitting door, for she was a belle of the town and one of Nature's ladies of the olden time. This house is the last on Main street, before coming to the railroad crossing.

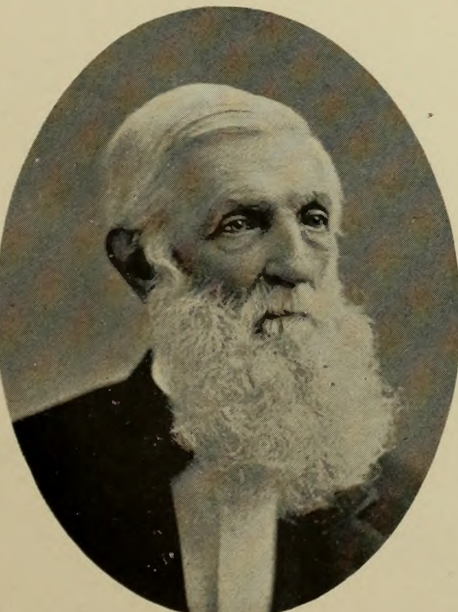


stick, enclosed with lattice-work fender and surmounted

In early colonial times, the British government granted land to skilled mechanics, as an inducement for them to settle in various parts of the country, and a mile square in Southampton—then included like other Hamptons in Northampton—was given the first Pomeroy settler, whose family for generations were inn-keepers and gunsmiths, very important personages in those days, and one of the grandchildren, Asahel, son of the famous Col. Seth Pomeroy, built for his home the house

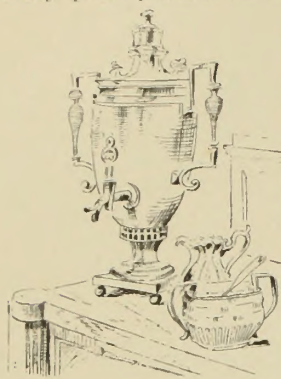


Above is the entrance to another house, also erected by Asahel Pomeroy about 1800, but for another daughter, Hannah. The building has been changed somewhat, formerly having a four-sided roof, but the large oak hewn beams are still there, likewise the broad open fire-place with costly brass andirons, fire-irons and metal fore-



GEORGE BANCROFT, HISTORIAN.

by the genial motto, "Welcome all, to hearth and hall." Many quaint pieces of furniture, table ware, old-time



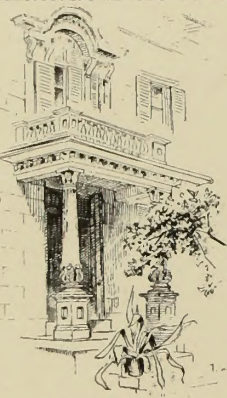
fixtures, etc., are still found in the house which today is occupied by Henry Shepherd, a descendant of the Pomeroy family.

Here is illustrated an old style coffee urn in which the beverage was kept hot by filling with live coals an iron cylinder extending through the entire receptacle, having draught holes near its base and regulating cap at top.

Near by is a silver creamer and sugar-bowl, the latter containing one of a set of solid silver spoons, bearing on its handle an embossed sheaf

of wheat and sickle, given years ago as a customary prize by the H. F. & H. Agricultural society—a practice that might be advantageously revived today, as the permanency of such premiums would be now as then a wholesome reminder of previous successes and a stimulant to similar efforts in the future.

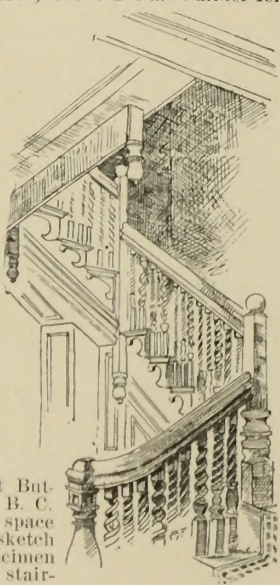
The Corinthian order of architecture is one of the most rarely seen now-a-days and the accompanying one shows its only representative in the city, as attached to the substantial residence of Miss Baker on Pomeroy Terrace, from whose porch is seen an equally rare view of the historical Northampton meadows with their varied crops under cultivation, resembling in summer months an immense carpet bound by Mount Tom and Mount Holyoke, whose outlines picturesquely break the monotony of the sky. The Baker residence is one of the best preserved residences in the city, and one of the many places on the Terrace which have given this quarter a good name, for it is in a very aristocratic section of the city.



Here is another example of the colonial style of building, erected by John Hopkins, a retired Boston broker, whose conservatism and exactness is shown in the selection he made for exterior decoration to his country home. This property, soon to be used for very different purposes, and until a few years a residence, has been occupied by his family and latterly by Prof. Bridgman for educational purposes, but is now owned and will soon be used by the French Catholic society, whose prospective new church, it is supposed, will be erected on the land adjoining this house and prove a decided innovation on this street.

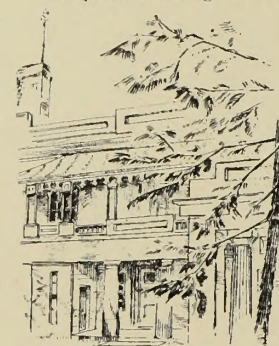
Next to the entrance porch, the old time builder felt justified in putting his skill and thought into the staircase and one of the best examples can be seen at the home of the Misses Clapp on South street, where it will be noticed that each step is supplied with three different kinds of serpentine balusters, all of which were manufactured in Boston and drawn here by teams. It must be remembered that all this old fashioned, graceful work shown here and elsewhere, was made by hand and was very tedious, laborious and costly and some of the methods of working it are almost a lost art now.

There are other handsome old fashioned staircases in the city, noticeably those in the residence of the late J. Hunt Butler and the home of Dr. B. C. Blodgett, but we had not space to illustrate them and the sketch given shows the best specimen in town of the "grand" staircase.



The residence of Misses Damon on Bridge street, with its fluted Tuscan columns half hid by carefully trained shrubbery and flowering vines and guarded by the massive front fence is the admiration of nearly every observer. The builder and owner was Lyman Kingsley, father of Edward, William F., Calvin and Albert, all well known in Northampton, who in connection with Isaac Damon, built many similar structures such as the Old Church, the old Court House, old Mansion House and also many bridges in this vicinity and elsewhere.

This queer building was erected for Edward Clarke, an early resident of Northampton and a retired Boston merchant, an uncle of the present Christopher Clarke, and brother of John Clarke, founder of the Clarke Institution, which now in the turn of fortune uses the present structure for its school, after some modifications from its original strongly Greek architecture (one of the best specimen of its kind in the county). Edward's father and his brothers Christopher and John maintained on Shop-Row what was nick-named "Bankers' Variety Store." The great assortment of goods kept



on hand was illustrated by a wager once made that a goose-yoke could not be found therein; and it is doubtful if one person in a hundred today could recognize the use of such an article were it shown, for it was made by fastening together three stout eighteen inch slats in shape of a triangle, and closely attaching it around the neck of a goose—the ends projecting so as to prevent the wearer escaping through fences from desired enclosures.

But the bet was lost, for that very article was discovered, unused then for nearly thirty years in the attic now remodeled into the Odd Fellows' lodge rooms and approached then as today through the picturesque entrance here illustrated.

Nathan Storrs, an early partner of Gen. B. E. Cook, lived here and for him this was built many years ago, with its gambrel roof, dormer windows and quaintly sheltered porch, all guarded by magnificently proportioned elms. Mrs. Dr. Samuel Fisk and family now own this estate, on King street. It is one of several stately houses in this vicinity that with the change of times are about changing owners, giving a rather melancholy air of departing glory to the once aristocratic neighborhood. Several magnificent elms stand near this place, and the famous Edwards elm is but a few rods north, on the same street. The beautiful Hopkins estate adjoins the Fisk property. Moses Breck, erected this



A veteran builder, the late very odd shaped house at the approach to Round Hill for Judge Chas. P. Huntington, who rewarded Mr. Breck for his faithfulness in the construction by a gratuity of \$500 above the contract price, something not very often done nowadays and a highly commendable act to perform under the circumstances and no doubt fully merited by the well known and much respected citizen. It is now used by Merritt Clark.

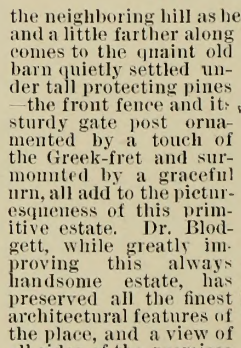


Balconies, Piazzas, Knockers, Etc.

There are many more choice bits of architecture about the city than there is room in this work to illustrate, but one of the most remarkable examples is found in the old Henry Bright place, now occupied by Prof. Blodgett. It was built for Henry G. Bowers, one of the first retired New York merchants to be attracted by the town's natural beauties and induced to locate here, bringing with him large means and extensive city ideas, which are amply shown in his grand old residence substantially standing beneath the ancient sycamores and commanding a magnificent view.

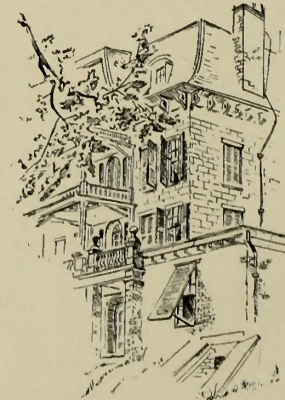
Here is a fine example of the composite order in this capital to one of the four large columns that reach above the second story windows overlooking the city and that part of the broad Connecticut valley which is bounded by the twin mountains Holyoke and Tom to the south, and to the east the long line of Hampshire hills picketed by the sentinel church spires of Shutesbury and Pelham and tower on Mt. Lincoln, while to the northward the eye reaches far out to Mts. Warner, Toby, Sugar Loaf and the grey peaks in Franklin county and southern Vermont.

This glimpse of the front balcony shows the same style of architecture, ornamented with many trailing vines and under the cool shade of the tall trees is a tempting spot to the weary toiler who passes by the handsome porch

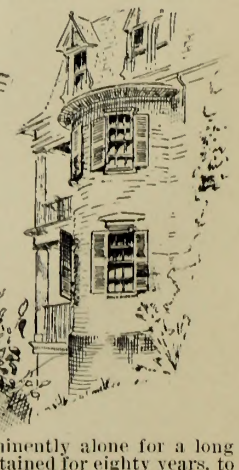
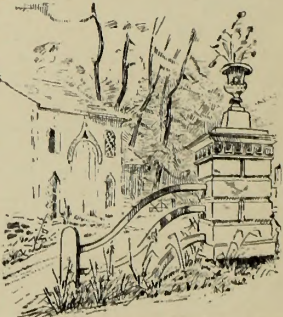


and a little farther along comes to the quaint old barn quietly settled under tall protecting pines—the front fence and its sturdy gate post ornamented by a touch of the Greek-fret and surmounted by a graceful urn, all add to the picturesque of this primitive estate. Dr. Blodgett, while greatly improving this always handsome estate, has preserved all the finest architectural features of the place, and a view of all sides of the premises is replete with suggestive points of interest to artists, architects and builders.

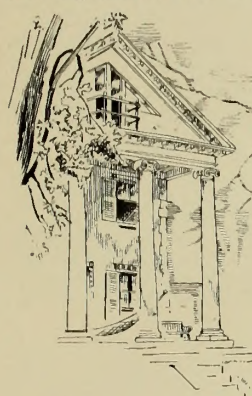
This slightly structure now occupied by the Clarke Institution for deaf mutes, was erected by Thomas Shepherd about 1810, and cost over \$12,000, an exceedingly large sum in those days, the outside material being soap-stone sawed four inches thick and from



clasped. It was drawn from Middlefield, twenty-six miles away, by ox teams. The roof was formerly four-sided, having stylish railings near the eaves. At the same time two other brothers built similar houses of wood and brick, when all three together owned the entire crest of Round Hill and these houses stood prominently alone for a long time and established and maintained for eighty years, to that vicinity, a desirable residence locality from which

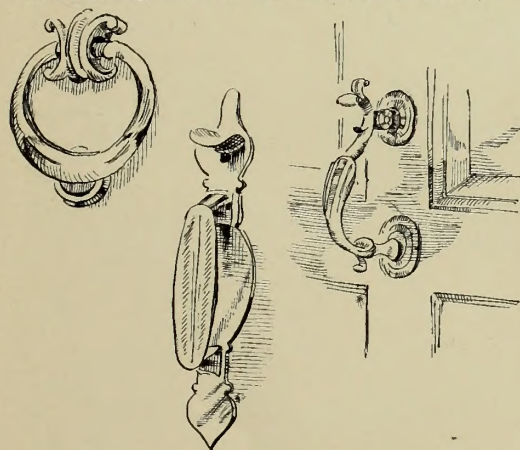


the city derives a benefit today. As one walks down Elm street, he cannot fail to detect the odd bits of old styles yet remaining unchanged about the Burnham-Capen school building, although to meet its remarkable success, the necessary modernizing has nearly obliterated the early Ionic order which characterized the former house of one of Northampton's most prominent citizens, Hon. Elijah H. Mills, who with Judge Howe and Lawyer Ashmun conducted the celebrated Law School and what is a singular coincidence, that aristocratic mansion on Prospect street, also used today by the same Burnham-Capen school, was originally built for this Judge Howe and stands with its delicate cream tinted, graceful columns upon a slight eminence and at a proper distance from the public highway to give, with the towering elms that overshadow the place, an air of dignity which invariably impresses the beholder. Thus these two old time gentlemen were partners in legal instruction whose early residences are now graced by many a collegiate devotee of the fairer sex. From the portico of this school building a beautiful view of the city, nestling at the foot of the hill below, is obtained.



Although the horse-chestnut is of recent importation to this city it does not appear amiss as seen while in blossom in connection with the old-fashioned gable-end of this picturesque house on King street.

In early days brass work was quite expensive and its possessor took much pride in keeping it in good order and placing it where his neighbors should not fail to view it. Cordial hospitality was a leading characteristic then and a friendly visitor was gladly received, hence the knocker and door handle were closely associated with thoughts of welcome, and the brighter they shone the more it portrayed the pride of the house and the genial reception awaiting therein. It was a latch string that was always outside, the satisfactory application of which could have been no secret to the neighborhood as the heavy hammer fell upon its corresponding brass plate attached to the door frame and acting like a violin resounded through the halls and echoed in the street.



Some difference now, as we genteelly push the electric button to announce our desired admittance. Our brief space will not allow illustration or description of the varied kinds of front door appliances, for some were very elaborate, with animals' heads, lions, characteristic emblems and monograms, wrought into the device, but any handsomely designed brass knocker (like the one on S. E. Bridgman's house) or costly handle on the front door was considered in former days as evidence of remarkable prosperity. A famous local character of the last generation and one of nature's orators once said in town meeting, while discussing the vexed tax question: "Put your taxes on them what has the brass knockers on their doors!"

The care involved in selecting illustrations for this work may be imagined when we state that although the number in this book is nearly five hundred, the original collection has been largely reduced, hundreds having been thrown out for faults, as well as for lack of space to display them.



THE ENTRANCE TO PARADISE GLEN.

A DRIVE ABOUT TOWN.

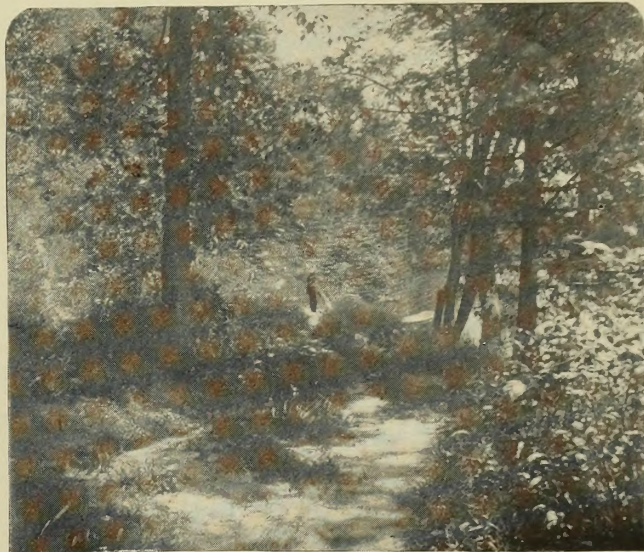
Well, indulgent readers, you have waited long for that promised carriage-ride, and so have we, your drivers and would-be entertainers, for the "right of way;" but in a work of this nature one cannot always have his own way and drive when and where he likes—there are so many matters to be considered and arranged first.

Owing to the mass of illustrations in this book, it is simply impossible—except in a few cases, to arrange text concurrently with pictures. Any one at all acquainted with the difficulties of compiling such a work—typographically and otherwise—will understand why this is. But as, in a leisurely stroll—the only proper way—we have inspected the curious and artistic features in church and residence architecture, of Northampton, we may now take our carriage-ride about the streets, and though the pictures have considerably outstripped us, we might as well start out from Paradise Road, where this page supposes us, and we shall soon come back to this starting-point and be able to glance a little ahead. By turning to the fourth page our readers will find where we left off when we returned from that brief trip into the country which was intended simply as an appetizer for what was to come. That "Top-most Crag on Mt. Holyoke" is an ideal picture, and the bird therein portrayed is supposed to be emblematic of the wild scene portrayed in poem and prose on that page. Naturally our horse, "Old Dobbin," draws our carriage toward the center of the city, to start with, and you, fellow-travelers with us, are comparative strangers here, or we should not be taking such pains to "show you around." Smith college is but a few rods from our starting-point, and tying our horse for a few moments in front thereof, we ask you to alight and take a view from the college tower, which will be the best preparation we know of for the continued ride. This view, looking towards the business part of the city, is the center of the fifth page, and Artist Elbridge Kingsley considers it a work of art. It is an almost perfect reproduction of the photographer's work. The main street lies

directly in front of us. On the right is the Baptist church and high school building, with the flag thereon flying in triumph. Memorial and the city halls are visible farther down the street, and then the turn in the highway of course hides from us the city's main avenue of trade. Mount Holyoke looms up in the background and on the left we have the Edwards church, Catholic church and parsonage in the foreground, with First and Methodist churches, electric light chimney and engine-house tower beyond. The western view from the college tower, over the college grounds, will be found on the eighth page. The state hospital and hoe-shop ruins lie on the left background and some "Paradise" homes a little to the right of the center beyond the college houses.

It is an ancient, much abused, but picturesque looking city hall, which we are not ashamed to show the exterior of at least, to our company, as we take up our ride in the carriage, and here is a quaint little road-way known as Crafts avenue, at one side of it. Ask men of the present generation where they scudded to when they took to their heels to get out of the way of the local police on Fourth of July eve, and they will smile as they glance at this last picture on the fifth page.

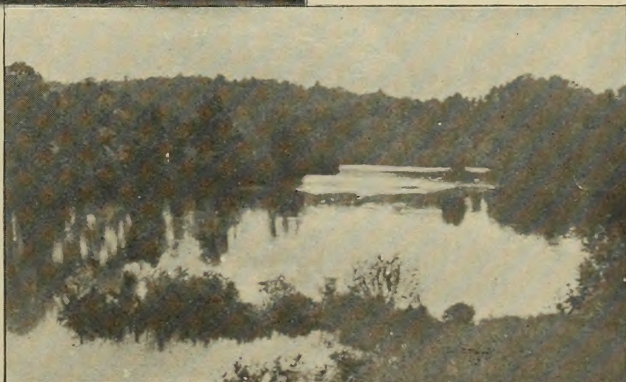
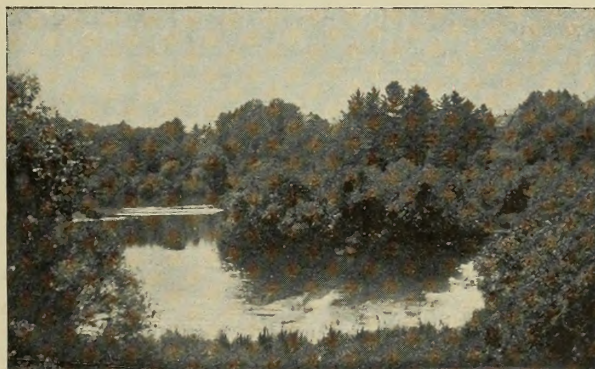
But "our company" must now look out for themselves, and can turn the pages, as they ride along, as well as we can. Besides there is a good index at the close of



FOOTPATHS IN PARADISE.

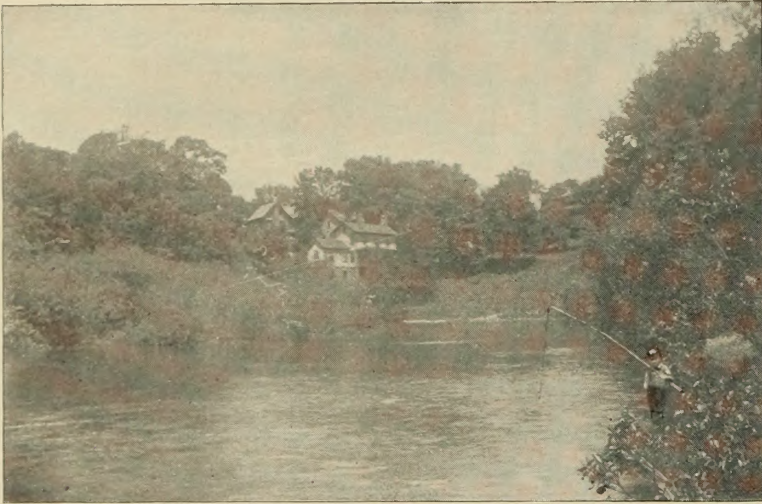
this volume, if at any time they get off the printers' track.

As we drive along through the center of the town, coming down King street, the view looking toward Pleasant street is a suggestive one. Here, friends, not many years ago, at the junction of these streets, stood two large elms and a hay-scales, and here open-air abolition or anti-slavery meetings were held in days when the despised anti-slavery cause could not get a hearing in the churches. Here the veteran William



WATER VISTAS.

Lloyd Garrison fearlessly told the truth in those days which tried men's souls, and the aged landlord of the Warner coffee-house, Oliver Warner, once attended on a Sunday afternoon, instead of going to meeting, to the great scandal of the "brethren."



SOME PARADISE HOMES.

But the veteran "host" was a jealous lover of human liberty, and with many others was content to wait for time to vindicate him. He was subsequently candidate for the Legislature and was elected representative and Senator; as was his son

Oliver, who characteristically had the same blood and fought also the "know-nothing" craze. Near by, on the site of the present court-house lawn, stood the old town hall, where later the abolitionists gained entrance, but their possession for an evening even was so



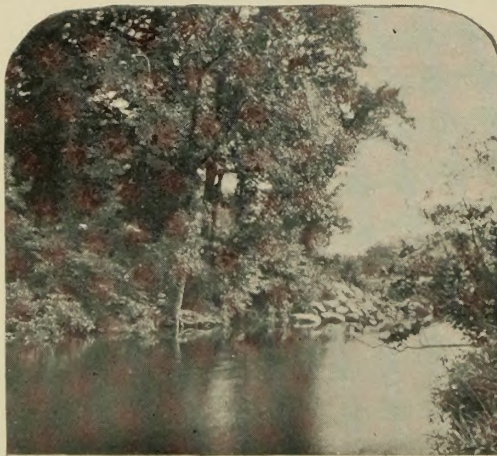
A QUIET DAY.

severely contested as to be a trial by fire, or, rather smoke, for wicked men and boys combined to smoke them out, but without avail. Near the left-hand corner of the street here spoken of is the building of the famous institution of the Smith Charities, whose noble work is peculiar to this age. Oliver Smith of Hatfield left a fund of several thousand dollars, in trust, to representatives of eight towns, for the



PARADISE MEADOWS—WEST.

A BIT OF THE SHORE.

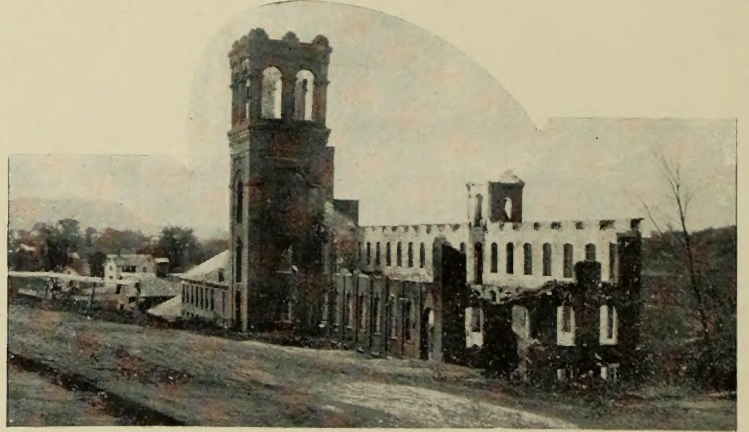


benefit of apprenticed boys, needy widows and newly married girls, also for the establishment of an agricultural college in Northampton, in a few years. The establishment of this fund has been one of the most remarkable and far-reaching beneficences of the age. It has encouraged thrift and growth of good character among aspiring youth and thousands have

risen up to call it blessed. Passing up the street and turning back, we see the First church, new court-house and First national bank, all picturesque objects against the horizon. The other side of Main street, being wholly made up of business blocks, was not pictured in these pages, though some of the buildings are



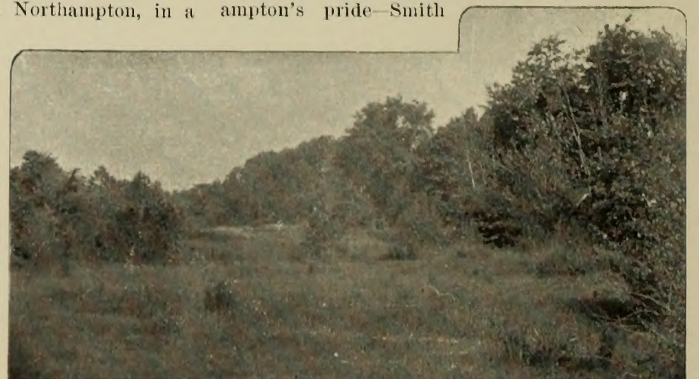
A LOOK ACROSS THE POND.



RUINS OF THE HOE SHOP.

out of the ordinary. Here the old Northampton bank of the "great robbery" fame, has new and elegant quarters, as has, too, the Hampshire county bank, which also has in its upper stories sumptuous accommodations for the Northampton club, an institution of the city to which strangers of distinction are always introduced.

A short drive from the main street takes us to the corner of Park and Prospect streets, the boys' coasting-place in winter, and which in the spring and fall of the year furnishes us with another beautiful view of the city, with the quaint Gothic seminary building in the foreground. A drive of only about a mile brings us to the Dickinson hospital, founded by Caleb Cooley Dickinson, of Hatfield, who left his money for the comfort of the sick indigent. This institution has already proved its usefulness, and many cases of accident have been quickly and tenderly cared for, where without this place so near at hand there must unavoidably have been much prolonged suffering and agony in the unfortunate patients now welcome here. Driving down Elm street we ask the attention of our companions in the carriage to another "glimpse" of Northampton's pride—Smith



PARADISE MEADOWS—NORTH.

college. Is it not a charming picture—nestled there among the elms? As we clatter along towards the railroad tracks the depot of two of the railroads lies on our right, as well as another, not pictured, belonging to the N. Y., N. H. & H. railroad. They are both good structures of their kind, connected by an arcade, but Northampton is now looking for the day near at hand when a union depot will take their place. As we rattle over the Main-street railroad crossing we have a characteristic business street view, looking up Main street. But a few rods away we draw rein in front of the county jail on Union street and inspect at our leisure the exterior of Sheriff Clark's ample quarters. Jails are about the same everywhere and we do not ask our friends to leave the carriage, although we know that the neatness and order within would make the visit seem far from an unpleasant one.

The old Bridge-street cemetery is close at hand, where lie the bones of many a noted man. There are stones in the "old part" over two hundred years old, and the scene pictured by Miss Lathrop, in her pen and ink sketch, can be readily identified, if our friends choose to step from the carriage. The Bates tomb, near by, is quite a work of art and also worth inspection.

A mile drive back through the center of the town and south-west, brings us to the extensive grounds of the lunatic hospital, the triumph of many years of careful management and financiering, first by Supt. Pliny Earle and now by Supt. Edward B. Nims. It has long been the model institution of the state, self-supporting and almost perfect in every respect. Abuses will of course creep into all establishments of the kind, but this one has been comparatively free from them. As the entrance to the grounds indicates, the premises are well cared for, the fountain and walks in front of the portico set off a scene of rare beauty, as the city and the mountains stretch away at the base of the hill and beyond the hospital meadow. Beautiful groves and walks

for the patients abound, and all is done, apparently, that can be, with nature's surroundings, to repair the shattered intellects of the unfortunate patients committed here.

Our companions, in this drive must have noticed that, under its appropriate head, the most picturesque church fronts of the city have already been described. This was necessary, in that place, owing to the peculiar character of the pen and ink engravings.

"The Back Porch of an Old Bridge-Street Homestead" will be recognized by almost every one on the street, if not by our companions, as a characteristic view. The wheelbarrow and old settle under the eaves tell their own story of labor and comfort.

What was once a "common" on Bridge-street is now called a park. It is a pretty, triangular piece of ground

in front of the old cemetery, and within the memory of the writer had the town powder-house thereon, and in yet more remote days the militia of olden times used to "train" here. With what feelings of awe that small but suggestive building used to impress the boys

handsome avenue, but not so noticeable for ancient trees as for handsome and well-kept lawns and walks.

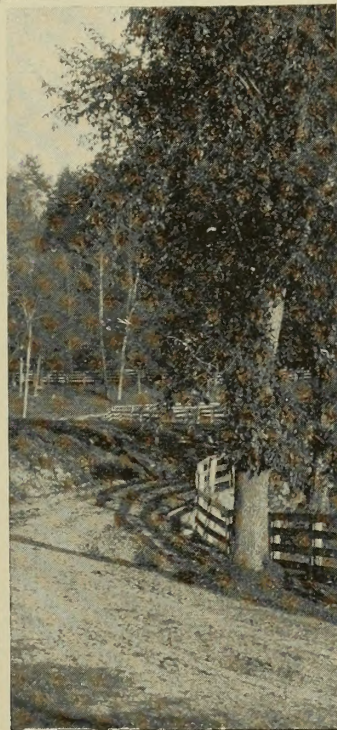
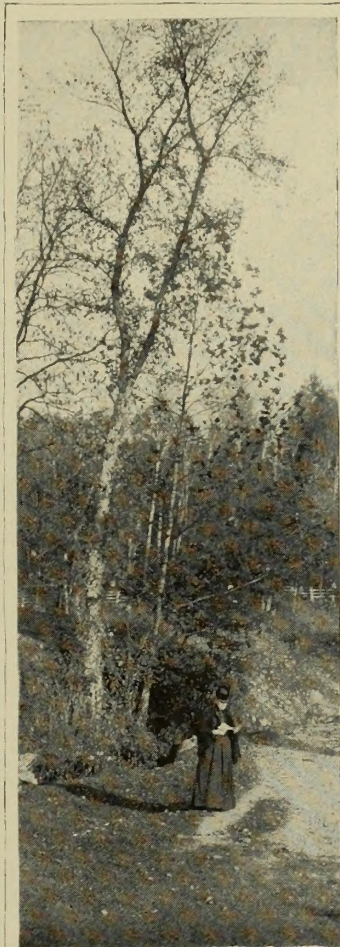
Now turn we our carriage toward the head of Bridge street and a quarter of a mile ride brings us to its north-eastern terminus and the Connecticut river bridge. Here is a substantial iron structure, which permits our passage to the eastern side of the county. The little red house on the left was once the dwelling of the bridge-keeper, who collected toll in the days when the old structure was in existence. This was an ancient covered wooden affair, and it was lifted bodily from its foundations and thrown into the river, by a wind-storm on June 14, 1876. Eleven persons and seven teams went down with the bridge, though but one was killed—Mrs. Catherine Sullivan of Hadley. About two rods above this new structure is the railroad bridge used by trains

of the Boston & Maine railroad company, also of iron, and walking out on the bridge we have come to see we shall obtain a fine south-eastern view of the meadows and mountains. This is a favorite walk with the Smith college students.

Let us return to town by way of North street, where a more than commonplace view is obtained, looking back, near the railroad crossing, of this modest little avenue, made familiar to so many citizens of the county from the fact of its furnishing the only direct road from lower King street to the fair grounds, where the annual cattle-shows are held. From this point we pass down King street, and in looking north, from in front of the old Hopkins estate, catch a glimpse of the massive trunk of the Edwards elm, on the right. Down town again and over to the corner of Pomeroy Terrace and Hancock street gives us another variation of the mountain and meadow scene which never tires the eye, and on Hawley street, in front of the Washburn estate, is another fine elm.

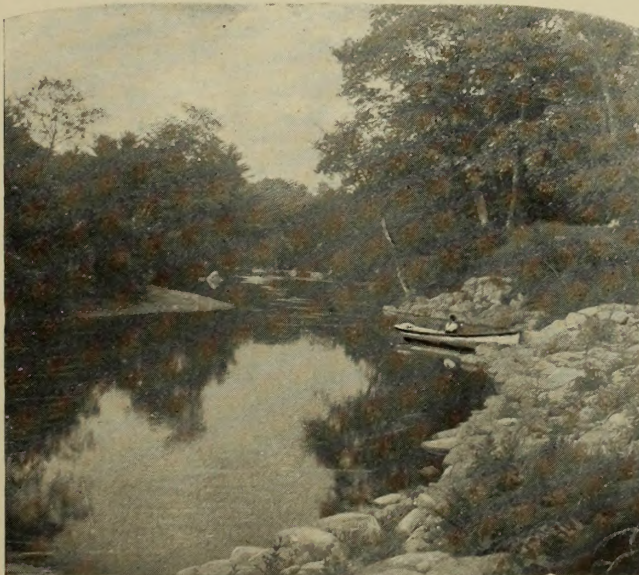
Now our ride must come to a temporary interruption, for the muse, inspired by the Paradise scenes pictured on this and preceding pages, is ready to

sing. The poem which follows is well worthy of the beautiful region it celebrates, and coming from the well known Berkshire poets—now acclimated to our own Hampshire hills and meadows—will be read with interest and pleasure by all. As to our carriage-ride, we claim all the license of such entertainments generally for ourselves and the friends who accompany us—the privilege to stop and rest where we will, and this will be necessary frequently, at subsequent stages of this work.

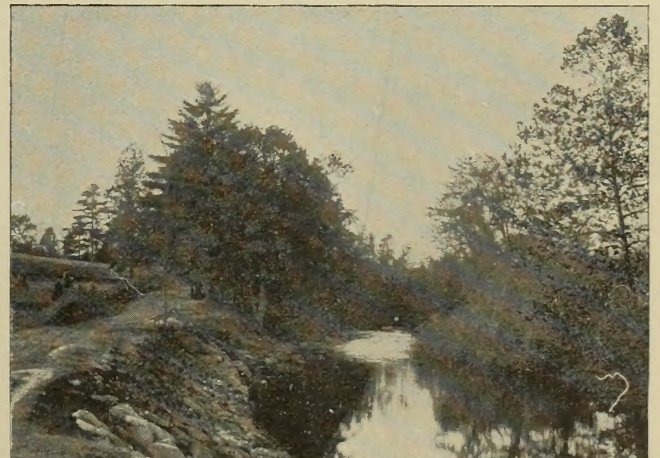


PARADISE PANELS ON THE HOSPITAL SIDE.

of the last generation! Turning our carriage and looking down Bridge street, west, from nearly in front of Gen. B. E. Cook's residence—what a charming street scene we have! The over-arching elms and the irregular peeps at the canopy of blue heaven, to be sure, may be seen in many other parts of the city, but we cannot resist calling the attention of our companions to it here. This is what makes Northampton so lovely in summer-time, friends! Nowhere else in New England can her elms be seen in such luxuriance and graceful form. Look at that monster in front of the Stebbins Lathrop residence—how some of its massive branches reach forth, like so many Briareus hands to the earth. Pomeroy Terrace is a very



THE WINDING STREAM.



THE RAPIDS.



Above the mountain's purple rim
Slowly the sapphire sky grows dim,
Beside the river's shadowy line
Long shapes outstretch of birch and pine,
By gleams the flashing brook is seen
Deep down within the cool ravine,
And tender, twittering notes betray
Where nesting birds forsake the day.

Evening and morning come again
With balm to bless the hearts of men.
Peaceful the hour of set of sun
When all day's heavy tasks are done,
And with the fall of evening dew
The web of hope man spins anew.



"The web of hope man spins anew."

He builds—he plans—as one may see
High rising here a new roof-tree,
Close on these woods of Paradise
The shapely, new-laid walls arise;
Again—a home! again a space
Apart, to furnish for life's race
The hope of days that yet shall be;
Unsmirched—a human felicity!

Forever on the loom of Time,
Whate'er the race, whate'er the clime,
Woven by us, by Heaven planned,
Vast, wonderful, austere and grand,
With awe, with solemn trust we scan
The destiny of mortal man.

Each by a smile, a tear, a prayer,
Adds to the wondrous whole his share;
Our lives, our loves, our joy and wo
The fatal thread unconscious throw,
Through us the vivid colors shine,
Or clouds obscure the aerial line.

They come—a happy man and maid,
To see their own new hearth-stone laid;
All theirs the home about to be
Here where they plant a family tree.
This roof their shelter from the storm,
This chimney nook, forever warm,
These walls, these windows firmly stand,
Dear pledges of her promised hand.

Two workmen, lingering with good will,
The yawning vacancy to fill,
Smiling, have seized the massive stone
Before the ample opening thrown;
Wide spreads the cheerful chimney place
Which polished tiles in order grace,

While rising high, with earven vine,
The solid oak shall all enshrine.

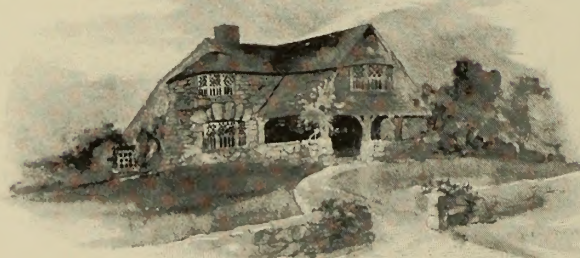
One soft, confiding glance she throws
To him who well her purpose knows.
Then, bending lightly to her knee,
'Neath the firm stone caressingly
Within that hollow cradle lays
A record of her maiden days,



"Within that hollow cradle lays."

And in that packet, sealed and safe,
This compact of their mutual faith:

"Grateful for all the past, and sure
God's boundless mercies shall endure,
Here, where our lives the years shall blend,
To Him, that future we commend:
Strong in our love, our trust, our youth,
Before Him pledge our sacred truth.



"High rising here a new roof tree."

"Each to the other dearer far
Than self to self can be, no bar
Of wrong, disloyalty, or strife
Shall thrust in twain a two-fold life,
Our joys, our labor, and our care
Here for all time we freely share.

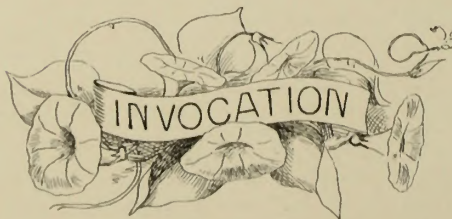
"For us have others willed and dared—
With us the gains of life have shared—
In all humility we own
No happiness is ours alone;
This hearth shall blaze a beacon bright,
For here we build for human right."

Now to its place the hearthstone glides;
Firm-rooted are its well-smoothed sides;
She with a tender, wistful smile
A-tremble on her lips the while
Has hovered near, until at last
The final touch is given, as fast
The yellow daylight fades, and night
Mysterious closes on the sight.

A moment in the dusky room
The lovers linger; through the gloom
Her sweet eyes shine, and in their light
A tear-drop sparkles, clear and bright.
So near the hidden sources lie
Of grief and pure felicity!

Now all is done. How softly falls
Pale twilight round the silent walls:
Then suddenly their hearts are stirred
By the deep wood-note of a bird,
The hermit thrush, in stillness dim,
Pours out to Heaven his vesper hymn.

D. H. R. GOODALE.



Come, beautiful morrow—
Morrow of man's desire!
For thee are our labors,
All our hope is in thee!
Bring strength out of sorrow,
Out of the darkness, fire:

Come, beautiful morrow,
Morning of destiny!

Vast ages have perished,
Men and their dreams decayed,
Here by the Long River,
Here by the granite hill:
New hopes shall be cherished,
New vows shall be paid:
Peace, then, to the perished—
Hail to the future still!

DORA READ GOODALE.

THE RIDE ABOUT TOWN.

CONCLUDED.

Having refreshed ourselves with the foregoing sweet song of our muses, all hands will please prepare to use their eyes again and we will start up "old Dobbin" once more and move on in our carriage to "fresh fields and pastures new" of scenic enjoyment.

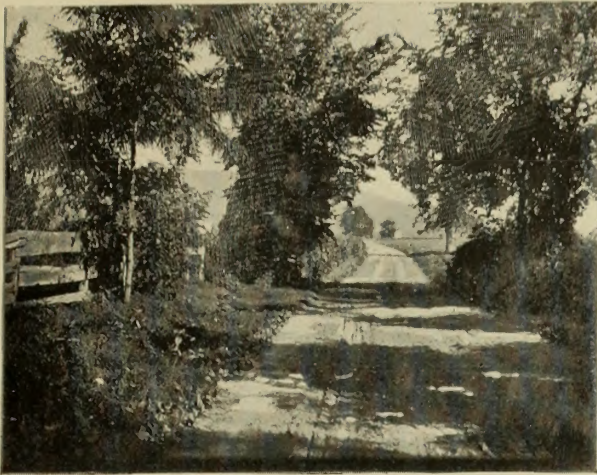
Driving over the Mill river—the modest but ill-omened stream which runs through the town—our companions will look in vain for the little character scenes which our artist once found "in the hollow" near the basket-shop. These were taken "on the fly," so to speak, and are gone forever, except on paper, but that little fellow caught accidentally with a stove-pipe hat on his head—isn't he comical in the picture? And the "back yard" of the company has its suggestive lesson—

piles of lumber lying about, but all to be put to some use, and nothing wasted. The little foot-bridge over the treacherous stream has also its story and reminiscence to the tired workman who plods his weary way homeward after a day's labor. As we drive back toward the old South-street bridge, let us take a good look at this peculiar structure. It is one of the last of its kind in New England and "must go" sooner or later, as iron works inevitably take the place of such bridges. It has many pleasant associations to those who live in the south part of the city, and none of those who have used it much but will sigh a little when they see the old bridge go down. We wish our friends in the

carriage would now observe these beautiful scenes, as "old Dobbin" draws us slowly up South-street hill, lately much improved by the lowering of the grade,—for which the community is largely indebted to Alderman Foote. We will not go beyond the top of the hill, however, at present, for the real beauty of the street pretty nearly all lies here and at the north end of it. Therefore, turning back, let us say "Whoa" at the foot of the hill and look back. It is not much longer, probably, that we shall see standing there the little brick



THE MODERN RIVER CRAFT.

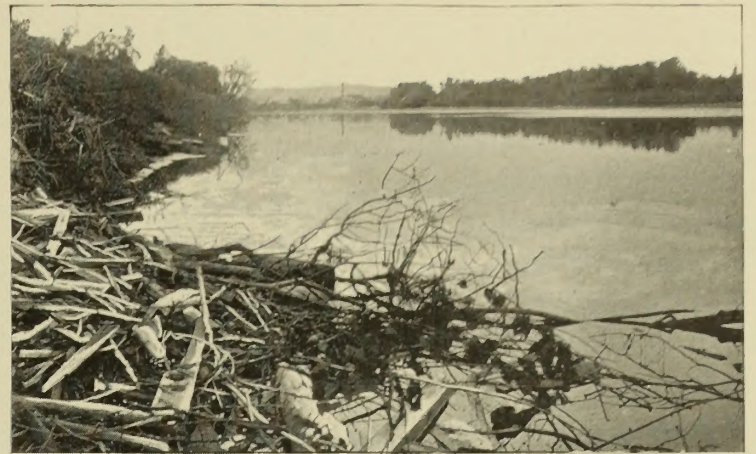


ON THE ROAD TO THE MEADOWS.

school-houses where so many Northampton boys and girls began to "shoot" their young ideas, for the new school-house is already occupied, farther up the street and the old ones must give way to the march of improvement, as also must the old Hunt or Kingsley place, still more plainly in view. Looking north again, we see the southern side of the old bridge and the pretty little South-street park, where some more of the grand old elms show forth. Not very far from this point our artist ran across a milk team and thereupon immediately framed one of his character-pictures. There are features about it that partake of Hockanum, but we shall not "give it away," even to our friend in the carriage, while we fancy "old Dobbin" would say, if he could look at the picture,—"Evil be to him who evil thinks; the team is not stopping to water milk, as evil-minded man would have it, but simply to give my brother horse a drink."

Now turn we up Elm street once more and pass into Prospect, and while doing so notice this street vista at the junction. Now, farther on, about opposite the finely kept grounds of J. R. Trumbull, turn and look back—another beautiful view. But a few steps farther and we

preserved building and a land-mark of more than ordinary value. We need not leave our carriage, as we slowly pass down the hill, to see this vista across the handsome lawn of J. R. Trumbull's estate. The rear of the new gymnasium of the Burnham-Capen school and the Catholic church show on the right and the Edwards church spire centers in the vista. It was on the lawn at the south side of E. H. Bell's residence, that our artist caught his man at work as in the



ALONG SHORE



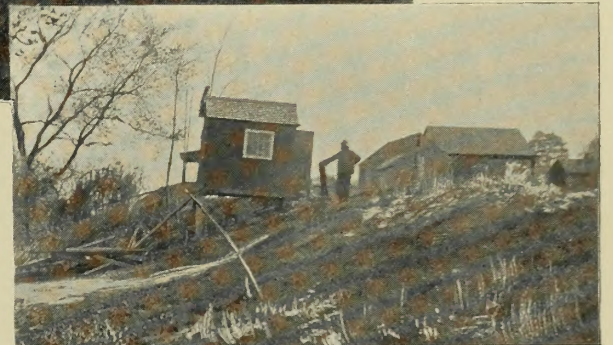
HOCKANUM FERRY.

the picture, and this estate and "Shady Lawn"—the latter place now unoccupied—make the bright and attractive spots on this (Gothic) street, to which we call

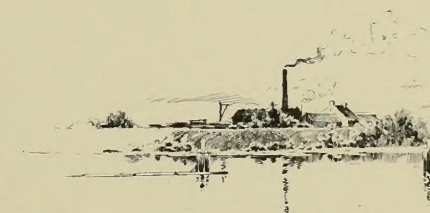
the attention of our friends in the carriage, as we drive by. The mayor of the city, Jeremiah Brown, has a modest cottage at the corner of the little lane which runs from this street to King, and through this we may pass again to that thoroughfare and in the

vicinity of the French Catholic church obtain a fair view of the famous Round hill. Jenny Lind and many other celebrated people enjoyed the at one time superior hotel privileges there furnished. The street view on the hill, in front of

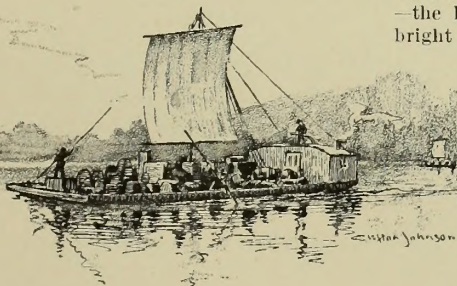
the Clarke Institution, is of more than ordinary interest, and the "glimpse of city and mountain" may be had between the two houses on the east side of the street. It is a revelation to those not looking for it, who have gradually climbed up the hill without



THE FERRYMAN'S SHANTY

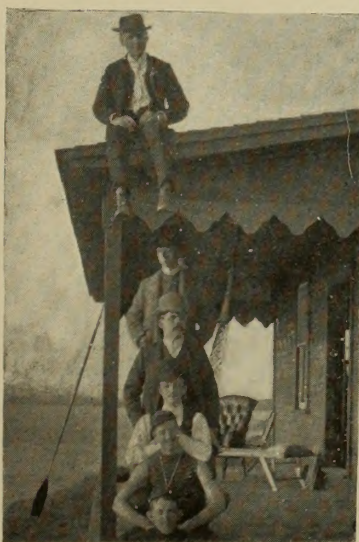


THE LUMBER COMPANY'S MILLS.

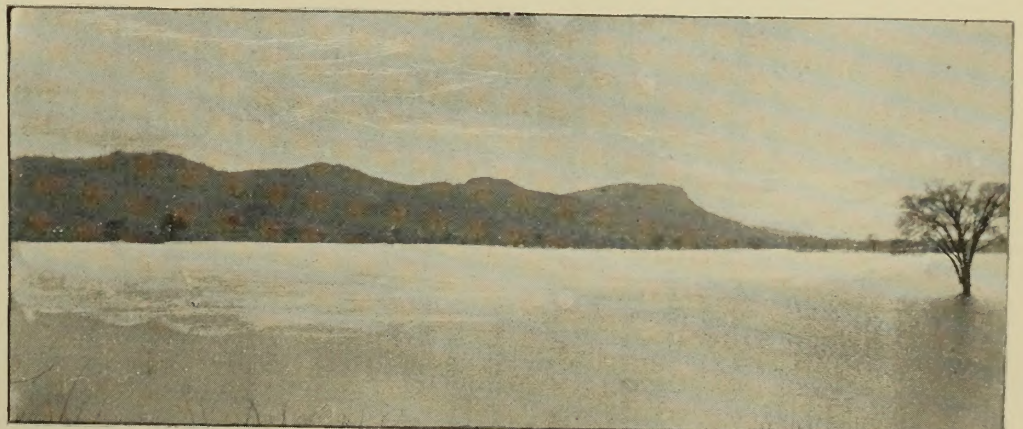


THE OLD "FALL BOAT."

have one of those few but charming semi-circular roadways in town—this one sweeping around the head of the hill and in front of H. R. Hinekley's residence, while our view shows the homes of Dr. Blodgett and H. A. Kimball, half hidden by the dense tree foliage at this point. The residence of Mr. Hinekley, so near by, is well worth stepping behind the hedge, into the yard to see. It was once the home of one of Northampton's noted physicians and most kindly men, Dr. Benjamin Barrett, whose daughter is now Mrs. Hinekley. This fine old mansion is a well-



MEMBERS OF WISH-TON-WISH CLUB.
(Original Decorative Arrangement.)



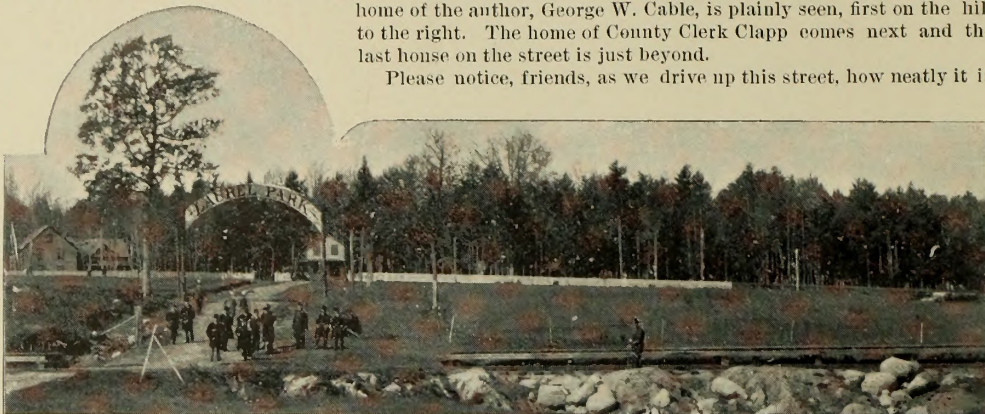
HIGH WATER, VIEWED FROM E. H. R. LYMAN'S GROUNDS.

noting their surroundings; but it is only a preparation for the grander scene spread out when one moves a few steps farther on and gains the brow of the hill, in front of what remains of the buildings of the old hotel. Here is a scene which it is simply impossible to photograph, paint or put on paper or canvass in any presentable shape, as our friends in the carriage must admit. Therefore we have brought them to see for themselves how it was that we could not transfer it to these pages. Driving down the hill we will just dodge in and out one of the prettiest little streets in the city—Henshaw avenue—which continues on and runs into Crescent street, another circular thoroughfare, which circles all the way around the hill, and is now being lined with fine residences on the west as well as east and north sides. Judge-of-Probate Bassett's residence is on Crescent street, and the creamery is a few rods to the north-west.

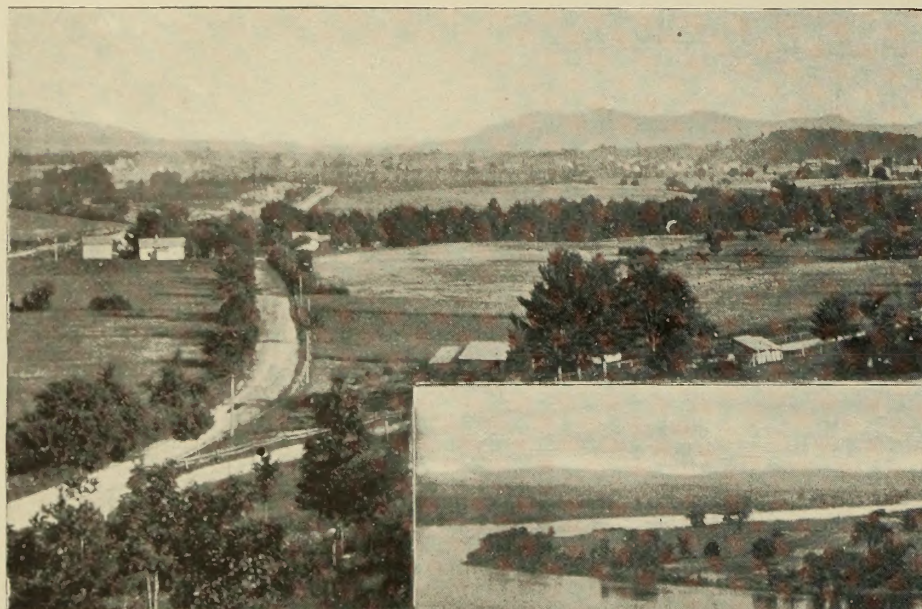
Look at this jolly party of Smith college girls, all ready to start out from the college meadows for a buck-board ride about the country. These meadows, by the way, make a beautiful strolling ground for the fair students. They are close by "Paradise" and abut upon College avenue. Now back again upon Elm-street, for "old Dobbin" is not a bit weary, though

but we cannot drive so far out of the way to see it, just now and "it will keep." Driving down to Paradise Road, close at hand, we can take in considerable at a glance. In the view near the Swiss cottage the home of the author, George W. Cable, is plainly seen, first on the hill to the right. The home of County Clerk Clapp comes next and the last house on the street is just beyond.

Please notice, friends, as we drive up this street, how neatly it is

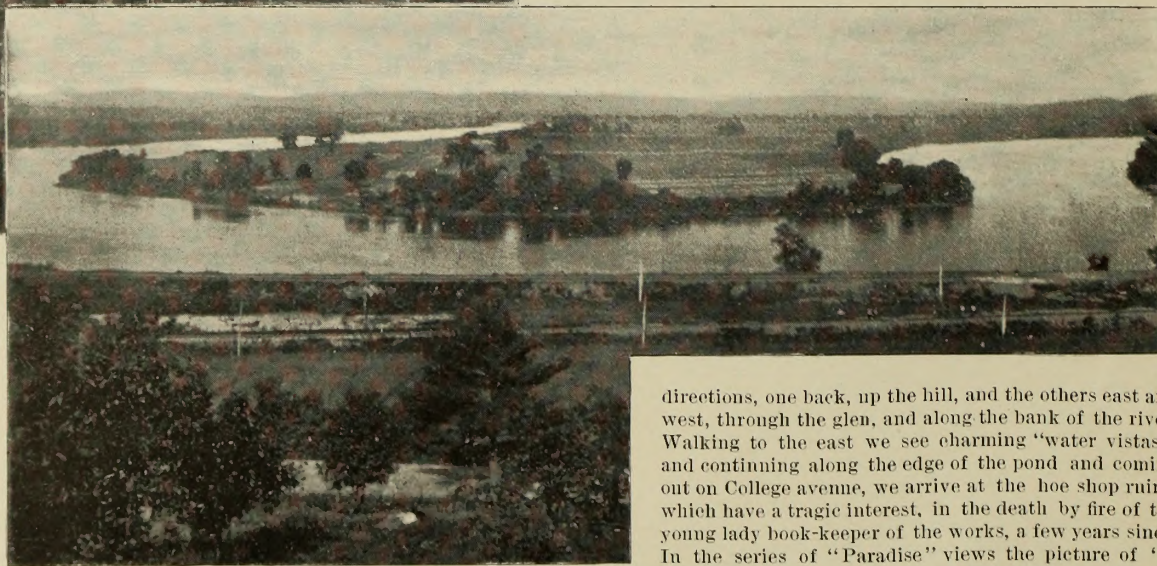


ENTRANCE TO LAUREL PARK CAMP-GROUND.



VIEW FROM ELIZABETH ROCK—SOUTH.

perhaps bewildered with the frequent turnings. The picturesque old homestead of the Jewetts has often been admired and we are sure our traveling companions will not be sorry we have brought them to view that and the effect of "sunlight and shadow" under the maples and elms of this grand old street, near the school-house, as also on the street looking up Round hill, in the left of which latter scene stands the maid with a baby carriage. One of Miss Lathrop's "bits" near Welch End is an artistic little piece of work,



VIEW FROM ELIZABETH ROCK—NORTH.



COLE'S MEADOW.

kept, the whole length of the roadway. This is one of the instances, in a small way, of the benefits of co-operation. The property-owners on this street club together and pay each a small sum every season for the permanent care of it by a competent landscape gardener.

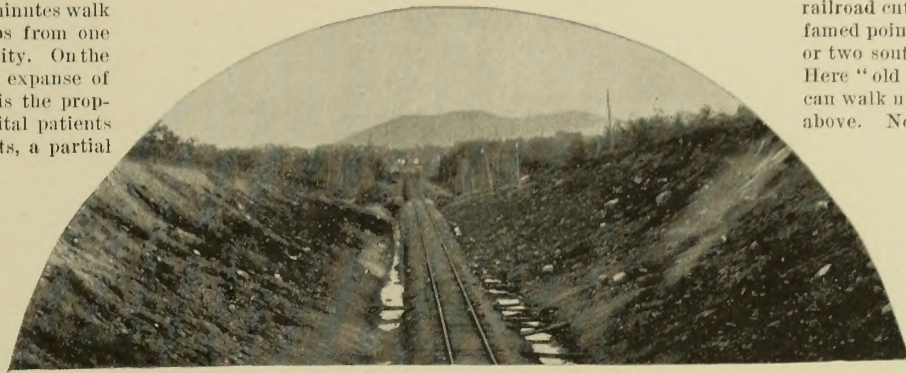
It is to be regretted that we cannot give our carriage companions a view of the completed Academy of Music, which is expected to be the pride of the Meadow City, but our picture of it is a good one, and true to the plans. When it is finished, it is needless to say, it will be a credit to its builder, E. H. R. Lyman, and a worthy memorial to the son in whose memory it was erected.

"Paradise" proper is our next point of view, and here "old Dobbin" must halt and we shall ask our friends to walk, for no horse and carriage can comfortably push its way through this sacred precinct. Why, here is little Robin Pillsbury, with his wagon, at the entrance to the glen,—there is room enough for his vehicle, at all events—and he follows us. At the foot of the hill paths lead in three

directions, one back, up the hill, and the others east and west, through the glen, and along the bank of the river. Walking to the east we see charming "water vistas," and continuing along the edge of the pond and coming out on College avenue, we arrive at the hoe shop ruins, which have a tragic interest, in the death by fire of the young lady book-keeper of the works, a few years since. In the series of "Paradise" views the picture of "A Quiet Day" shows us the humble but picturesque homes of workmen on College avenue, perched high above the beautiful scene below. Let us take a boat and row out into the middle of the pond—it won't hurt "Dobbin" to rest awhile—and here we see more "Paradise homes," with a boy fishing along shore, as patient as a boy can be. A look across the pond barely shows us, above the trees, the roofs of the residences of Mr. Drury and Mrs. Peck, while a picturesque "bit of the shore" is farther up the river. "The Winding Stream" and "The Rapids" are still farther west, and here we will leave our boat and take a ramble in the "Paradise Meadows," with which too few are acquainted, for here should have been, with the rest of the "Paradise" region, a public park. It is perhaps not too late now to secure it, although the meadows are already partly divided and sold for building lots, which beginning on the brow of the hill, to the north, run down to the river, but which, for building purposes, are practically valueless, as being liable to overflow in a very high freshet. But it is not our desire to depreciate the value of these lands any more than it is to create a fictitious value for them, though here we cannot resist expressing the opinion—and we are sure our visiting friends coincide with us—that the city should take measures to obtain this territory for a park

before it is too late. It is but fifteen minutes walk from the city hall and only a few steps from one of the principal thoroughfares of the city. On the south side of the river a magnificent expanse of wood and meadow is spread out; this is the property of the state, and here the hospital patients take their daily exercise with attendants, a partial route of their walk showing in the picture called "Paradise Panels."

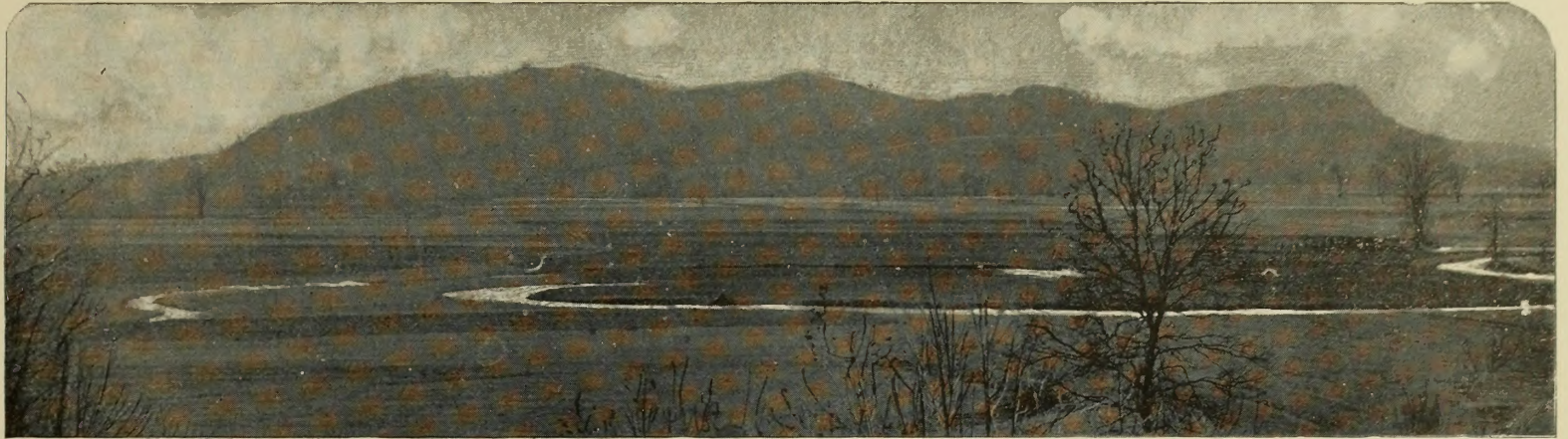
Back to our carriage and "old Dobbin" again, we start for a ride through the famous meadows and by the banks of the Connecticut river; along shore we see piles of drift-wood which would be welcomed, Oh! how gladly, by the wretched poor of the metropolis,



THE SLOUGH HILL CUT.

railroad cut and are not long in reaching a far-famed point of view—Elizabeth Rock, but a rod or two south of the city stone crushing works. Here "old Dobbin" must again be tied and we can walk up through the pasture lot to the rocks above. No more magnificent scene of this kind was ever spread before an artist—and many an artist has labored with it. Almost at our feet the great river winds about the Hadley peninsula and the railroads and graceful country roads stretch away to the north, south and west. No one knows from whom this point of view took its name, but tradition has handed it down.

"Get up, old Dobbin,"—once



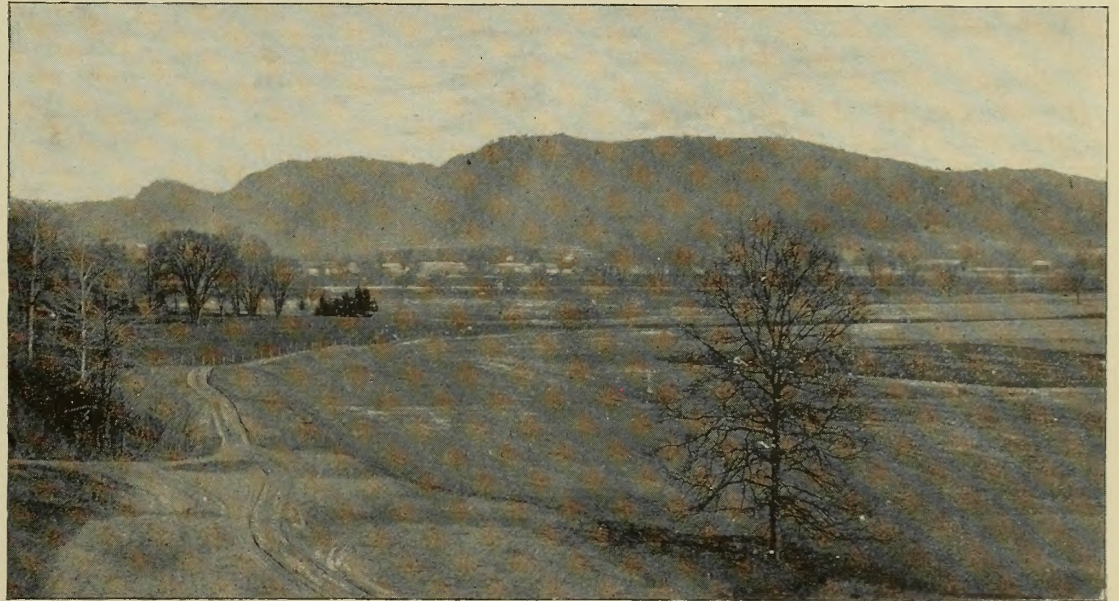
Mount Nonotuck.

THE MOUNT TOM RANGE.

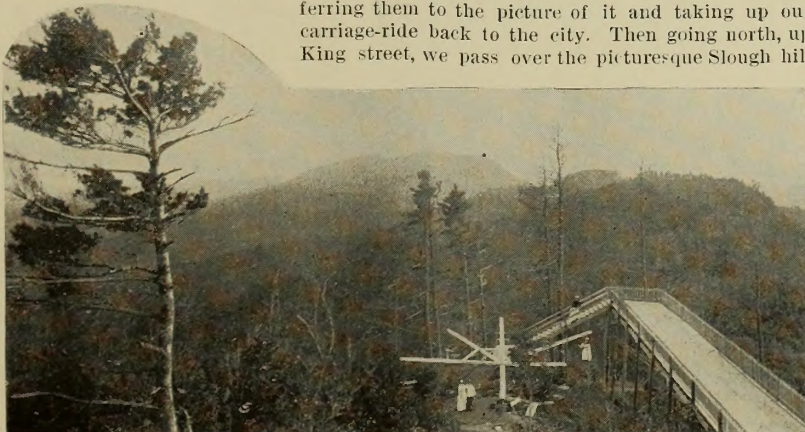
Mount Tom.

could they reach them—wood in profusion, to be had for the taking away. Then crossing the river, by the ferry, we come to the canoe club-house of the Wish-ton-Wish, at Hockanum, greatly improved during the past summer. We probably cannot get a quorum of the boys for a repetition of the "decorative figure," but we can see one or more of them almost any hour of the day, sporting in the water, as much at home there as in the boat. The lumber company's mills loom up in the distance a mile below, and the wire rope ferry and ferryman's shanty are sharply outlined against the horizon and the water, while a club member comes scudding along toward us rapidly in one of the modern river craft—a canoe with light sail added. Once, over these waters, friends, came the old fall boat, loaded with provisions or a miscellaneous cargo of goods generally, to Northampton, being worked up the Mill river even, by poling, to near the foot of Pleasant street, where it discharged its cargo, taken aboard at Hartford. But first the canal, then steam cars, cleared out the old fall boat, which would be unable now to get beyond the mouth of Mill river any way. Were it the spring of the year and a time of unusual freshet we should like to show our friends a peculiar scene on the Connecticut river, but as it is we shall have to content ourselves with re-

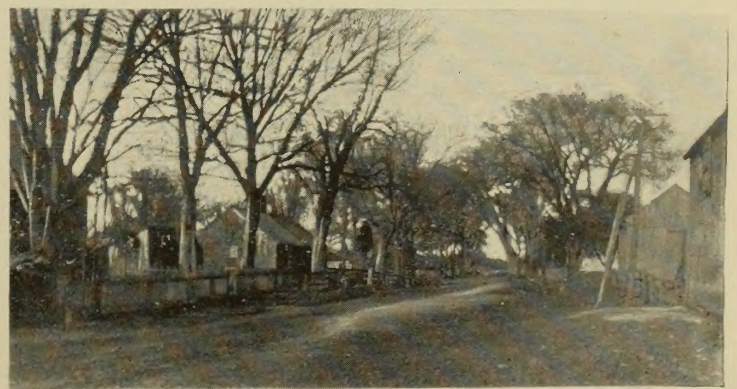
referring them to the picture of it and taking up our carriage-ride back to the city. Then going north, up King street, we pass over the picturesque Slough hill



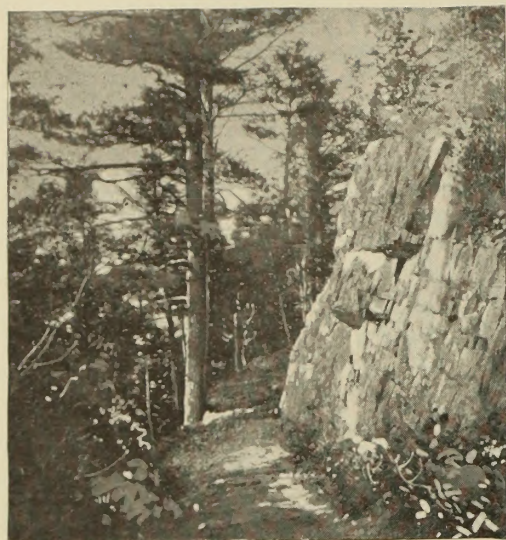
MOUNTAIN AND MEADOW.—MOUNT HOLYOKE.



PROMENADE PLATFORM ON MT. NONOTUCK.

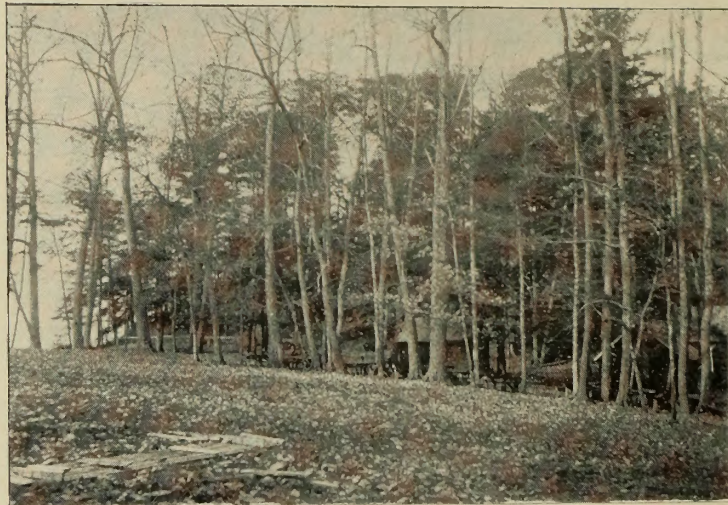


ON THE ROAD TO MT. TOM STATION FROM EASTHAMPTON.



THE ROAD UP THE MOUNTAIN.

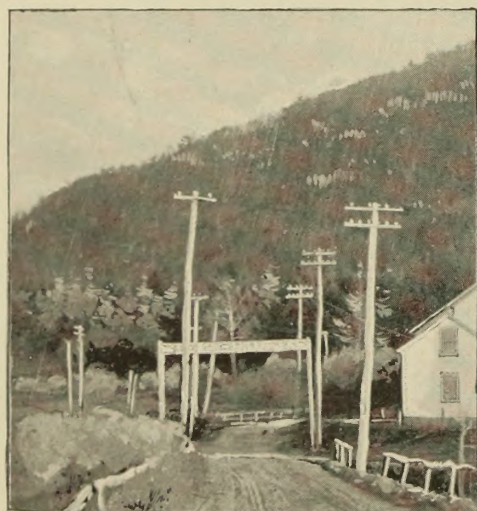
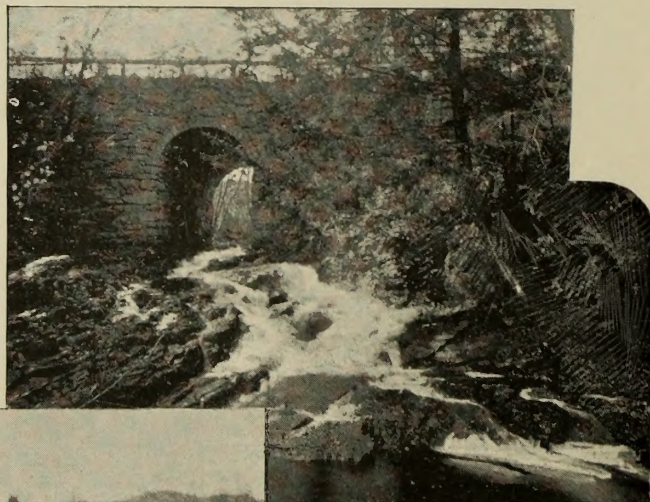
In the rear of the camp-ground lies a quaint little hamlet, also in the limits of the city, called "Cole's Meadow." There are hardly more than half a dozen houses here, but the place has been the home for many years of a few odd, contented old German families. It formed a little world in itself, no regular highway conducting, but a rough, little-used road through the woods leading to it, and there shut in, as it were from the busy outside world, the sturdy German fathers of the family tilled the farm and reaped the meadow grain and grass, while the women picked berries and peddled them in the town, their peculiar, characteristically honest and sober faces being familiar to nearly all Northampton housekeepers. Only our friends with us in the



GROVE AT THE FOOT OF MT. NONOTUCK.

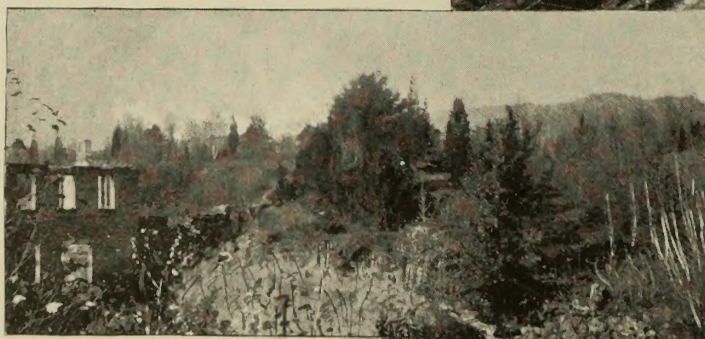
carriage, who have driven to this curious little settlement, can see the pretty road which winds down the hill to the right, near which the meadow spreads, in the picture. The place looks like a deserted hamlet now; some few descendants of the original inhabitants are still there, but the voices of the old German father and mother are stilled forever and quiet in death, and the grove below the hill, to the left, no longer echoes to the joyous shouts and songs of the young men and maidens. They have become Americans, grown up to more sedate and sober ways and moved away to rear children under the restraints of closer neighborhoods. Cole's Meadow is only a pleasant memory to those who saw it in its palmy days, observed its quaint family life and enjoyed that touch of nature which makes the whole world kin.

Coming back to the center of the city we wish to give our friends a view of mountain and meadow, before we start for Mt. Nonotuck, our next objective point. The view from the foot of High street is about the best in the city, taking in, as it does, both ranges of mountains. It should be remembered that Mount Tom is the farthest elevation on the right of the picture of the range of that name, and this is several hundred feet higher than Mt. Nonotuck, at the left, where the mountain house is situated. Mt. Nonotuck is not so high as Holyoke, but Tom is higher than either. Their several heights are; Tom, 1214 feet; Holyoke, 954; Nonotuck, 852.



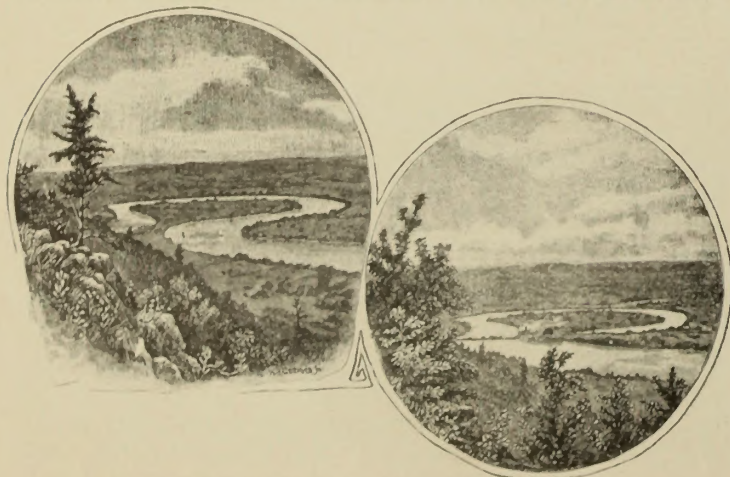
NEAR MT. TOM STATION.

more, and take us to the camp ground of Laurel park. This is but a mile farther up the road, towards Hatfield, but still in the city. Here the Methodist people hold their annual meetings in August, preceded in July by the Connecticut Valley Chautauqua Assembly, now an established institution of the times. The exercises last several days and the features are too familiar to need repetition here. Suffice it to say that the enterprise has thoroughly proved its usefulness and with each succeeding year is more popular. Laurel park is a most beautiful ground and is being more improved every season. The managers should and probably will soon add good boating facilities on the river near by, and then little will be needed to complete the list of attractions.

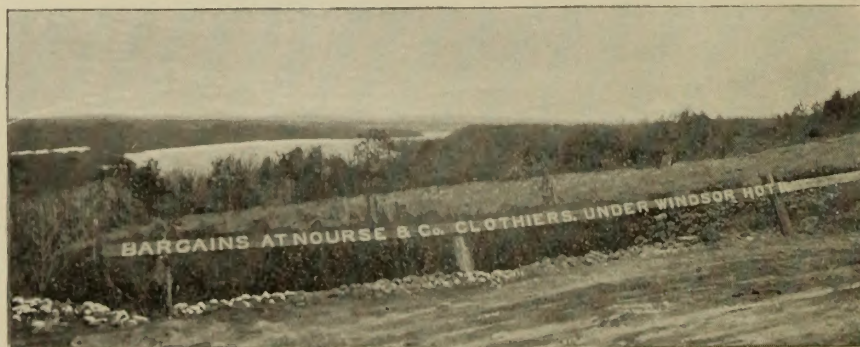


RUINS AND BROOK NEAR SMITH'S FERRY.

As we pass through the meadows we notice how abruptly both ranges rise from them. This is the only excuse for calling them mountains, for the hills in the western part of the county, which we shall visit later, are considerably higher. As we cross the short wooden bridge over the "ox-bow" waters, we can hardly avoid noticing the suggestive scene made by so many telegraph poles outlined against the mountain-side. The river is said to have once pushed its way through the two mountain ranges, and now the instruments of business follow it. Our artist's view of the

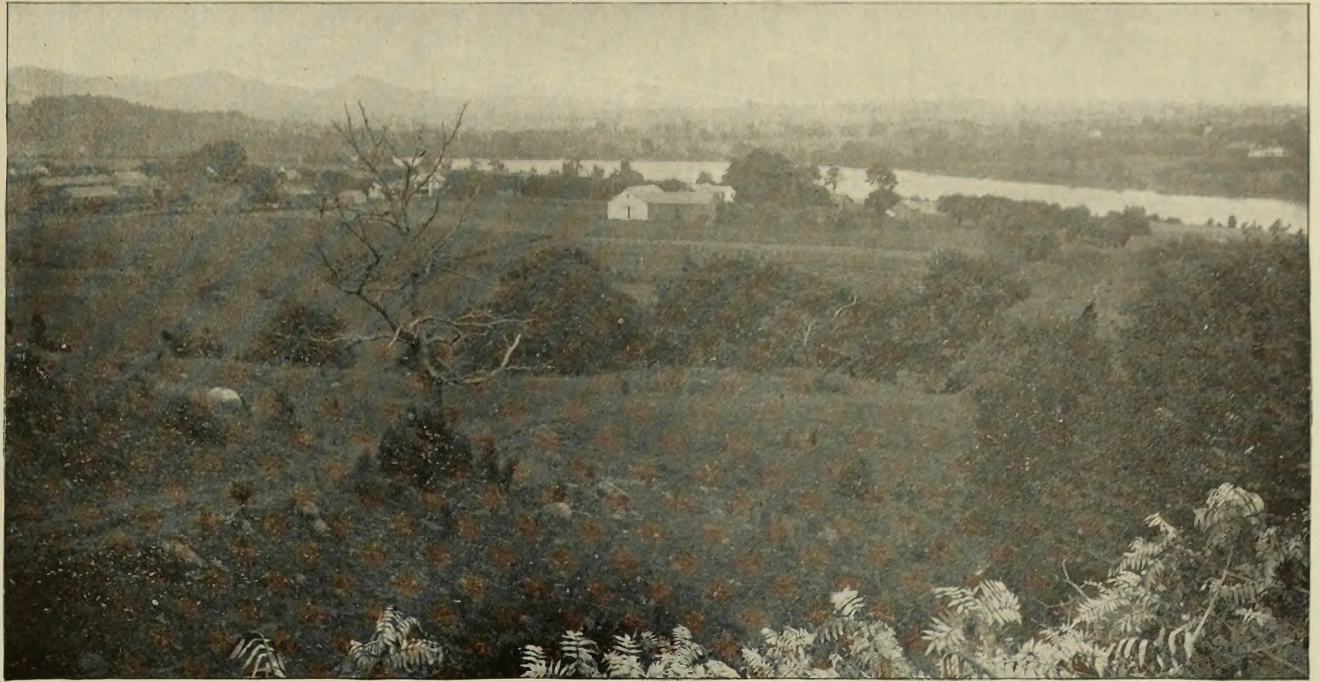


THE OX-BOW IN 1810 AND 1890, AS VIEWED FROM MT. HOLYOKE.

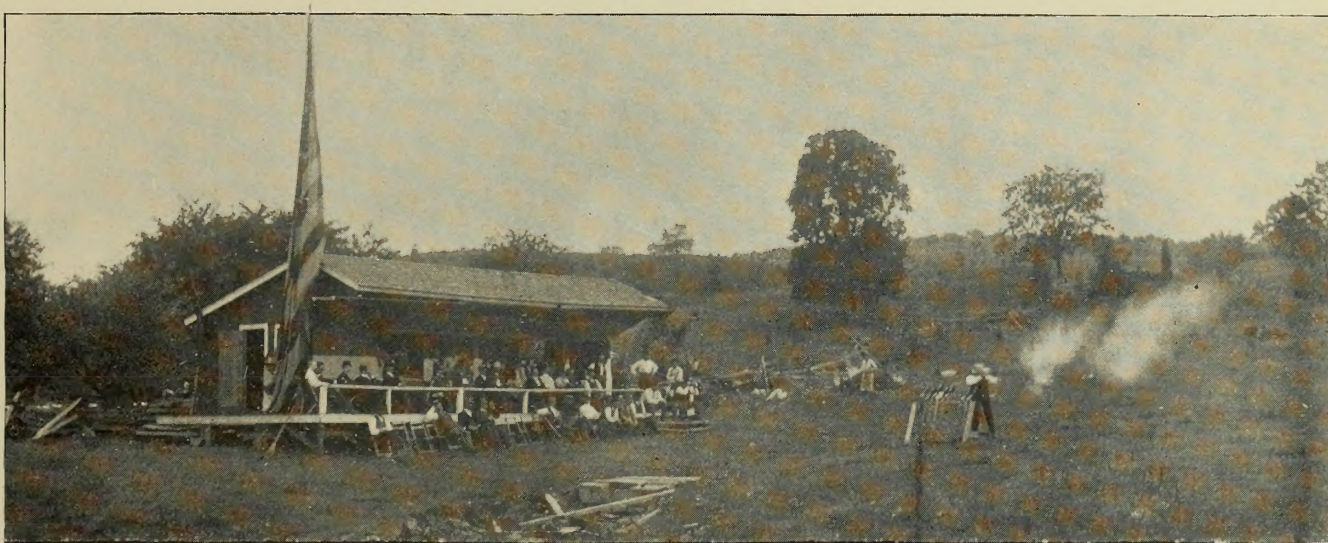


ADVERTISING BY THE ROAD-SIDE,

"ox-bow" in 1840-50 gives an idea how the locality has changed. The ox-bow waters are still, where once they formed the main channel of the river. In these quiet waters the famous muskallonge, weighing over twenty pounds, are sometimes caught. Just beyond the station to the right, we strike the Mt. Tom road to Easthampton, but, as we wish to visit the mountain, we turn off at a point shortly before we reach the situation pictured by our artist, who took the view coming from the opposite direction. Mount Tom grove is but a few steps from this road and is much frequented every season by picnic parties. The open ground shown in the picture is used for ball and other games. Now, winding up this beautiful mountain road, we can go all the way to the summit with "old Dobbin," and the new platform at the mountain



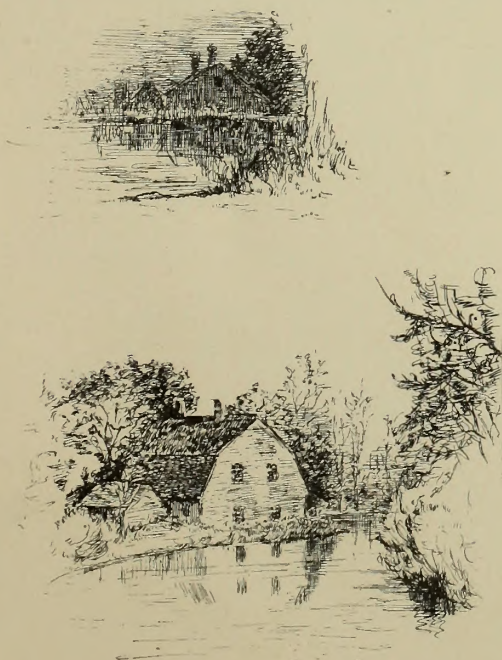
SMITH'S FERRY.



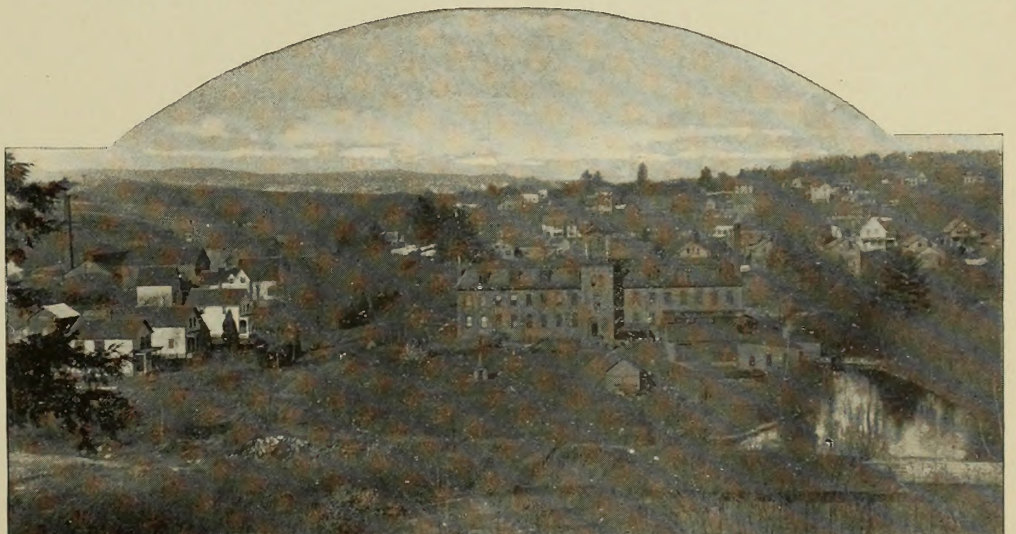
"LOOKOUT" SHOOTING RANGE.

house will give us room enough to promenade and enjoy the scene as long as we please. The attractions of this eminence and Mt. Holyoke have often been described, and as we wish to leave our friends to find out some things for themselves, we will not amplify upon them.

A drive to Smith's Ferry will naturally follow our return down the mountain, and between Mt. Tom Station and Smith's Ferry, if we keep our eyes open, we shall discover very speedily hints of the picturesque on the right hand side of the road. The ruins of an old mill stand a little back from the highway, and the scene is one for a painter. A brook rolls and tumbles along and finally under this



"BITS" NEAR BAY STATE.



OVERLOOKING "BAY STATE" FROM THE BLUFF.

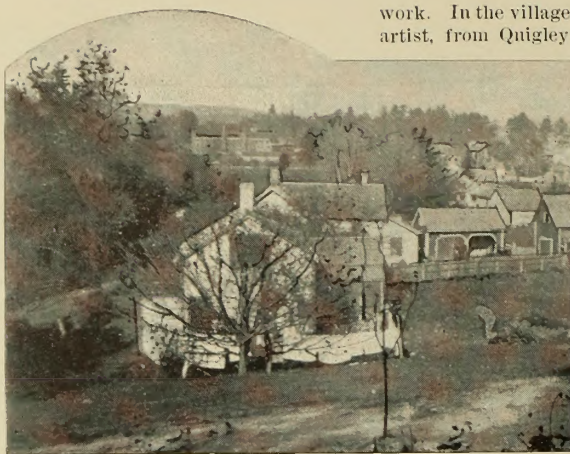
arched bridge, and then another pretty water effect is to be observed below, on the left of the roadway. Smith's Ferry is one of the stations where South Hadley college girls take the trains, and in order to get the best view of this little farming station we should visit the grounds of the Northampton shooting club—"Lookout Range." We shall only find the club there on Wednesdays, but our artist has given us a picture

of them taken on the last "Fourth of July," when they were getting up their appetites for a clam-bake. The last scene taken by our artist is below Smith's Ferry near Holyoke, and shows another curious use of the highway—this for the purpose of advertising. It is in a sense picturesque, gives variety to our pages, and our friends with us in the carriage will therefore readily see why we added it to our collection.

But we have gone to the extreme southern limits of the town and county in this longitude. Let us return to the city and drive to the west side. On the way to the thriving manufacturing village of Bay State we shall, if we keep a watchful eye, strike the little bits of picturesque effect along the banks of the Mill river, so daintily portrayed by Miss Lathrop's pen and ink. The view—of Bay State given in these pages is out of our road and was taken from the high bluff of Mill river, south-east of the village. A fine distant view of Florence may be obtained, as we drive along, from Baker hill, if we will but drive the horse a little out of the so-called "back road."

What shall we say of Florence, which we require little time in reaching? Northampton has drawn its best talent, of late years from this beautiful village, but this we have not space to descant upon, and it has

work. In the village of Leeds, one of the best views obtainable is that chosen by our artist, from Quigley hill. Quite a large part (the western) does not, however, show, in



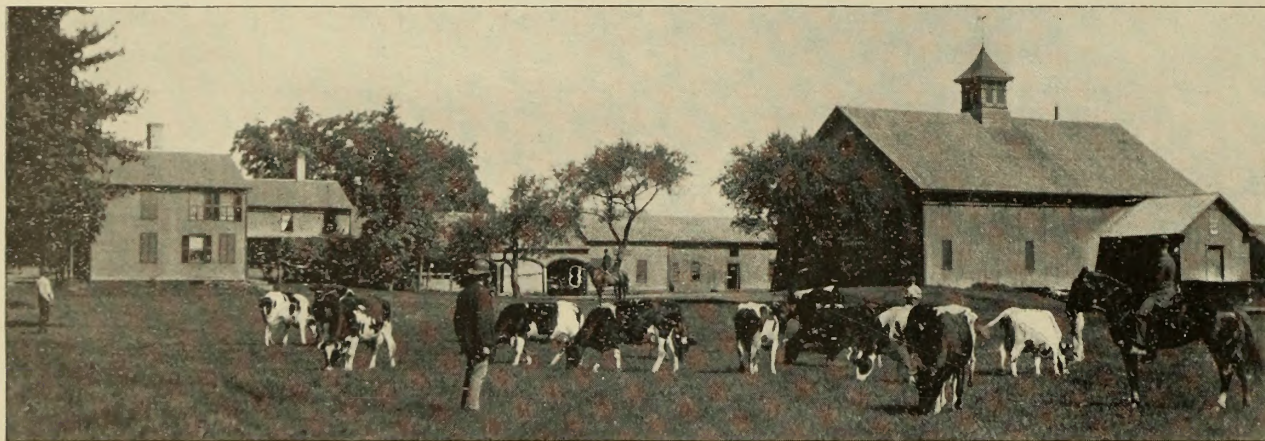
A GLIMPSE OF FLORENCE FROM BAKER HILL.

this picture. Silk and emery wheel manufacture sustain the life of this lively little village.

It is but a short drive to Roberts Meadow, a charming western suburb of the city. On the way thither we shall see the lower reservoir of the water works, while the new one is farther up the stream called the Roberts Meadow brook. This district comprises several fair-sized farms, but there are not many houses. These few show evidence of thrift in their owners, however, and there is a schoolhouse near by. The most picturesque object in the hamlet is the old Moody tavern, now used as a residence by the family of Eli A. Sylvester.

We may as well drive out "Lonetown" way, so that we can say we have been there, but we do not believe that our friends will wish to stop. The little chapel on this bleak plain looks lonesome, as our pen and ink artist has it, and we may as well push on to Loudville, take a glance there and then "right about" for home. This little bridge, high over the stream near Loudville, with Saw-mill hills in the background, is about the only picturesque object hereabouts, but that is well worth turning the camera upon, if one has such an instrument with him, as we had when we visited the scene once before.

And now our "Drive About Town" is finished and we will return to the center of the "Meadow City," take a rest and a look at the great surrounding country panorama, before we take out "Old Dobbin" again—next time to the very western confines of the old county itself.



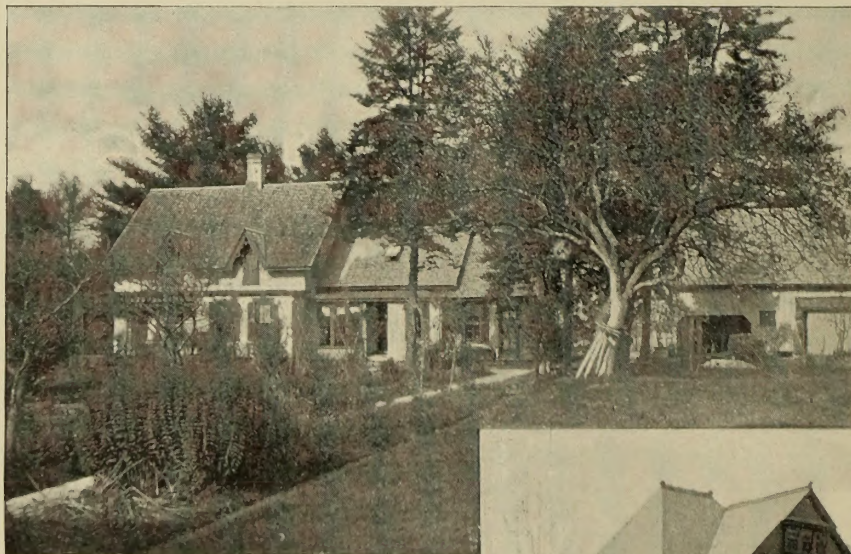
HERSDALE FARM.

been often written about. If you will ascend Cosmian hall tower with us, you will see spread out before you a thriving, compact village, which might well be a town in itself. It is a model community; its people have had constantly before them the incentive of high and noble example, in the lives of Burleigh, Lilly, Hill, Bond and many others. A free church, library, press and kindergarten are some of these men's monuments, and "their works do live after them." The Lilly library was but recently dedicated, and the view of house and grounds shown by the artist in these pages, will be appreciated by many. One of the interesting features of the village is the monument in front of the Catholic church, erected to the memory of the late Father Callery, a priest much beloved by his parishioners. As we have some time to spare and it is on our way to Horse Mountain, which is our next point of interest, let us drive around by Lawyer Bond's "Hersdale" farm. Here is a handsome herd of Holstein-Friesian cattle, a Dutch stock famous for their great yield of milk. Our artist was happy in securing his picture here at the best moment.

We have not the time to go over Horse Mountain today, and it is not necessary, but we wish to give our friend just a glimpse of the region. The scene as we move up the gentle ascent is very captivating to the artistic eye; neat homesteads border the road-way; here the

little red school-house of the district comes in view, here a cider-mill, and there a small deserted house. It is an easy ascent all the way and a fine view is obtained before the descent into Haydenville's "Mountain street," so called, but as this is a "drive about town," we must finish up Northampton first before wandering far outside. We are now turned back, and bound for Leeds. On our way back we may as well glance into "Lovers' Lane," not far from the brush shop in Florence. What tales this none too secluded path might tell if it could speak of the soft foot-falls over its confines!

Cook's dam at Leeds is an interesting picture. This structure was built chiefly to furnish power for generating electric light for the Nonotuck silk mills, and is an excellent piece of



RESIDENCE OF THE LATE A. T. LILLY.



THE LILLY LIBRARY.



A TEMPLE OF FREE SPEECH.



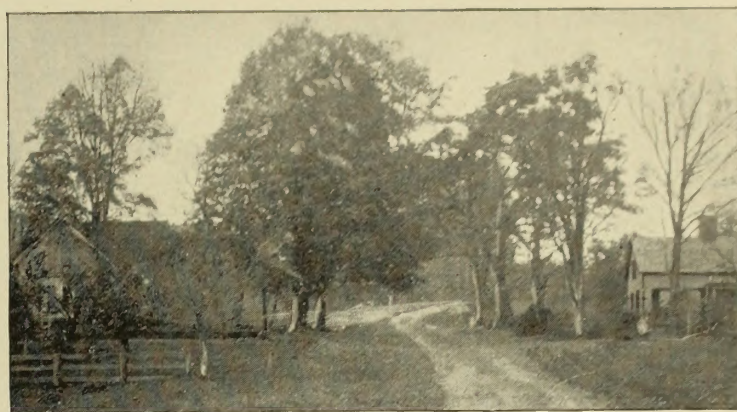
LOVERS' LANE AT FLORENCE.

Edward Everett's Tribute to Northampton.

EXTRACTS FROM THE ADDRESS OF HON. EDWARD EVERETT AT THE DINNER OF THE H. F. & H. AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY, OCT. 7, 1852.

* * * * But notwithstanding this, Sir, I must say, for me there is and always has been an indescribable charm in rural nature; in these fields loaded with the promise of the spring or the bounties of harvest; these pastures alive with flocks and herds; these broad meadows and woodlands hung with the variegated drapery of autumn, to which your secretary alluded, each tree with its peculiar tint, scarlet and orange and violet and gold, as the hand divine has touched with the same pencil oak or elm or maple or beech; these stately avenues of elms and trim rows of maple and the quiet villages reposing in their shade; the single farm-houses scattered by the road-side; the village school-house and the village spire; and in this part of New England the queen of all her rivers, now meandering through alluvial plains, now sweeping boldly around the base of majestic hills, now dashing over rocky barriers or forcing its way through mountain passes; and all this made doubly grateful and soothing by the rapid transition which the railways enable us to make, from the burning pavement and bewildering din of the thronged street, to the soft green and sacred rest of some pleasant country town.

But this, Sir, is not all. I have long known Northampton. I used to come here in my younger days to see my friends Cogswell and Baneroff at Round Hill, and in their refined and congenial society, to enjoy your scenery and admire the fertility of meadow and upland, and hill and forest. But the emotions excited in my mind at Northampton do not rest with the qualification of a taste for the useful or beautiful. There is that in your scenery which addresses a higher principle, the highest in our nature. I witnessed it in all its power, this morning, as I drove in an open carriage with the Governor and Lieutenant Governor through your magnificent meadows. We passed first through a sort of vapoury sea which seemed to surge over the face of the

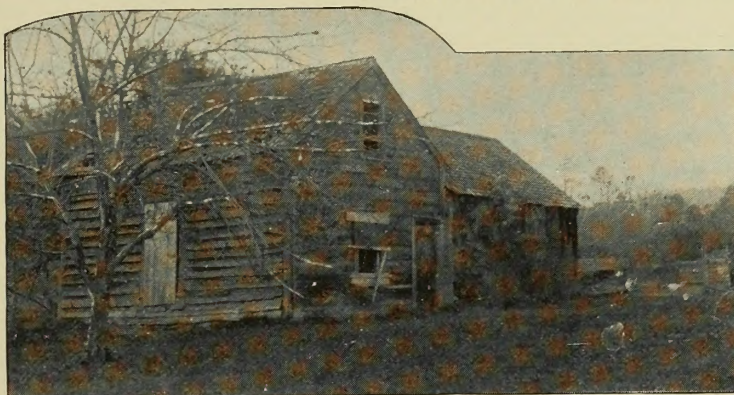


ASCENDING HORSE MOUNTAIN.

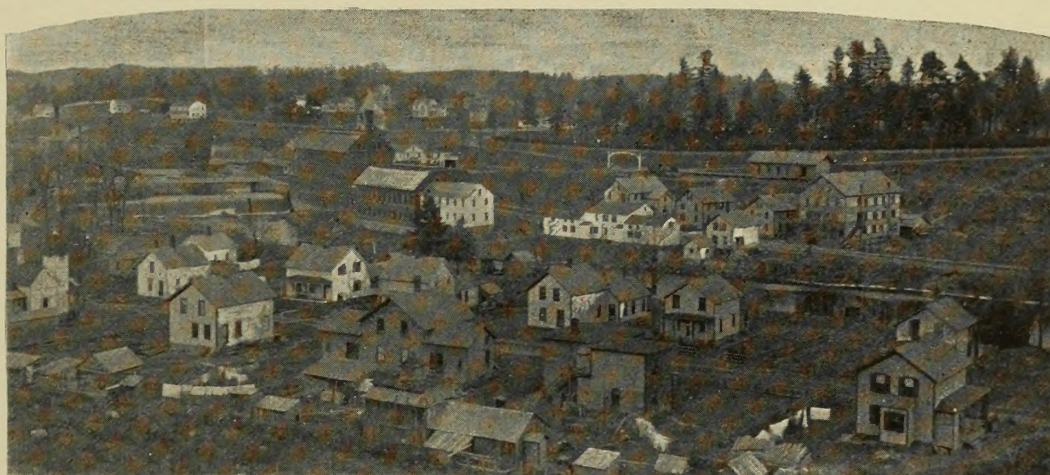
plain and as it melted into air we saw at a distance wreath after wreath of silvery mist moving slowly up the side of the hill. It seemed as if nature with its clouds of incense was doing homage to the mountain majesty of Holyoke, sparkling as he was with a diadem of dew drops and robed in the purple of the morn. I felt as if man, the rational worshiper, were bound to unite in vocal

strains of adoration, with the silent anthems of plain and stream and hill, and I was ready to repeat the lovely words which Milton puts into the mouths of our first parents:

"Ye mists and exhalations that now rise
From vale or streaming lake, dusky
or grey,
Till the sun paints your fleecy skirts
with gold,
In honor to the world's great Author, rise;
Whether to deck with clouds the
uncolored sky,
Or wet the thirsty earth with fall-
ing showers,
Rising or falling still advance the
praise."



DESERTED HOUSE ON HORSE MOUNTAIN.



VILLAGE OF LEEDS FROM QUIGLEY HILL.

MAGNIFICENCE OF THE CONNECTICUT VALLEY.

Many pens have labored to describe the beauties of the Connecticut valley, and it would be almost superfluous for us to attempt the task, and then why should we when strangers have done so much better than its inhabitants can? Those who have not yet seen the valley and who see this book will be more impressed also by the testimony of other visitors who can look upon our scenery with impartial eye and sober judgment and we wish here to call upon one such to witness. We do not recollect to have seen anywhere a tribute to our beautiful valley which for glowing phrase and eloquent, long sustained periods, can surpass the praise given by Dr. Timothy Dwight, the President of Yale college, who visited this vicinity in 1820. It is the same country today, seventy years later, that it was when Dr. Dwight saw it, but if anything made more beautiful by the hand of man. But it was the natural configuration and "lay of the land" which charmed the president of Yale college and few inhabitants of this magnificent valley have ever seen his tribute, as the book which contains it is out of print and few copies are in existence, but as "praise from Sir Hubert is praise indeed," and the editor of this work desires all the fortification he can obtain from high authority, it is appended, as follows:

"In the Connecticut valley, north of Mts. Tom and Holyoke, expands a basin about twenty miles long from the north-east to the south-west, and about fifteen miles wide in



COOK'S DAM, LEEDS.

the opposite direction, limited on the western side of the river by Mount Tom on the south and the Green mountains running in a circuitous direction on the western and northern border, and on the eastern by a semi-ellipsis, formed of Mt. Holyoke, a part of the Lyme range, and Mt. Toby, a commanding eminence, which shoots out as a spur near the Connecticut river. Between the last mentioned height and the Green

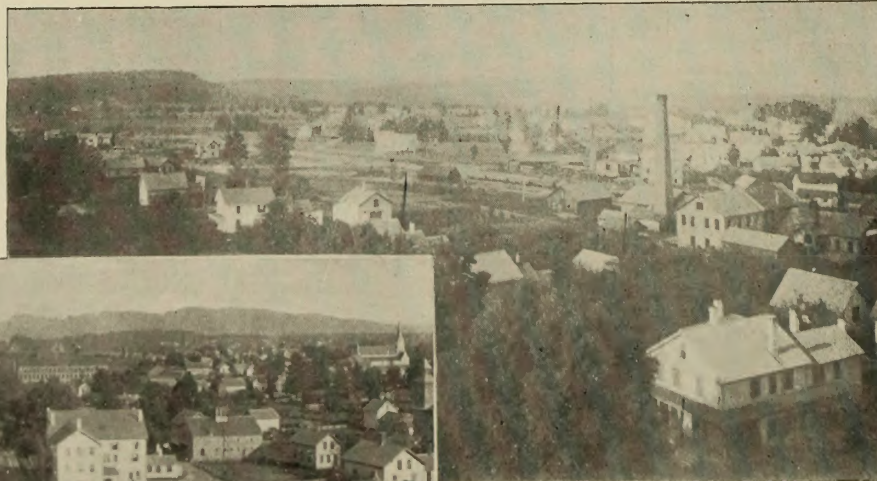


FLORENCE, LOOKING SOUTH AND NORTH.

mountains rises on the western margin of the river the Sugar-Loaf, a fine abrupt cone, the termination of Deerfield mountain, with a noble vista on each side, opening into distant regions gradually withdrawing from the sight. In this basin lie the townships of Northampton, Southampton, Easthampton, Westhampton, Hatfield, Williamsburg and Whately on the west, and Hadley, Amherst, Leverett and Sunderland on the east side of the river. A great number of others are presented on the summits of the mountains and subjacent hills.

"But the most exquisite scenery of the whole landscape is formed by the river and its extended margin of beautiful intervals. The river turns four times to the east and three times to the west, within twelve miles, and within that distance makes a progress of twenty-four. It is generally one-fourth of a mile wide, and its banks are beautifully alternated with a fringing of shrubs, green lawns and lofty trees. The intervals, which in this view border it in continual succession, are fields containing from five hundred to five thousand acres, formed like terraced gardens, and rising, as they recede from it by regular gradation. These fields are

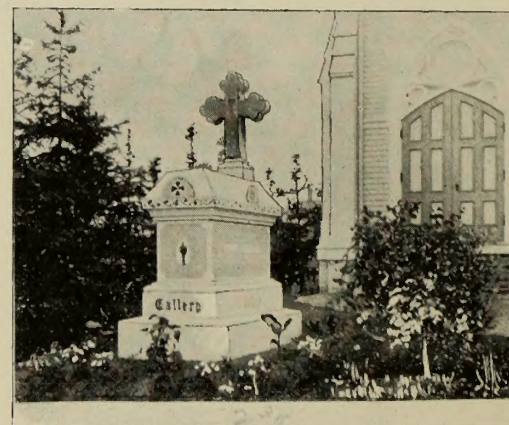
distributed into an immense multitude of lots, separated only by imaginary lines, and devoted to all the various cultivations of the climate. Meadows are here seen containing from five to five hundred acres, interspersed with beautiful and lofty forest trees rising everywhere at little distances, and at times with orchards, of considerable extent, and covered with exquisite verdure. Here spread, also, vast expansions of arable ground, in which the different lots exactly resemble garden-beds, distinguishable from each other only by the different kinds of vegetation, and exhibiting all its varied hues, from the dark green of the maize to the brilliant gold of the barley. One range of these lots is separated from another by a straight road, running, like an alley, from



FLORENCE, LOOKING EAST AND WEST

one to two or three miles in length, with here and there a brook, or mill stream, winding through the whole. A perfect neatness and brilliancy is everywhere diffused, without a neglected spot to tarnish the lustre, or excite a wish in the mind for a higher finish. All these objects united present here a collection of beauties, to which I know no parallel. When the eye traces this majestic stream, meandering with a singular course through these delightful fields, wandering in one place five miles to gain one, and in another four miles to gain seventy yards, enclosing almost immediately beneath, an island of twenty acres, exquisite in its form and verdure and adorned on the northern end with a beautiful grove; forcing its way

between these mountains, exhibiting itself like a vast canal six or eight miles below them and occasionally reappearing at greater and greater distances in its passage to the ocean; when it marks the sprightly towns, which rise upon its banks, and the numerous churches, which gem the whole landscape in its neighborhood; when it explores the lofty forests, widely contrasted with the rich scene of cultivation, which it has just examined, and presenting all the varieties of woodland vegetation; when it ascends higher, and marks the perpetually varying and undulating arches of the hills, the points and crowns of the nearer and detached mountains, and the long continued ranges of the most distant ones; particularly of the Green



MONUMENT TO A FAITHFUL PRIEST.

Mountains, receding northward beyond the reach of the eye; when last of all it fastens upon the Monadnock in the north-east, and in the north-west upon Saddle mountain, ascending, each, at a distance of fifty miles in dim and misty grandeur, far above all the other objects in view: it will be difficult not to say, that with these exquisite varieties of beauty and grandeur the relish for landscape is filled; neither a wish for higher perfection, nor an idea of what it is, remaining in the mind."

The new drop curtain of the Hollis street theatre in Boston, represents a scene on the Connecticut river near South Hadley, and our readers will hardly question the taste of the designer or artist.

AN ARTIST'S OPINION OF THE VALLEY.

Artist John P. Davis, a contemporary of Elbridge Kingsley, sends us the following brief but expressive opinion of the Connecticut Valley:

What a field for inspiration! Here is the Connecticut valley, a broad alluvial basin, wherein thousands of vernal floods have brought and deposited the rich soil of northern highlands; this, seamed and dimpled with many a fantastic cicatrice of the flood's caprice, overgrown with tanglewood of trees and clambering vines, with opens of meadow land, in variegated green, sloping

gradually towards the shining river, a silver baldric, fringed with osier and water maples. Round about are the sociable hills. They are described as "galloping off;" not so; they gallop on, rather, and huddle round each lowland landscape, detaining the morning mist to give its mirage-like effect to the sunrise, while, like an illumined banner, they hold above the twilight vales the last rays of the sun.

Where you see the grove-like masses of elm trees are the towns, thickly scattered, only recognizable by the musical far sounds of their industries, the luxuriousness of their trees, an occasional white gable and the heavenward directing spires.

Then, beside the classic spirit that haunts the scenes of the Wept of the Wish-ton-Wish, Elsie Venner and Kathrina, there is, everywhere pervading the far including scene, that sombre, mysterious air of tragic tradition, associating all natural



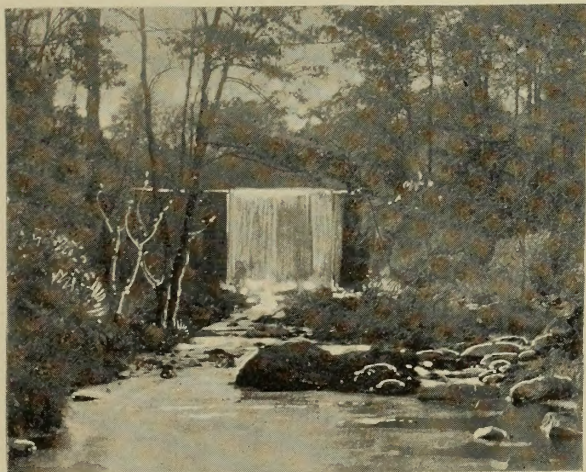
THE OLD MOODY TAVERN.



ROBERTS MEADOW.



LONELY "LONETOWN."



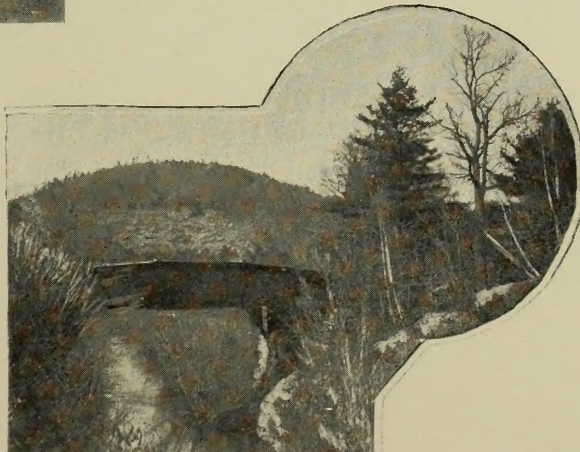
THE UPPER RESERVOIR.

objects with the exterminated, aboriginal dwellers. Their heroism and suffering is recalled, their name perpetuated by that of every height or sinuous water-course.

Having once been brought into sympathy with the spirit of such surroundings, there is no need of mentor to show the way, or additional stimulus to strengthen and support pursuit. Here is the broad portal to all arts; picturesqueness and heroism in human life, grandeur and simple beauty in natural scenery, to quicken the poet, the sculptor or the painter; a deep placid current of inspiration.

Witchcraft in the Connecticut Valley.

It was not many years after settlements were formed in the valley that the witchcraft delusion manifested itself. To our credit it must be said, it never



OLD BRIDGE AT LOUDVILLE.

raged, as in the eastern part of the province, in the epidemic form. The cases that occurred, at infrequent periods, were sporadic in their character, and merely served to show that the inhabitants were imbued with the opinion, then almost universal, that any person so inclined, could easily contract an alliance with the devil, and through his aid and assistance, perpetrate all manner of mischief. Lamentable as was the slaughter of men and women in the Salem frenzy, it was exceeded in atrocity in numerous instances in the mother country, where they were not content with hanging the alleged witches, but actually burned them at the stake. The number in England thus tortured to death, has been estimated at tens of thousands; and still England, in her treatment of witches, was merciful compared with some portions of the continent of Europe. Indeed, there were so many offenses then punished with hanging, that it was a somewhat difficult matter for a man or woman to keep clear of the law, attain to a good old age, and depart to the invisible world by a natural death.

And to make the matter as bad as possible, usually, though not invariably, these witches were old women, harmless, inoffensive creatures, whom, in this enlightened age we should consider the very last persons to enter into unholy and diabolical "compact" with Satan.

It is not the purpose of the writer to enter into minute details in all these cases. Two or three will be selected merely to show the frivolous and slender evidence upon which persons accused of this crime were in danger of ending their days suddenly and violently upon the gallows.

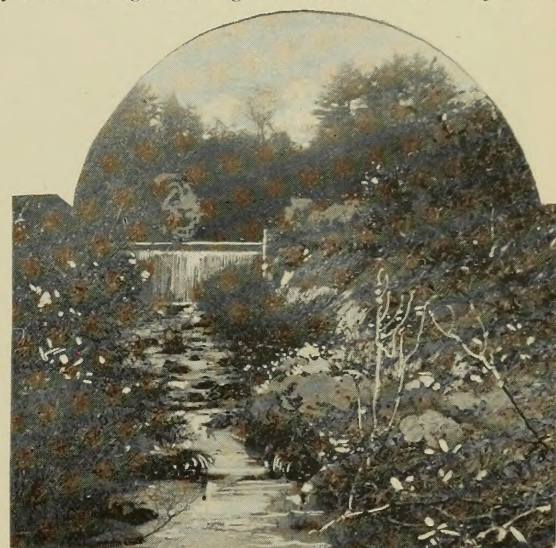
Shortly after the settlement of Springfield, Hugh Parsons was accused of witchcraft. It seems that he had, a few years

previously, married a young woman named Mary Lewis. After the birth of their second child, which soon died, Mrs. Parsons, suffering from physical and mental prostration, became hopelessly insane. In her paroxysms of madness she accused her husband and herself of witchcraft. Then she charged her husband with causing the death of the child by means of satanic influences; and finally accused herself of murdering it, prompted thereto by the same malign agency.

The result was that Hugh Parsons was arrested and arraigned before the magistrate, William Pynchon, on the very serious charge of killing his infant son Joshua by witchcraft. Some of the testimony was of such a trivial character that in these days it would be laughed out of court; but poor

Hugh Parsons found, to his cost, that it was a very serious matter for him.

Let us scrutinize some of it in as brief a manner as possible. One George Lankton had a pudding boiled for his dinner—probably an old-fashioned Indian pudding—on three several occasions. It was about these puddings that something exceeding marvellous occurred. When the puddings were slipped from the bags they came out in pieces, as though they had been cut with a keen knife from end to end. It seemed highly probable, in the minds of Mr. and Mrs. Lankton, that Hugh Parsons, being in league with the devil, some infernal imp, at his instigation, had performed this wonder. What particular harm could arise from cutting the pudding, thus preparing it to be served at the table, does not appear. It seems never to have occurred to them that the falling apart of the



LOWER RESERVOIR.

pudding in smooth and even lines, when slipped from the bag, could be traced to very simple causes, entirely independent of the devil or any of his agents. This evidence appeared to weigh heavily against the accused.

But according to popular belief, not content with slicing Lankton's puddings, Parsons must, forsooth, bewitch Alexander Edwards' cow. This Alexander Edwards was the remote progenitor of most of those of the name now residing in the valley. Parsons on one occasion had purchased a small quantity of milk of Mr. Edwards. At the next milking the flow of milk greatly decreased. Besides, at each milking the hue of the milk varied, having some strange and "odd color." This continued for one week, the cow in the meantime exhibiting no indications of disease. At the expiration of that time this family cow regained her normal condition so far as the quantity and color of the lacteal fluid which she yielded were concerned. Both Mr. Edwards and his wife were

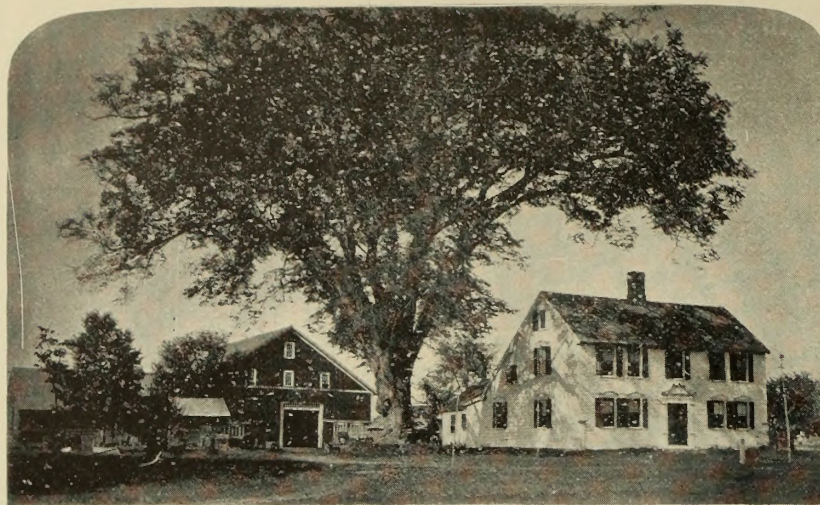
fully persuaded that Hugh Parsons was the cause, by his diabolical machinations, of this eccentric conduct on the part of the cow. This evidence also bore heavily against poor Parsons.

Anthony Dorchester, Parsons and two other persons were the equal owners of a cow, and when the animal was slaughtered each took a quarter. Parsons desired the "roote of the toung," but it was allotted to Dorchester because he had an infirm wife. One Sunday morning Dorchester deposited the "roote of the toung" in a kettle, and then placed the kettle over the fire, so that the meat would be sufficiently boiled for dinner on his return from attendance on divine worship. Mrs. Dorchester was the only inmate of the house during his absence. On his return he examined the contents of the boiling "pot," and lo! the "roote of the toung" had disappeared. The natural presumption was that Mrs. Dorchester, who had a peculiar weakness for this description of food, had appropriated it while her husband was listening to the orthodox discourse of Parson Moxon. To the accusation that he had abstracted it by his diabolical agencies, Hugh Parsons returned for answer, that he knew no more what became of Dorchester's "roote of the toung" than an unborn child. But this solemn assertion availed nothing against the belief of Dorchester that it was spirited away from the boiling kettle through the witchcraft of Parsons.

Blanch Bodorthie was another important witness against Parsons. She said that one day her little child two years old, exclaimed, "I am afraid of the dog," which had gone under the bed. Being asked what dog it was, he said, it was Lumbard's dog, meaning Par-

hanged. These proceedings had an important influence upon the case of Parsons. The matter was reviewed by the General Court, the judgment reversed, and the prisoner acquitted. It was probably thought that, as the wife had been convicted and executed for killing the infant by witchcraft, it would hardly do to hang the husband for the same offence. Parsons never returned, so far as is known, to Springfield. He wiped the dust of that embryo city from his shoes, not considering it prudent to trust himself in a place associated with so much wretchedness and cruelty, and among people who manifested an eager disposition to swear away his life.

Take another case, that of Mrs. Mary Parsons, the wife of Joseph Parsons of Northampton, a man of considerable property, and of reputable character. Mary Parsons has been described as a woman of many accomplishments for the times. It seems that Mary Bart-



A HAMPSHIRE HOMESTEAD—HATFIELD.



A "BIT" OF "SUNNY SOUTH" AT THE NORTH—IN HATFIELD.



THE HUBBARD ELM.

sons' dog all the time, although Parsons was not the owner of the dog. A search of the premises did not reveal the presence of any dog, which fact induced Mrs. Blanch Bodorthie to "conceive that it might be some vile thing from Hugh Parsons."

It is no new thing that when a man is down from any cause whatever, the community is only too ready to jump upon him. Parsons found it so in his case to his sorrow. Pynchon considered the matter of such importance that the accused was sent to Boston for trial, and convicted of "killing his own child by witchcraft," and sentenced to be hanged. Poor Parsons! These proceedings must have made him doubt whether he lived in a civilized, much less a Christian, community.

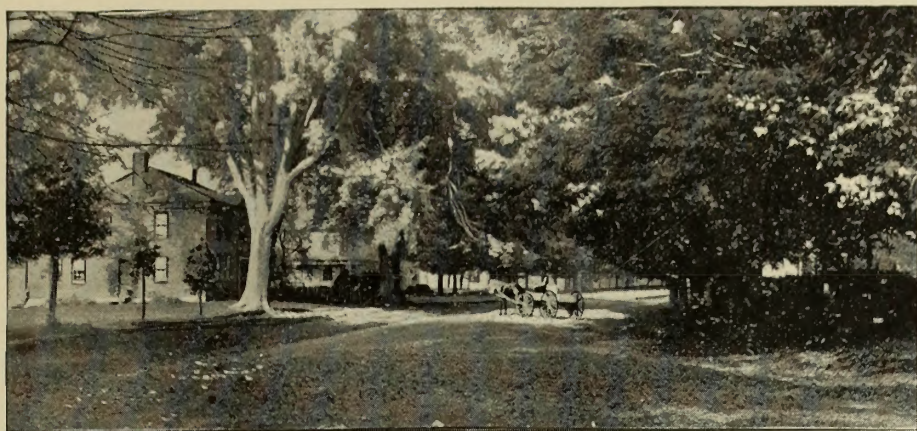
In the meantime Parsons' wife, wretched, miserable and insane, in her incoherent ravings, had confessed that she killed the child by the practice of witchcraft. The child seems to have died from some infantile disease. But that made no difference in the minds of those who passed judgment upon her. She was found guilty upon her own confession, and the poor demented creature, for all that appears to the contrary, was

left, the wife of Joseph Bartlett, died of some disease which the medical practitioners of those days could not by any diagnosis explain or define. The superstitions of the age induced the people to attribute her death

to the malign influence of witchcraft. The next thing to be done was to locate the witch, and suspicion was directed towards Mrs. Parsons, who, if contemporaneous accounts can be credited, was a kind, benevolent and estimable woman. Why a woman of this character should have been accused of this crime, is a conundrum that has never been explained. All the trivial acts and words of Mrs. Parsons for years were eagerly recalled, and the most sinister significance attached to them. Gradually it dawned upon their minds that Mary Bartlett had been killed by the infernal incantations and practices of Mary Parsons; and the bereaved husband became so impressed with this idea that he spent much time in collecting evidence against her. Learning that such injurious innuendoes and insinuations were in circulation



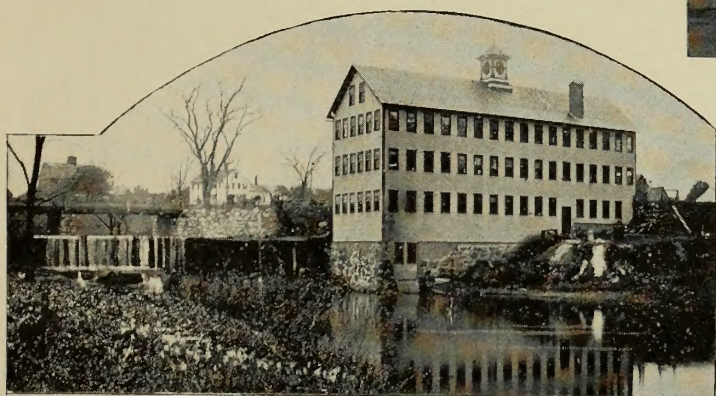
NEAR OLD TAVERN IN HATFIELD.



ON HATFIELD'S ELM STREET.

in the town, Mary Parsons did not wait to be formally arraigned, but voluntarily appeared before the court and indignantly repelled the infamous accusation. But all her protestations of innocence did not save her. The evidence was forwarded to the governor and assistants at Boston, and Mrs. Parsons was ordered to appear before them. She was eventually tried for witchcraft, and strange to say, considering the dark and superstitious condition of the public mind, was acquitted of the charge of committing, in the language of the indictment, "Sundry acts of witchcraft on the person or persons of one or more."

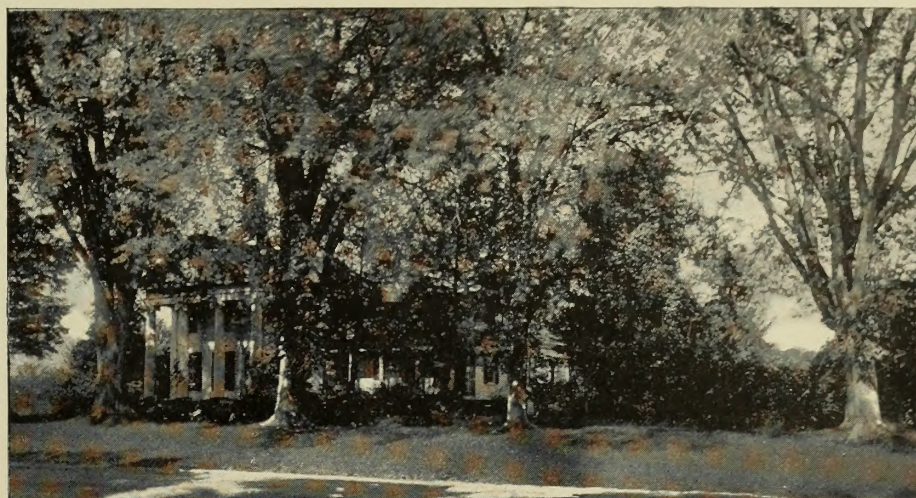
One other case may be specially mentioned. Mary Reeve married William Webster of Hadley. It is quite certain that this Webster belonged to the same family from which the great lexicographer, Noah Webster, was descended. It is related that Webster was a poor man, and the hardships and privations which poverty entails did not sweeten a temper, which under other conditions would perhaps have proved of average amiability. It is feared that Mrs. Webster fretted and scolded both with and without occasion. It is hard to be poor,



THE PISTOL FACTORY.

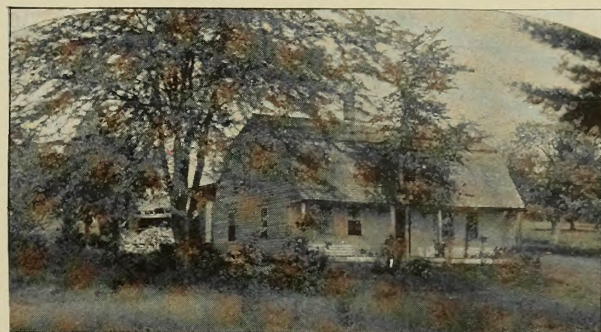
and there is reason to believe that Mrs. Webster became, from the exhibition of certain eccentric traits of character, quite unpopular in the rural society of Hadley. Traditions of an ancient odor affirm that Mrs. Mary Webster performed some very wonderful feats. It was said that she caused cattle of the most docile and orderly habits, to conduct themselves in the most disorderly and unaccountable manner; that on at least one occasion she turned a load of hay upside down, and then turned it right side up; and that she, by her arts, raised an infant, without touching it, to the ceiling, and then returned it to the cradle. Of course there was no foundation for this idle talk and gossip; but in those primitive times trifles were magnified into marvels, and, as they passed from one individual to another lost nothing in volume and importance. Mary Webster at last found herself involved in many perils. There was ominous and portentous whispering in the small community of Hadley, that she was actually in league with the devil, to annoy, vex and injure the staid and pious people of that secluded and quiet hamlet.

She was at length arrested and tried before Mr. Peter Tilton, whose name is honorably connected with those of Goffe



ELMS ON MAIN STREET.

persecuted woman was finally acquitted. Mary Webster's troubles, however, were by no means ended. Some two or three years after her return from Boston, a very reputable citizen of Hadley, Philip Smith by name, died from an inexplicable and mysterious disease. That Boston clerical humbug, Cotton Mather, says he was "murdered with an hideous witchcraft." But Mather is not very reliable authority in such matters. For the edification of the reader Mather's diagnosis of the case may be given. It is unique and peculiar and affords no clear idea of the real nature of Mr. Philip Smith's malady. He was exceedingly "valetudinarious," and manifested "weariness from and weariness of the world." Such a complication of disor-

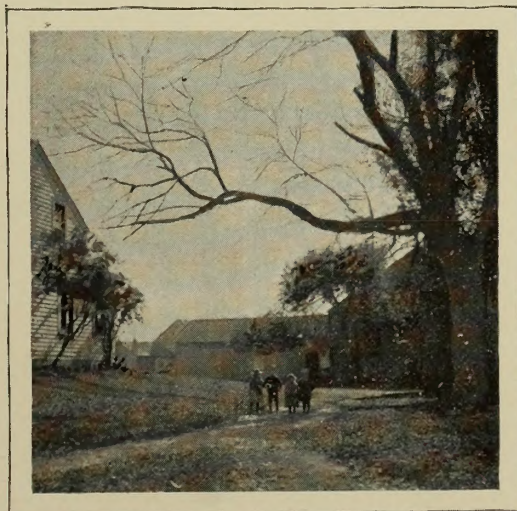


AN OLD HATFIELD HOMESTEAD.

ders would be enough to kill an ordinarily robust man. While this good man was longing to depart to some invisible and supernatural Hadley by the side of a celestial river whose waters glittered and sparkled like a stream of molten silver, Mrs. Webster, it was claimed, persisted in keeping him on the earthly side of the dividing line, thus rendering him extremely unhappy and miserable. The enchantment was not removed, Cotton Mather being authority, until some of the young men of Hadley put Mrs. Webster through a course of heroic discipline. They "dragged her out of her house, hung her up until she was near dead, let her down, rolled her some time in the snow, and at last buried her in it, and there left her." It seems that Mr. Philip Smith then shuffled off this mortal existence in tolerable peace and quietness.

This brutal usage did not quite kill Mary Webster. She lived several years longer. But Hadley witchcraft culminated in the death of Philip Smith and the mobbing of poor, persecuted Mary Webster.

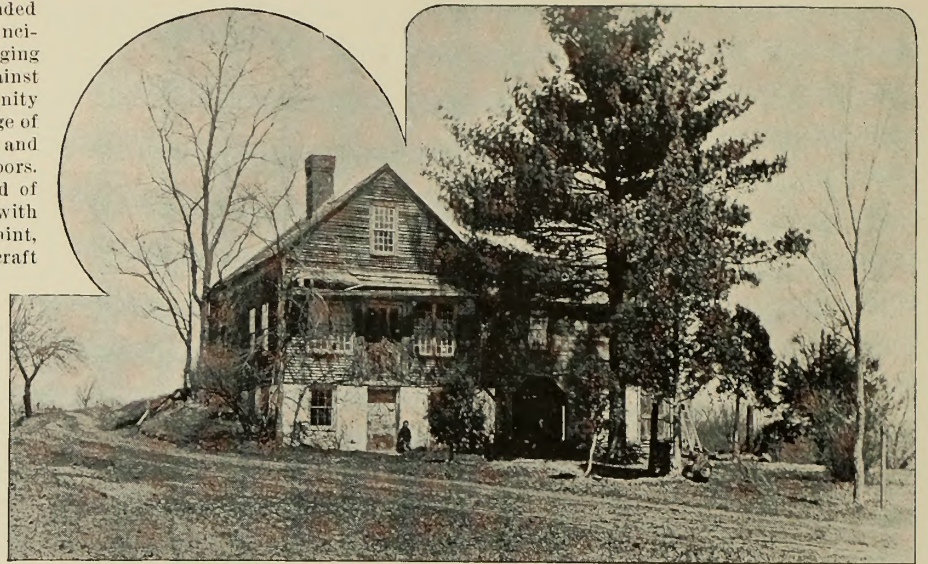
These cases have been selected from several others for the purpose of showing the peculiar opinions which our ancestors entertained in regard to the cruel and lamentable witchcraft delusion.



A HATFIELD DOOR-YARD.

But, if the advent of this delusion in our beautiful valley was attended with tragical results, its exit was marked with comical and amusing incidents. When the Salem fury had well nigh spent its force, and was verging towards the ridiculous by the preferring of charges of witchcraft against some of the members of the aristocratic society of Boston and its vicinity a certain inhabitant of Northampton appeared before Samuel Partridge of Hatfield, a magistrate of the county of Hampshire, of approved ability and sagacity, and preferred a charge of witchcraft against one of his neighbors. Long before this Mr. Partridge had, doubtless, become fully convinced of the hollowness and emptiness of this witchcraft fallacy, and he acted with commendable promptitude and efficiency. After listening to the complaint, he informed the accuser that there were certain conditions in witchcraft cases in which the accuser and accused were entitled to share, and that whipping was one of them. And he then and there directed that the accuser in this case should receive a sound walloping, which direction was immediately carried into effect. This summary proceeding effectually eradicated any disposition which people in the valley might entertain to prefer charges of witchcraft against their neighbors, as such conduct would pretty certainly result in consequences personally unpleasant and disagreeable.

President Dwight of Yale college, than whom Northampton had no more distinguished son, writing a century afterwards of these events, said that, had powerful doses of ipecacuanha been administered to those persons who fancied they were suffering from the effects of witchcraft, their minds would have been speedily disabused of this pernicious fallacy. It is unfortunate that these prescriptions

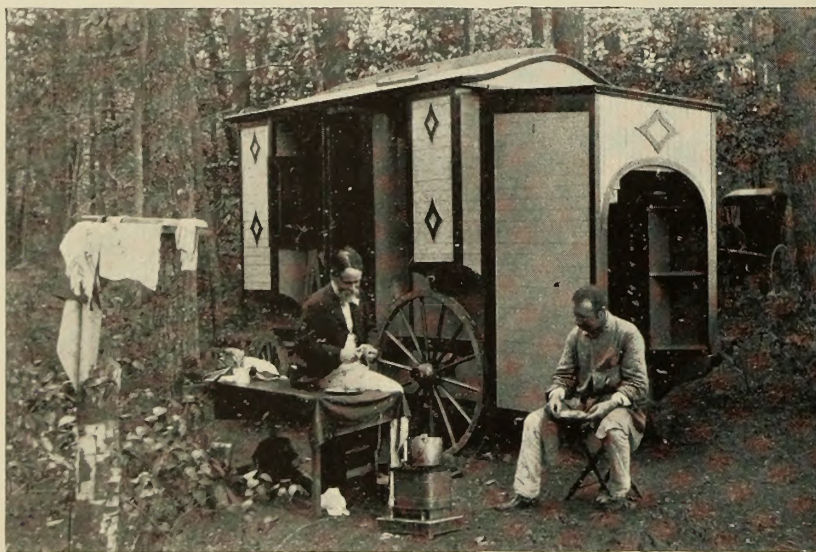


THE OLD KINGSLEY PLACE.

Most lives are too scattered by the resistless tide of adverse circumstances to seriously consider any vital principle underlying human welfare, and much less the giving of a life to making a spring in the mountains that shall push its channels through hill and rock to the sea. It is much easier to ride in the carriage of current literature past our neighbor's house and patronize his art and architecture. The pulling it all to pieces is quite exhilarating. But the building of our own house is quite another matter, and it soon becomes a very serious consideration if it is to cover the ground of all our future wants. To illustrate the principle, I compare youthful aspiration with the cooler judgment of later years; I compare the aspiration of all beginners with the feeling of the veteran artist who has seen the best the world can show. It is always the same story of unsatisfied ambitions and weary struggling after the unattainable. The difference in the two stages of experience is simply that the youthful aspirant thinks he can catch the trick of opening doors to fame, while the older man knows that he cannot. So it comes to the finding of content at home, by the old doorway, and the reading from a book that is as a familiar friend.

I recall a picture of boyhood so familiar to New England life of fifty years ago. A bare-footed boy, with overalls rolled up, is trudging after the cows over the hill pastures. A ragged straw hat, that had seen duty in catching "polly-wogs" barely kept the sun from the brown neck and face. Perhaps a checkered shirt under the "galluses" completed the costume. But this light trim fitted him to be the "Arab" of the hillsides. No tree was too high for him to climb, no pool too deep to swim in, no orchard too private, or bird's nest too carefully hidden for his searching eye. Every rail fence, with its covering of berry vines, became his

property, in company with the squirrels. He knew when "youngsters," huckleberries, dewberries, raspberries and every eatable thing should ripen for his benefit. And the dreams and superstitions of such a period! The woods and pastures were full of omens, from the buttercup and clover leaf to the deserted ruin by the



DINNER-TIME AT KINGSLEY'S CAR.

of President Dwight and the Hon. Samuel Partridge could not have been administered in the earlier and more malignant stages of this dreadful malady.

An Artist's Recollections and Impressions.

BY ELBRIDGE KINGSLEY.

Life is made up of adverse elements, and the study of art of many seeming contradictions. The mature result rather than the school training makes this truth apparent in art matters. When we are young we aspire to golden illusions held out by others and when we are old deplore the neglect of early opportunities within ourselves. The question seems to be, not so much what has been said in the past by others, as to find our own best expression in the present; a result devoutly wished for by most human beings, but missed because of the insincerity of the searching.

Perhaps from necessity all systems of education eliminate the personal factor from the course of study, or the one vital element that makes its expression stand out from its fellows. To instruct in drawing, perspective, and painting, definite formulas must be found

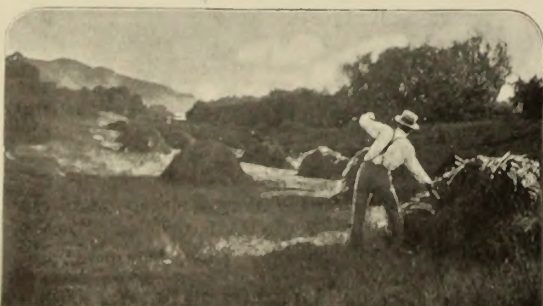


KINGSLEY AT WORK.

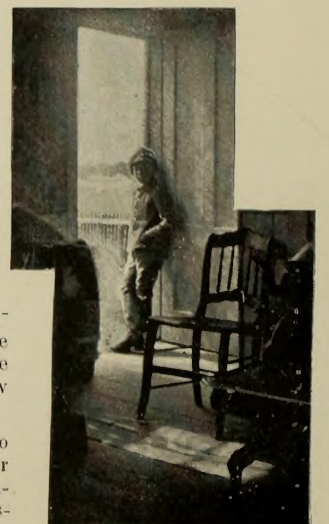
to suit the greatest number of pupils, and also have the greatest authority in the production gone before.

This in spite of the historical fact that no great name has been made in art through convention or in imitation of a past reputation. So that it happens that only a few minds can shed the old coat of the school environment, and use the training as a servant to find the road that shall satisfy the individual aspiration. And so very few make it the pivot upon which the whole life moves. And unless the question assumes this importance, how can the result prove absolute and commanding?

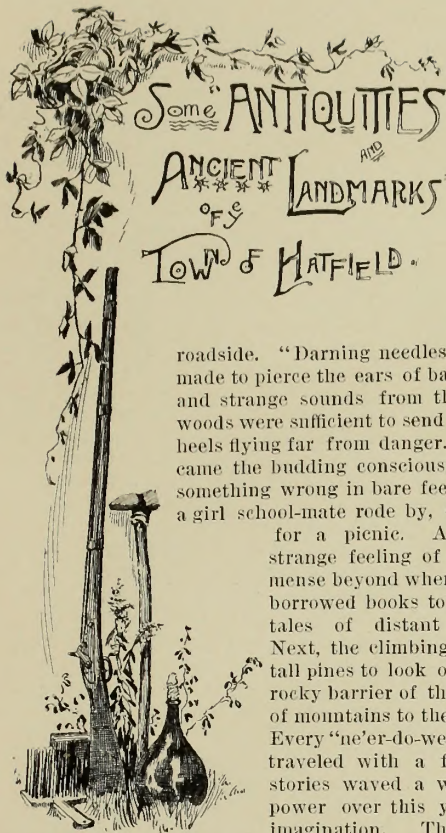
To analyze an impression of a passing event or a phase of nature, so as to present it fairly, is a very important undertaking. That another observer shall agree with the result is hardly probable, and that either shall be infallible is an impossibility. Hence, no past expression is absolute, no present reputation can assume to stay, and no future effort claim to be more than a searching in a vast field that has no beginning or ending.



IN THE HAY-FIELD.



THE KITCHEN DOORWAY



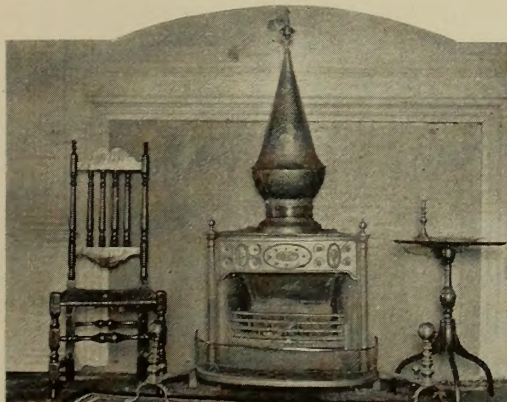
Some ANTIQUITIES
AND
ANCIENT LANDMARKS
OF
TOWN OF HATFIELD.

roadside. "Darning needles" were made to pierce the ears of bad boys, and strange sounds from the dark woods were sufficient to send nimble heels flying far from danger. Then came the budding consciousness of something wrong in bare feet when a girl school-mate rode by, dressed for a picnic. Also the strange feeling of an immense beyond when a few borrowed books told fairy tales of distant lands. Next, the climbing of the tall pines to look over the rocky barrier of the range of mountains to the south. Every "ne'er-do-weel" who traveled with a fund of stories waved a wand of power over this youthful imagination. That the magician should be drunk most of the time was not of the slightest consequence. To reach out and do great things, like the heroes in books, to fly and ride upon the clouds, to annihilate the distance that gives enchantment—all of this, is the dream of youth.

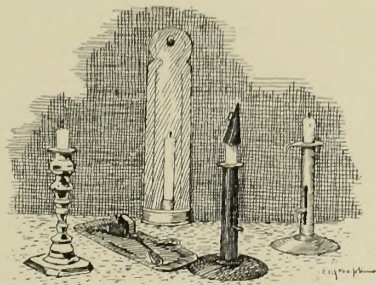
Later, after long years of labor and care, the mountain barrier is approached from the other side, and the hill pastures of childhood burst upon the view; but how shrunken and small, and yet how peaceful away from the noise and strife of the world. Other bare-footed boys tread the hill-sides, with eyes full of questions and hearts full of eagerness to reach out into the swift currents of life. Here is the same youthful aspiration, only more of it than of yore. Schools are taking up the study of art, and the sketching umbrella is becoming a familiar sight upon the green meadows.

The artist is not quite so strange a creature as in the old days and he is no longer a dreamer in public estimation. In many respects the picture is the same. The young are climbing the tall trees to look out just the same, but more of the old are coming back to climb the mountain barrier and look in. Perhaps it would do no good for the old to say that there is no more beautiful spot on the face of the earth than the Connecticut valley, and that it contains all that art can express. Perhaps it would not be any use to say that in the great world people chase each other like wolves, artists as well, and that figuratively speaking reputations may be built upon monuments of the bones left in the struggle.

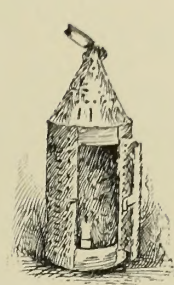
Possibly it is much more charming for a youth to feel and a school to teach that sunny France or Italy has especial ingredients in the soil to make great artists out



FRANKLIN STOVE AND ANCIENT FURNITURE.



OLD CANDLE-STICKS.



TIN LANTERN.

of bare-footed boys. Possibly if a boy learns to draw in a New England college it is not the same as if educated in Europe, so the weary round must be gone over, to find in the end that it is the name on the package that wins the prize. This is what the press wants to talk about, what public institutions want in their galleries, and what the millionaire wants to pay for.

Hence the student soon finds that he is dominated by



A BUFFET, ANDIRONS, BELLOW, ETC.

a market that demands a proper label. America is too busy to grow in art herself, but is perfectly willing to pay for great names. The plutocratic tendencies of the age in this country militate against the young artist having convictions of his own in regard to what he shall say in his art, and also against the moneyed man in choosing what he likes to hang upon his parlor walls. By and by this haste and turmoil will wear itself out, and men will learn that greatness in the artistic life is just the same as greatness in another direction, and that money will not buy it or insincerity force its hand.

And, finally, to put the thought more directly, I use one example. Jean Francois Millet painted peasant life at a little village in France. He painted it because he loved it, and in the teeth of every pecuniary interest, and nearly starved in the doing it. Today America sends more pilgrims to worship his familiar haystacks than any one else, and artists spend much time in painting the neighborhood. Is there not plenty of material at home of the same kind, and is not the lesson plain enough that if there is no art or greatness in the soul of the artist, the pilgrimage to the shrine of Millet will not save him? And also, for the man whose life has been spent in making combinations that draw upon the life of the masses like a sponge, so there is no spark of love left for the home of childhood away back in the Connecticut valley; think you for him to own a "Millet" by paying twice its value, will help his personal condition, or lift his soul out

of the track where his ambition has put it? What man aspires to be, or, to do, with his whole nature, so he is, nothing more, nothing less!

While two or three of the public buildings of Northampton, illustrated in the Quarter-Centennial edition of The Journal, are re-pictured in this publication, they are all from a new point of view and not one engraving used in the first-named work appears in this. Every engraving in this book was made especially for it.

KINGSLEY'S CAR.

BY THE CAPAWONK.

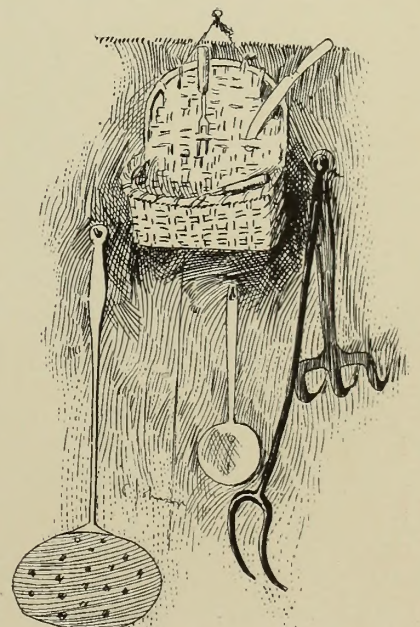
Where'er those broad tires leave their trace,
By marsh land marge, or rough ascent,
There comes unto the time and place
An air of great content.

And they who toil the weary year
With little hope, and less of cheer,
Find help and comfort, waiting here
Beside the Capawonk.

Whene'er across life's pathway drear
Unfailing friendship marks its course,
Henceforth futurity is clear,
Come better days, or worse.

And who that magic spell revere,
And woodland echoes list to hear,
Discern sweet nature, wondrous near
Beside the Capawonk.

LAURA SANDERSON.



UTENSILS BY FIREPLACE.

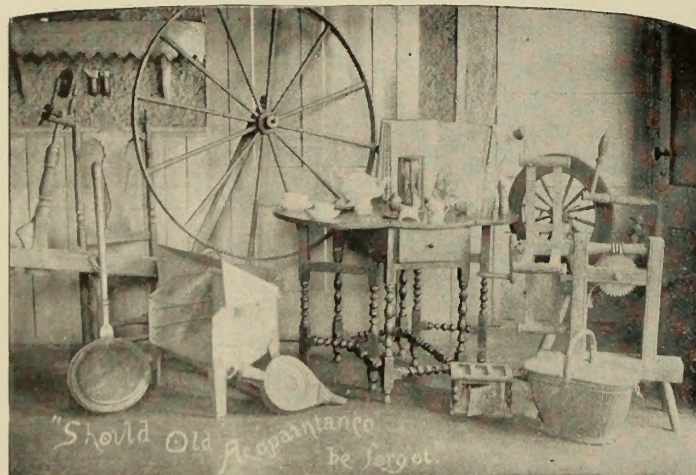
REMINISCENCES OF OLD-TIME POLITICS.

We see and hear much about the political animosities of the present day, but they are only a repetition of what has transpired in the past, time out of mind. The elections of 1801 and 1805, in a measure, took a religious bias. It was openly asserted and believed by a great portion of the voters of New England that the election of Jefferson would lead to the burning of all the churches and Bibles in this section of the country. Jefferson was elected and re-elected, but churches and Bibles increased and people began at length to see that discussion harmed no one, and, in fact, was the only safeguard of liberty.

When partisanship takes the form of practical joking or fun, both sides can enjoy it, for it leads to no revengeful memories, and the story I am now to relate is one of that description.

The Democrats of Northampton, who were to celebrate the election of Gov. Morton, in the spring of 1839, by a salute from the guns of the artillery company, found, after digging their way through drifts of snow, to the arsenal, the guns removed. After a vain search for them they sent to Springfield for a piece of ordnance, and had their celebration. But the disappointment rankled in their hearts, and they determined, when occasion offered, to pay the whigs in their own coin.

The election of Gen. Harrison to the presidency, in 1840, gave them the desired opportunity. The whigs proposed to fire a salute on the morning of March 4, 1841, and great preparations were made for the coming event. Mindful of their old tricks on the Democrats they set a watch upon the guns (which had been returned to their places) weeks before the expected demonstration. It would have been well for them had they continued it until the morning of the 4th. The night before, deeming themselves secure from molestation, they left the guns in charge of "Obed," a good natured, harmless old man, though not deficient in brave talk, with the strict injunction

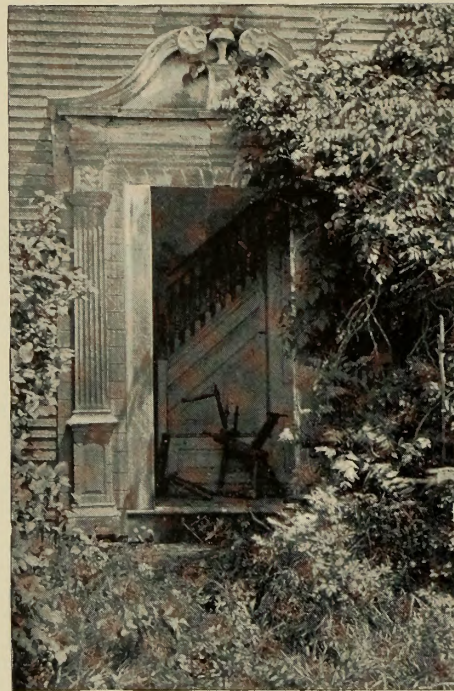


tion not to admit any one to the gun house, even the man who gave him his instructions. Armed with a pistol of a half musket's length, and an old "Queen's arm" crammed with destruction, the door locked and braced with a plank, the doughty guard calmly awaited events.

But "man proposes and God disposes." A few "sons of Belial" of the democratic persuasion, met that night at the canal-house, one of them with a supply of rat-tail files, and all of them inspired by that old-time beverage, "flip," deter-

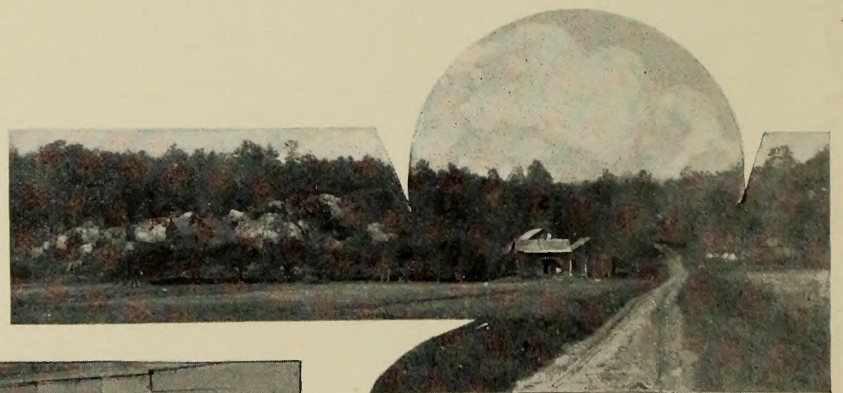


mined to storm the camp or take it by strategy. At about midnight a party of three (two of whom are deceased and the remaining one who lives to enjoy the relation of the story and to whom the writer is indebted for a truthful relation of the affair) left their seductive tippie and proceeded to the gun-house, near the cemetery. Arrived there they knocked at the door and asked admittance. Faithful to his instructions Obed refused it. They then informed him that an organized band of "loco-focos" (the cant name which the whigs had bestowed on the democrats) from the center, were preparing to break in and take the guns, and that they, as good whigs, had come to his assistance. This was enough, the doors were opened and they marched in. After complimenting him on his excellent preparations for defence, they slyly got possession of the arms, blew the priming out



THE ANTIQUE DOORWAY.

and then asked where the cider was. Obed knew nothing about it. He was then told that Mr. L—, a staunch and well-known whig, was to have sent a pail of cider for his comfort during the night, and was persuaded to leave the guns in charge of the officious helpers while he went to procure the desired article. Without a suspicion of wrong he started for the residence of Mr. L—. He had not proceeded two rods before the guns were spiked. Obed continued on his way for the cider. When he had aroused the prospective furnisher of the refreshments, he was informed that he had made a mistake, and was directed to the house of Mr. A—, where he found the desired article. Mr. L—, however, who had returned to his bed began "to smell mice." Jumping from his bed he hastily dressed and ran for the gun-house, not far distant, and found it unguarded. In a few minutes Obed came in, lugging his pail of cider, which he had obtained at Mr. A's. A brief examination showed the extent of the mischief and a storm of wrath broke upon Obed. "Why," said he, "they told me they were whigs." "You old fool," said L—, "what made you think they were whigs?" "Because they seemed to want hard cider so badly," replied Obed. This was a clincher. But Mr. L— was



IN THE "PANTRY" DISTRICT.

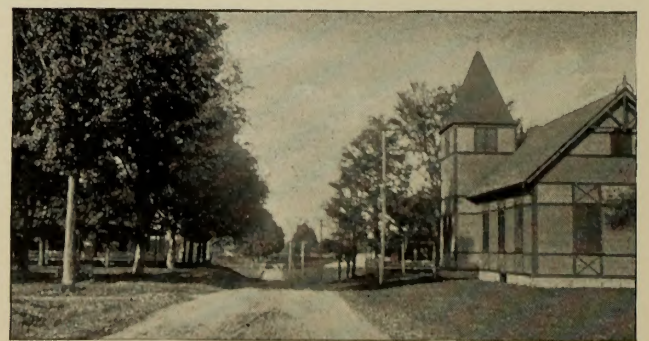
equal to the occasion. He immediately aroused Mr. W—, a skilled mechanic, who commenced drilling a new vent, and so far succeeded that at a half hour beyond the appointed time the guns were fired, with no further damage than that in the adjustment of the gun for drilling, by accident, it was let down on poor Obed's toes, who went limping about for two or three months. This was all the pay he received for his services. After the salute all parties met at the canal-house and had a merry time, a sequel much more to be commended than a useless and enduring quarrel. w.

MUSIC IN "YE OLDEN TIME."

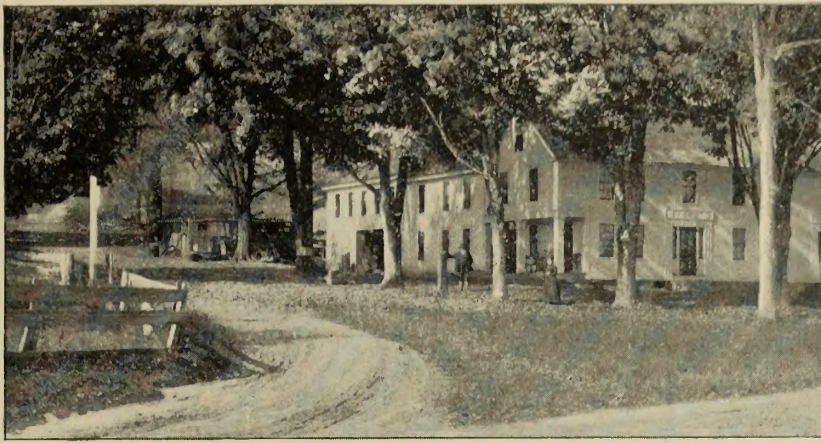
Listening, as I occasionally do, to the best sacred music in our church service I find myself often comparing finished music to that which I listened in my boyhood. And this leads me to remembrances of



OLD STONES IN HATFIELD CEMETERY.



VIEW AT WEST HATFIELD.

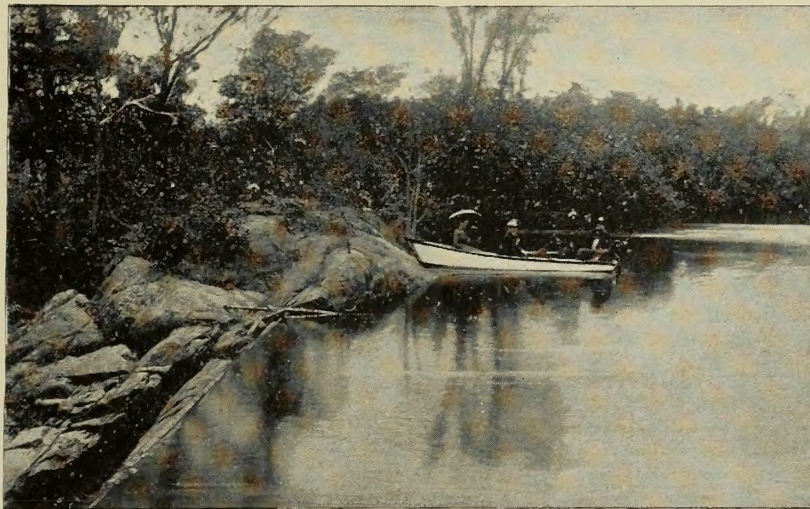


THE "CHAMP" DICKINSON PLACE.



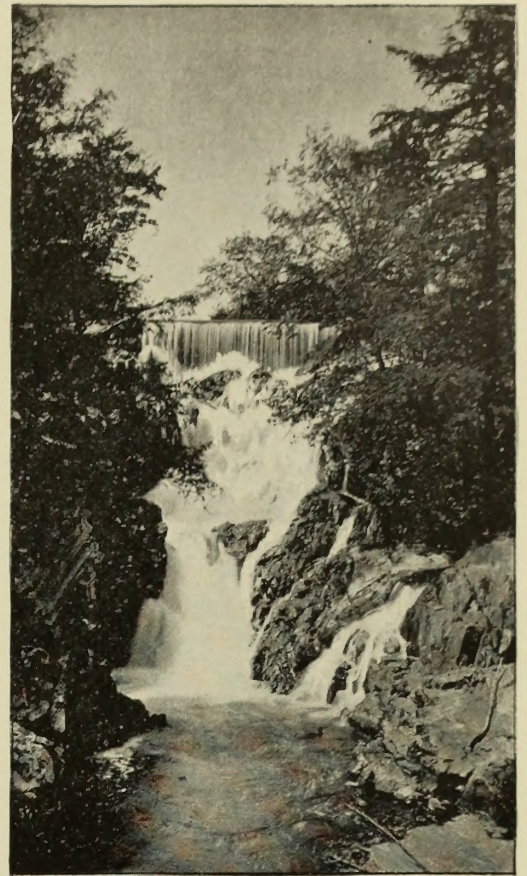
THE COUNTRY SCHOOL.

the old "singing-school." No town in Massachusetts, however small in population or humble in pretension, but had this then indispensable requisite to church service, and indeed to the preliminary rites in the worship of Hymen. The weekly lesson in music was always looked forward to by Damon and Phyllis, for the opportunity to escort and be escorted to and from the school. But I am wandering from the business in hand. My first essay to the study of this most delightful of sciences was under the tutorship of G. W. Lucas, long time leader in the First church choir of Northampton, but a man well known throughout the county. His school was in the winter season held in the old town hall. His classes aggregated from fifty to seventy-five, of both sexes, and the term, of about three months duration, cost two dollars per pupil. We began with the initial elements, but had no blackboard for



ON WEST BROOK.

Illustration. This now almost indispensable element in teaching was then embodied in examples of our teacher's voice—one of not peculiar attraction. The classes were divided by sexes, each on opposite sides of the hall, the large intervening space being occupied by the teacher, whose tall, gaunt and ungainly form was paraded up and down the middle space with a self-consciousness of dignity that even at this distant day excites my laughter. The instrumental part of the lessons consisted of two flutes, a tenor viol (as it was then called) and a bass viol. Our curriculum embraced one solitary book, the "Bridgewater Collection," consisting mostly of the simplest tunes, some of which, if sung at the present day,



WEST BROOK CASCADE.

our teacher shone forth in his true colors. His tall form, gigantic feet and elongated neck, with "side-board" collar for a support to his ears, remind me of Irving's description of Ichabod Crane. His temper was not of the best, as his severe outbreaks of passion often testified. The girls made no end of fun of his person and peculiarities. But justice must admit that he was a true lover of his science, crude and uncultured as it was in his day and generation.

His especial hatred, and he had many, was the introduction of church organs, which he declared would, if encouraged, utterly destroy all truly devout musical worship. When one knows, as I do, by the words of my ancestors, the horror with which the introduction of the bass viol in church music was regarded, he need not wonder at his disgust and fright at the thought of this new infringement on antiquated notions. To the day of his

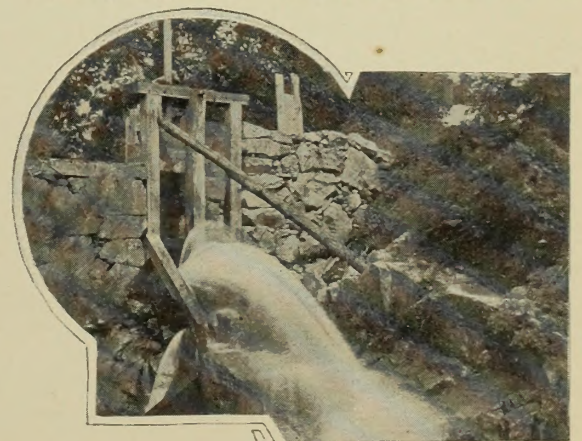
death, not long ago, he "bore testimony" against the "box of whistles."

The long struggle in Northampton's first parish over the

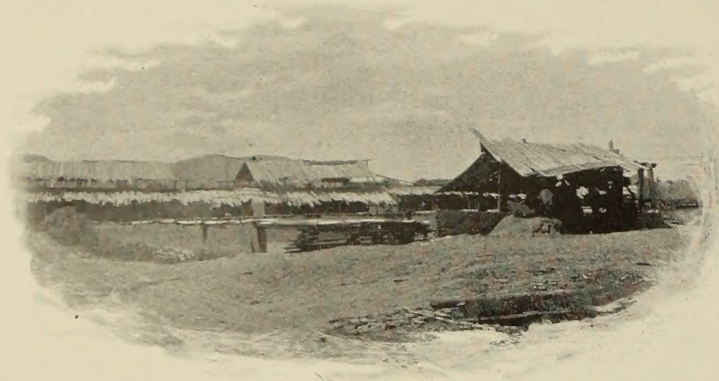
would move the mirth of an audience. "Pelew," "Knaresborough," "Totality" and other hideous cognomens were the designations of the tunes over which we were drilled. But our highest attainment was "Denmark." the sublimation of our teacher's effort. That mastered we were considered fit for a public exhibition free to all. It was then that



BELOW THE DAM.



BELOW THE FLUME.



BRICK YARD ON ROAD TO EASTHAMPTON.

introduction of the organ need not be alluded to. It was not until 1856, that its persistent friends triumphed. It is within my personal knowledge that two of its members of an almost life-time's attendance, left the church on this account. It must be said in their behalf that, in a musical sense, they could not distinguish "Yankee Doodle" from "Old Hundred." "Times have changed and we have changed with them," and we can now, the poorest of us, listen, weekly, to the music of masters whose works are imperishable, without money and without price.

VIEUX TEMPS.

Old-Time Northampton Humorists.

There is scarcely a village in New England of a respectable size that has not within its borders one person at least who enjoys the reputation of the wag par excellence. Underneath the inborn gravity and decorum that the original puritan naturally observes in his discourse with his fellow-townsmen, there lurks a sly and hearty humor in general, rarely exercised, it is true, but none the less to be occasionally observed. In some instances, it seems to center in one individual, in a sort of compensation for the general solemnity of the rest.

Every generation has had its hero of fun and frolic, so far as I can learn from older people than myself, and in my youth the palm was awarded to one whom I shall designate only by the initial "M." He had the honor of belonging to the craft of printers, and possessed a true genius for practical jokes and sayings, that had the extra merit of bearing no malice with them. He had comrades, however, who were not so observant of the proprieties in their manner of inflicting personal jokes and our friend, on some few occasions, was made to feel the weight of the law for unwarranted freedom in his playful demonstrations. His experience was obtained in the days when apprentices, just commencing their trade, were upon their first day of service furnished with a wheelbarrow loaded with a huge empty wooden box and sent on a fruitless search for round squares, square rat-tail files, india rubber screw-drivers, rye and indian lightning-rods, spoon moulds, strap oil, etc., calling on one only to be sent to another, and by him to another, and so on, until he had made the circuit of half the town, before the true inwardness of of his errand dawned upon his perception.

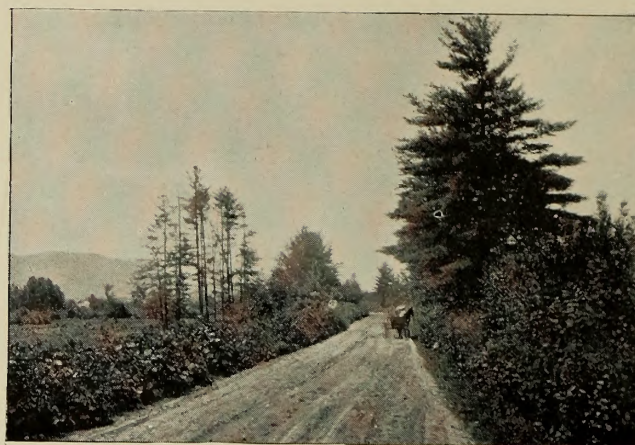
The first of his jokes that came to my knowledge was played upon an unsuspecting young colored man, who, in preparing for his wedding day, had purchased

a pair of Yankee shirts for the occasion, and was desirous of having them marked with his name. Applying to our hero, he was kindly offered the favor gratis. Calling at the printing office on the auspicious morning he received the articles neatly tied up and wended his way home to inspect them.

His astonishment may be conceived when

he found the fronts of both ornamented with his name in six-line pica (type-letters an inch high) and, underneath, the picture of a huge stallion, all in the blackest of printer's ink. His rage was appeased only by the gift of two new shirts, for which "M" paid cheerfully.

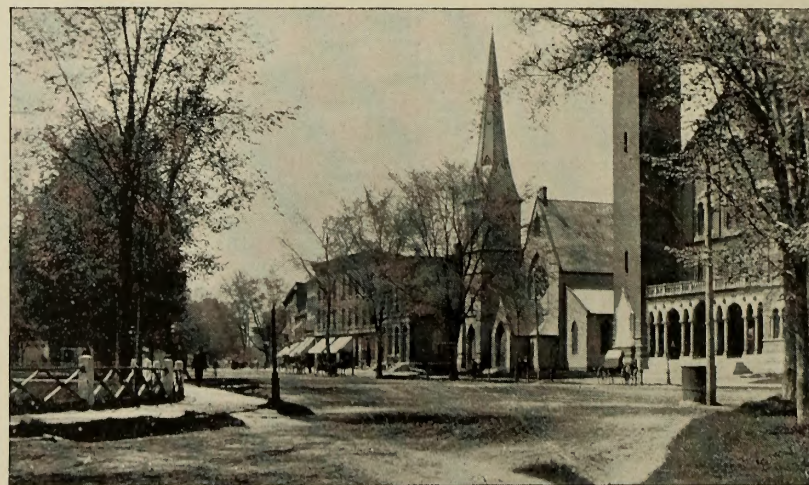
The favorite resort of the fraternity for which he was the acknowledged chief in mischief was a well-known grocery store, where most of them could be found on any weekday, seeking for some unwary victim for their sport. It was at this place that on a dismal sloppy day in winter, a stranger made his appearance at the store, who wore then the unusual outfit of india rubber overshoes, one of which had received a puncture in the toe part, that admitted the water. Inquiring for a repairer of such articles he was referred to "M" as one who made that business a specialty. Divesting himself of the pair he handed them to "M," who told him to call for them in the afternoon. The self-styled repairer proceeded to a tin shop across the way, where he cut off the toe of the perfect shoe, forced it over the toe of the leaky one and fastened it with waxed ends. On the remaining shoe, then robbed of its frontal portion, he placed a tin toe, secured by copper rivets, the whole presenting the appearance of an armored canal boat. When the unfortunate owner appeared to claim his shoes, and was presented with them, the artisan was wisely absent, escaping the torrent of imprecations of the enraged victim, who swore vengeance on the cheat who humbugged him. But the ludicrous aspect, in the end, prevailed over the sorrowful, and the matter was somewhat compromised by "M" standing



"ABOUT HALF WAY" TO EASTHAMPTON.



PASTURE AND MOUNTAIN SCENE.



MAIN STREET IN EASTHAMPTON.



PUBLIC LIBRARY IN EASTHAMPTON.

treat all around. When outside victims grew scarce, the members of this delectable body did not hesitate to immolate any of their own number. Among them was a person of more than mature years, of a quiet and harmless disposition, but keenly fond of such amusements. He was also made to "see how he liked it." One burning hot day the conclave was in session at its quarters when the williest of the lot incited "M" to play a sorry joke on this good-natured comrade. In the rear of the shop, where they were seated, were the heavy goods of the store, among them several hogsheads of molasses, with the usual accompaniments of measures, drainers, etc., the latter half full of waste treacle, with a plentiful admixture of flies and all manner of creeping things. Of this slimy and disgusting mass, the instigator had obtained a gallon measure full, and by persuasion and the aid of sundry stimulating doses, induced "M" to turn it upon the nearly bald head of their comrade. The rage of the sufferer was great and natural. The instigator suggested a legal prosecution and a warrant was obtained. As soon as it was



LOOKING UP MAIN STREET, NEAR EASTHAMPTON LIBRARY.

placed in the hands of the sheriff the same person conveyed information to "M" and furnished him with a hiding place in the barn of his friend. He then told the sheriff of "M's" retreat and hastened to tell the culprit that he was no longer safe there. He had but a moment to escape, when the officer made his appearance and gave chase. The river furnished no obstacle to "M's" flight. He dashed through the stream, leaving the officer in bewilderment on the banks, and took to the lower meadows. The sheriff then mounted his horse and rode to the meadows to intercept him. But he was too late. The culprit had established himself on the farther bank of a deep morass called "Creek pond," which no team could cross. Here the officer beat a parley and advised "M" to surrender. After some chaffing from "M" and a profane allusion to a great gulf mentioned in the scripture, he gave himself up and the affair was amicably settled.

A good sized volume might be written out of recital of the freaks of this club of roysterers. One of their number came into possession of quite a sum of money, took some of his chums to New York, where he entertained them sumptuously for a few days, and then left them in the

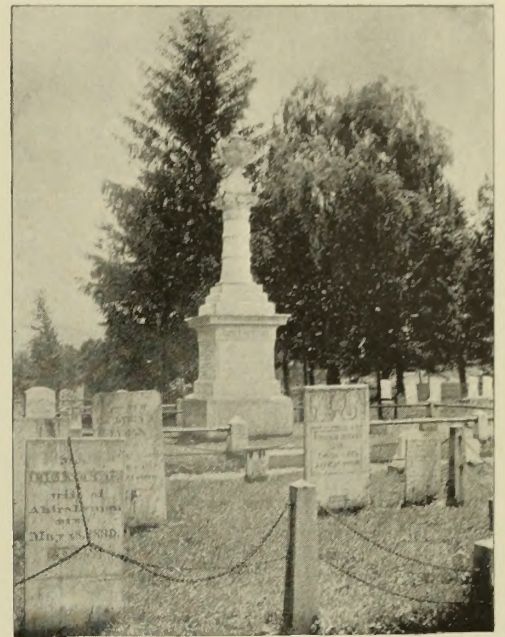
How the "Ox-Bow" was Made.

This explanation is now given of the change in the "Ox-bow" waters of the Connecticut river, in Northampton:

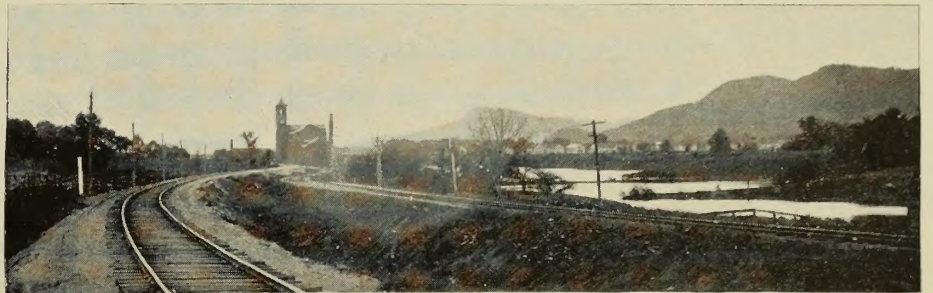
Before 1840, the river flowed around the great curve known as the "Ox-bow," going 3 1-2 miles to gain thirty rods. In the fall of 1839, one of the village farmers ploughed a strip of land which ran across the neck, and on the 24th of February, 1840, a jam of ice in the bow set the water back so that it ran across the ploughed field. In a few hours it had cut a new channel. This caused great rejoicing in the towns above, and in Northampton the bells were rung, for they were three miles nearer tide-water.

Look, ladies, I pray; where the river below,
Like a flirt, thought to make a fine movement;
And so in a passion, it cut its old bow (bean),
But found it no wondrous improvement.

It never again could get round that old bow (bean)
With all its palaver and dicker,
Nor found it another, and so you must know,
It ran out but so much the quicker.
—Mt. Holyoke Album.



IN THE CEMETERY.



LOOKING TOWARDS WILLISTON MILLS.

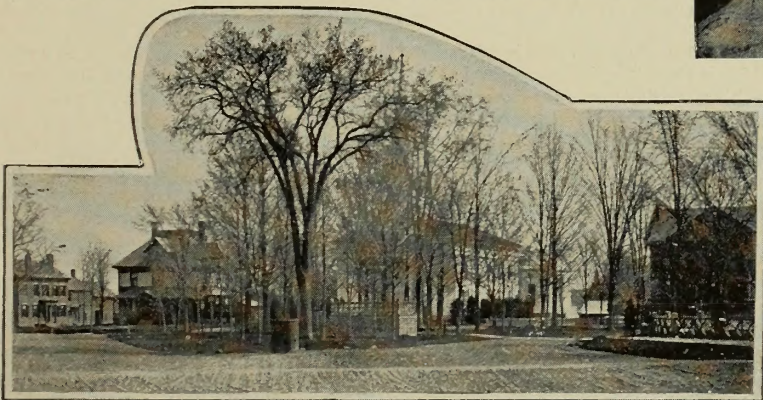
HAMPSHIRE A GREAT EDUCATIONAL CENTER.

Hampshire county is not only greatly favored with natural attractions, but it is blessed with rare educational facilities. Probably no county in the United States can boast such a remarkable showing of literary institutions.

Northampton has Smith college for young women, an institution of the highest grade; the Mary A. Burnham preparatory school, Hillyer art gallery, free Florence kindergarten and soon to be established an agricultural college, and one of the largest libraries in the world, as previously noted.

Amherst has its world-famed classical college for young men, besides one of the best equipped agricultural colleges in the country and a preparatory institute. South Hadley has Mt. Holyoke female college, founded by Mary Lyon, Easthampton Williston seminary and Hatfield Smith Academy—all these institutions of the highest grade of their kind.

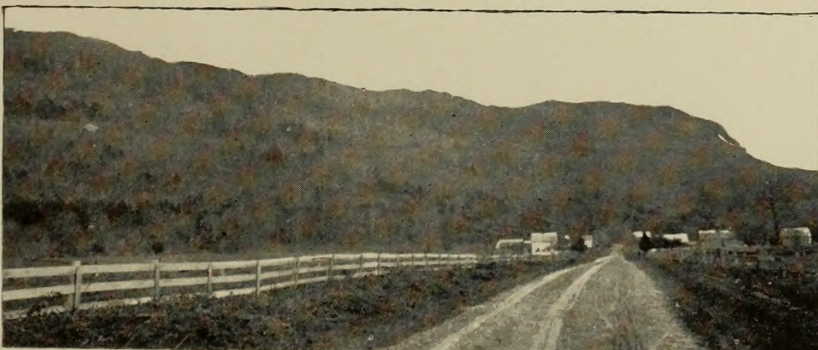
It should be said also that the public school system of all the towns in the county is excellent; in many places it is far above the average of the state. This is largely the result of the new system of district superintendence and the improved methods brought forward through intellectual culture generally. The towns are more liberal in their



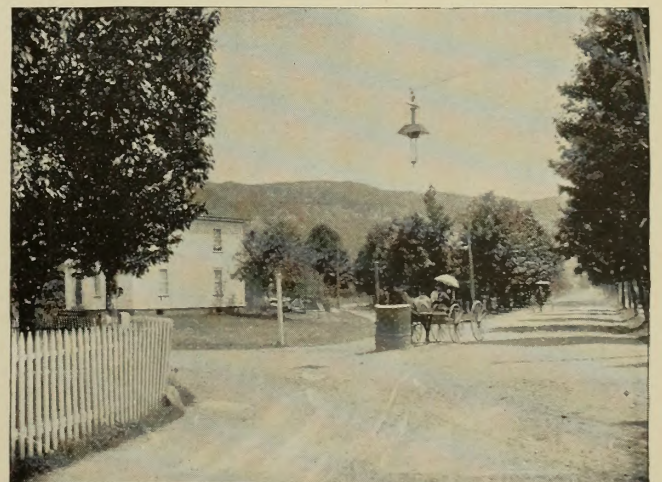
LOOKING NORTH, ON MAIN STREET.

city penniless, to get home the best way they could. At times, when business was slack with the jokers, they found means of enjoyment in stopping the draught of chimneys by mounting roofs and placing boards on the outside aperture, and in other countless methods of annoyance. Fishing parties were made up, ending with a supper, at which some unsuspecting guest partook of fried black snake, ingeniously cooked and served to resemble eels.

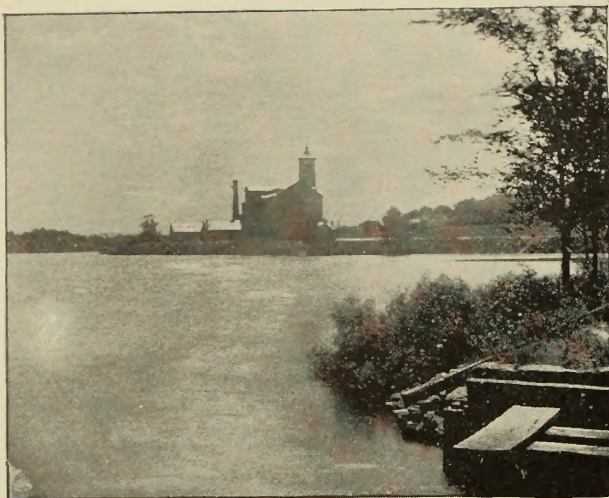
But space will not allow of any but this barest outline of the numerous exploits of this never-to-be-forgotten conclave of mischief-makers. With scarcely an exception, they have perpetrated their last jokes and even the memory of them is fast fading from the remembrance of the few who were personally cognizant of the results. NONOTUCK.



ON THE ROAD TO MOUNT TOM.



NEAR THE GERMAN HALL.



LOOKING ACROSS THE POND.

school appropriations, and parents and school authorities are more vigilant in enforcing the attendance of children, so much so that the truant school established by the county has had but one pupil therein the past year.

Any who feel attracted to Hampshire county may thus feel the additional incentive to come here which rare and exceptional literary and educational privileges always inspire. Those great discoverers and servants of humanity, Henry M. Stanley and George Kennan, have passed by many great cities to give the capital of Hampshire a call and lecture, and it was at Northampton that Stanley received his last call to Africa. The modest boards of the local temples of Thespis have echoed to the ambitious Greek tragedy work of Harvard, contemporaneously, by Smith's young ladies; whose musical work, through their instructor, Dr. Blodgett, has also attracted quite a national attention, and Northampton's new Academy of Music is destined, doubtless, to reveal many more

triumphs in the highest form of intellectual culture and musical art, all of which the people of Hampshire have an opportunity of enjoying, as sovereigns of this favored locality.

THE ABANDONED FARMS.

Hampshire county has unoccupied some excellent farms, on hill and in valley. They are of the class of what is known as "abandoned farms," but they are not abandoned through any fault of the land or the surroundings. The old folks have gone the way of all flesh and the younger generation have departed to the cities or to western lands. And many of these latter, as the editor has reason to know, are sorry they went. Now let them come back, and we



LOOKING TOWARDS THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

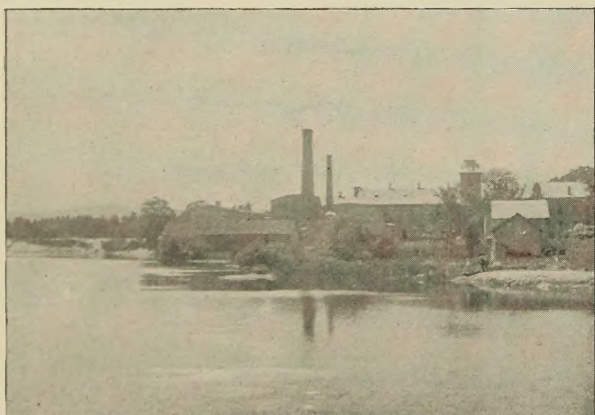


EASTHAMPTON SPIRES.

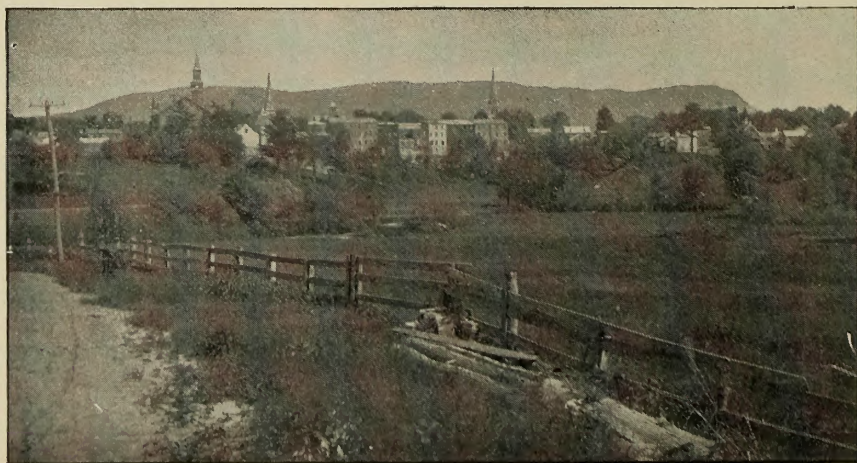
otherwise. Within a few years probably, our beautiful hill and valley towns will be filled with summer visitors. Hampshire is already vying with Berkshire county in rural attractions and its educational facilities give it this advantage over its sister on the west. Some day the market gardeners will multiply in Hampshire. The city of Northampton now requires the services of many of them, and the towns want them more and more. Here is a chance for the live, wide-awake but impoverished

will kill the fatted calf for them. We need hardly do more, for with a re-stocking and fertilizing of the old farms, they will yield more abundantly than ever before, for their long rest, and bring their owners such contentment and peace as farming life in a civilized and cultured country alone can offer.

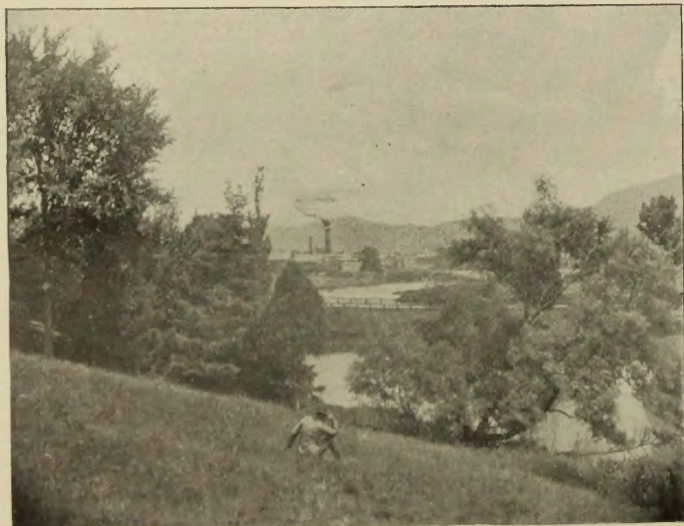
Any son of Hampshire in a distant state, who sees these pages, and is tired of burning corn or feeding it out to poor stock, and would really like to return to the land of his fathers, should address the editor of The Journal and we will see that he is posted up how to get hold of some of the practically abandoned but still most excellent farming lands in Hampshire county, and if he has spunk and energy, we think he can come back here and make it pay, through market gardening or



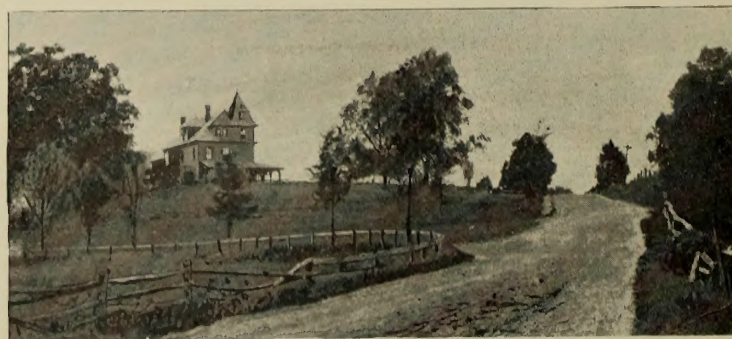
RUBBER FACTORY, ETC.



VIEW ON THE ROAD TO THE TROTTING PARK



AN EASTHAMPTON VISTA NEAR CEMETERY.



VIEW ON THE ROAD TO SOUTHAMPTON.

farmer of the west to return home, and go to raising small fruits and vegetables on the land of his fathers. If he can get rid of his investments west, this is the time for him to come, as good judges are of the opinion that never again can the "abandoned farms" be obtained so cheaply.

Read the words of Charles Sumner, as he stood on Mount Holyoke, and looked over the Connecticut valley, Aug. 12, 1847:

"I have been all over England, have traveled through the Highlands of Scotland; I have passed up and down the Rhine, have ascended Mont Blanc, and stood on the Campagna at Rome; but have never seen anything so surpassingly lovely as this."

SOUTHAMPTON.

Stand we on the western height,
Where the old oak forest grew,
Gazing with entranced delight
O'er the wide expanding view.

Fair Southampton's clustered homes
Shine beneath the arching trees,
Where with health and blessing comes,
Whispering soft the summer breeze.

Fane where Judd with pious care
First for God and goodness strove,
Hall of learning rising there
In the academie grove.

Pomeroy Mountain, clothed with wood,
Mount Tom's grand and rocky crest,
Through the ages long have stood,
Sentinels of the east and west.

Broad, green meadows, grazing herds,
Corn-fields to the breeze that bend,
Hillside views that baffle words
In the glorious prospect blend.

Flows the Manhan's silver stream,
By the banks it freshly laves,
Giving back the noonday beam,
Brightly, from its glancing waves.

Slowly moving harvest wains
To their sheltering garner creep—
Swiftly flying peopled trains
Through the fields and woodlands sweep.

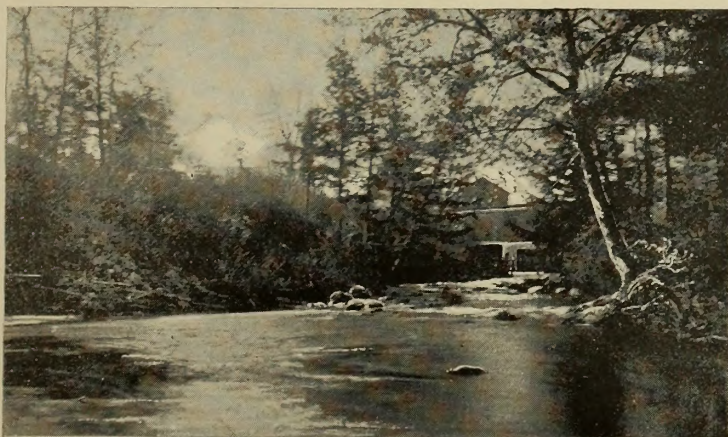
Yonder sunlit marbles glow
And their silent vigils keep,
O'er the hallowed dust below,
Where the loved and honored sleep.

Who "their bleeding country" saved
By their deeds of valor done!
Some have left their names engraved
On the monumental stone.

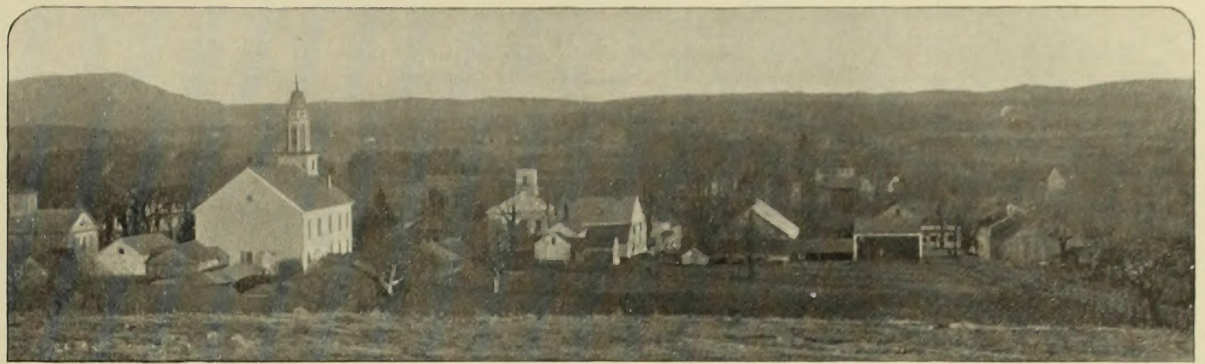
Not in all the realms of earth,
Not through all the years of time,
Did a nobler cause have birth,
Or a triumph more sublime!

Attractions of the Hampshire Hills.

There are but few communities in New England so remote now, from railroads, and the bustle of large towns, as to show no signs of departure from the habits and life of "the good old days" of stage-coach and tavern. City worn people, with ancestral ties attaching them to these hills of New England, are finding paths to the quiet,



PARADISE " IN SOUTHAMPTON.



SOUTHAMPTON, FROM THE HILL.



A SOUTHAMPTON BROOK.

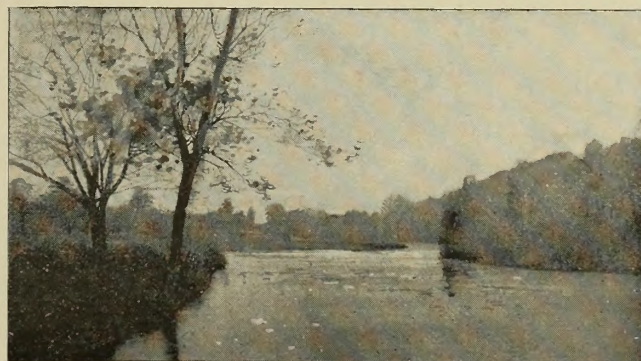
healthful hill-towns of childhood memories and traditions; and in many cases during the past decade deserted homesteads have been repaired and pretty summer cottages have been built on commanding sites, where groups of delighted children luxuriate (during a part of the year) on broad fields, in exchange for the few feet of ground belonging to the city home.

In comparison with the Berkshire hills, so celebrated for their attractions, the Hampshire hills have not quite an equal degree of accessibility to people from the cities; but in the number and beauty of their drives, along hill-tops and by winding streams and hiding brooks—which here and there drop into cascade or falls—the Hampshire hills excel.

Plainfield, Goshen, Cummington, Chesterfield and Worthington are all from ten to fourteen miles from railroad; and yet so rapidly are these places, especially Chesterfield and Worthington, becoming summer resorts for people from Boston, Springfield, Brooklyn, New York, Albany, Buffalo, and even from the cities of Columbus and Chicago, that the signs are many of the "old paths" of traditional life being forsaken for the newer ways of the less natural life of the city. Probably those who come to the hills for a few weeks rest, and to enjoy the pure water, clear and fragrant air, wholesome food, and hurryless spirit of rural life, are the least anxious to change the customs of the native population.

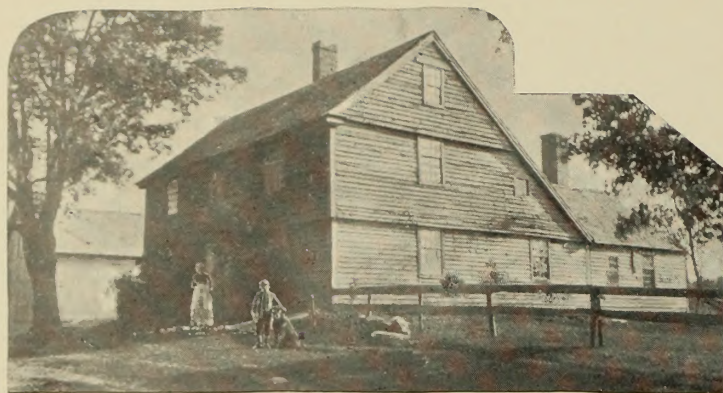
Many an old piece of colonial furniture has been hunted out and brought down from the garrets of centenary houses, to the glad surprise of the "city visitor," who purchases it for a few shillings from an honest dweller, who suffers a little in conscience, if he takes anything for the discarded old spinning-wheel, or chair or desk, while on the other hand the purchaser is exultant and feels quite guilty that so small a price is paid for so great a treasure, to be polished and then given a conspicuous place in the city house.

There is no detraction of interest or enjoyment on part of the people who come from the city, because of the blunt, rugged, homely and characteristic ways of the hill town farmer. And yet changes do come. Rome conquers Greece, and still the Greeks are made the teachers of the Romans, because Grecian civilization is higher. The native population hold the ground and the rule, and would not be driven to accept city ways and ideas; but if these subjects from the town bring ways and ideas that seem better, they are adopted. It is easy to recognize how favorable the conditions are made, for marked transformations in social customs and



THE "MANHAN," ON THE ROAD TO WESTFIELD.

ideas in practical affairs of life, when, as is the case, those who exhibit the novel thoughts and methods come not as compelling conquerors, or with the spirit of innovation; but as visitors and with strong sentiment usually, in favor of the old fashioned and practical ways of the people. In the tide of emigration, moving westward for the past thirty years, many enterprising people have gone from the Hampshire hills. It can be safely said that the losses in population in the county, of the last quarter of a century, which amount in



OLD HOUSE ON POMEROY MOUNTAIN.

these towns to from twenty-five to fifty per cent. are due to the fact that the young men have gone to sow and reap in the more fertile lands of the west; so that there has been a spirit of discouragement brooding upon the people of the hills, having a strong tendency to paralyze progress and let in elements of decay, which have affected the complexion of moral as well as of material things. But within the past few years, a brighter and more hopeful spirit has become apparent; and this has come about largely by the return or periodic visits of energetic, successful, progressive persons, whose presence, even for a few weeks of the summer, has brought encouragement and impulse to better ideas and movements among the people.

The farmer who used to go to church in shirt sleeves, when the trying weather of "dog days" came on, and who felt no embarrassment in going about in ragged clothes, is succeeded by the farmer who is careful to have his best coat on in church and his work day dress in every way respectable. A laudable ambition is fast growing, to have premises improved, barns and houses painted, fences and fields restored from an abandoned look and condition. A wholesome self-respect seems to be inspired by the look and fellowship of people who move about, enjoying as visitors the scenery and freedom of the country.

It is not difficult thus to sum up a few of the advantages, which, though not so apparent, are very real to the people of the hills, by reason of the coming back of friends, and the resort thither of people for the summer weeks.

1. The first great gain to notice, is in the direction of better spirits among the resident people. There can be no doubt that people who live so much shut up to themselves, as the hill town people are compelled to be, during their six months of winter, suffer the almost inevitable result of hopelessness. It is only by the fortification of good health and scholarly tastes, that it could seem possible to live through a score of winters among the Hampshire hills and not develop a melancholy spirit. This can often be detected in the settled tone of voice, which has become sad and complaining, even when speaking of the most ordinary and even cheerful facts. Where is the



IN THE FIELDS AFTER THE RAIN.

bright spirit that will not suffer loss of sunshine, somewhat, by living week after week in a farmer's or farmer's wife's sphere, with no new face about, but the face of another snow-storm, with winds piling the drifts in more and more forbidding heights along all the highways?

So it is a great thing for those who have hurried six months to gather the feed for stock, and then have waited six months for the soil to be ready for another summer's incessant toil, to have the prospect of seeing people come into the community who can speak about failures and losses even, in a hopeful, cheerful tone of voice.

2. Another advantage to be emphasized is from the new ideas brought by the summer excursionist and tourist resident. It



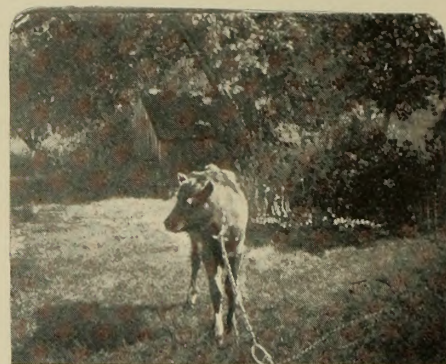
FALLS IN SOUTHAMPTON.

is true the ideas thus brought are not new in the world, nor practiced as such by the visitors in the rural community, but in the Hampshire hills they may be quite new. To anyone who has found his way from the best privileges of college and seminary, and has lived awhile in the ambition of giving the best results of his education to the people of these hills, there must be felt a deep sense of obligation to the sons and brothers and daughters and sisters, who have been some time away among people of great cities and abundant privileges, and who now come back for a brief summer vacation among conservative friends.

These are the ones who encourage plans for establishing public libraries, reading-rooms; who further the work of setting trees on public and private grounds, and by the roadway; who help to build and furnish a new church, according to modern architecture and ideas, as in Cummington and Worthington.

3. Then it is to be spoken of as a thing of great encouragement to the towns of the Hampshire hills, that some men of wealth are taking permanent interest in these places of their early life. The influence and aid of a few public-spirited men of means in the towns mentioned, is incalculable. Their stone wall carefully laid, their sidewalk, their door-yard and lawn, their neat cottage, their gifts to public enterprises are themes of conversation worthily turning some of the easy but pernicious drift of talk on unworthy subjects. No where do good examples weigh so well as right among these hills, where influences good or bad are tenacious and persistent.

The future of the Hampshire hills looks more encouraging in every way than for thirty years past; and much of this brighter outlook is due to the fact that the attractions of the hills, are more and more being sought out by those who live, for the most part, in the city.



THE FARM PET.

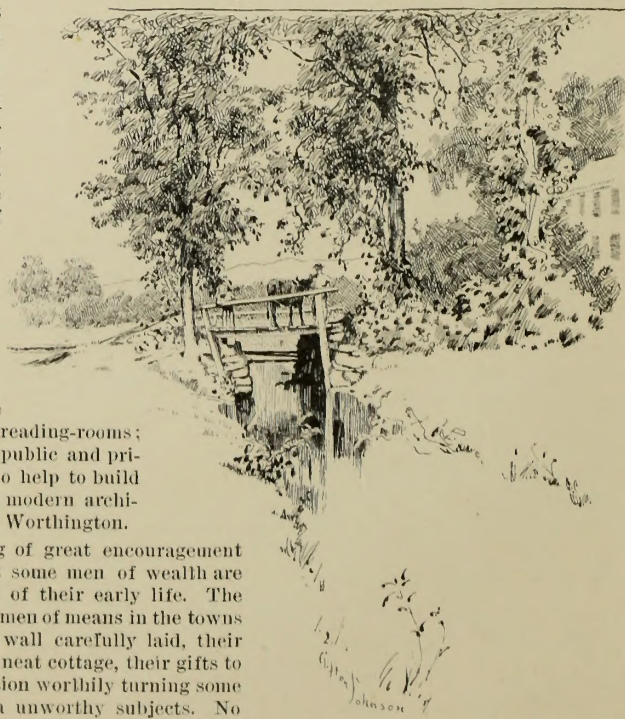
The Charms of Hampshire County.

It was my first visit to Hampshire County, and I had landed at Amherst. The business that brought me to this part of the state was not so pushing that I had not time to look about me. I was at first attracted by the college buildings. In spite of my Harvard prejudices, or, rather, in the impulse of my Harvard sympathies, I looked kindly on Amherst. It is happy in its location. The hills are not far away; and the buildings stand on pleasant grounds, gracefully sloping down to village and meadow. Here are abundant influences to feed the imagination and stimulate the passion for learning. The familiar words came at once to my lips:

"This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
Nimbly and sweetly doth commend itself
Unto our gentle sense."

And, mingling with the students, I found (without a twinge of envy) that all the bright boys do not go to Harvard.

On another day I visited another institution for which Amherst is famous,—the Agricultural college. Considering that half the population are farmers, it is fit that scientific research and cultivated intellect should be made to add to the profits and delights of the most ancient and noble of human vocations. "These fresh-water colleges," I thought,



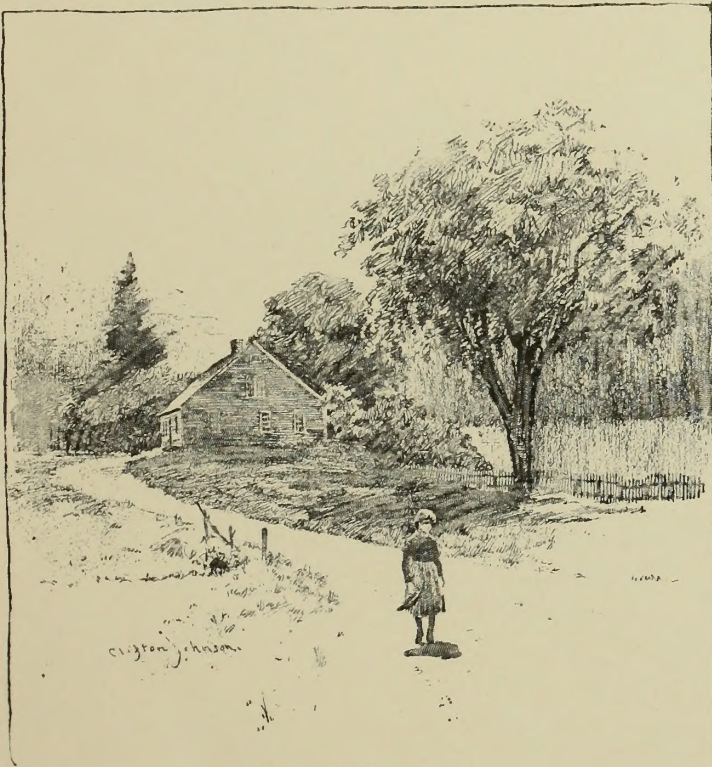
RUSTIC BRIDGE OVER BROOK.



WESTHAMPTON, LOOKING UP THE HILL.

"have some compensation for the absence of the breath of the salt seas. Nature, bountiful everywhere, has here lavished enough to charm the eye and elevate the thought."

But I had to forsake the spot. A short ride took me to Northampton. The time came when I had reason to wonder that the road over which I passed was for this county, so nearly level. I did come up here with an artist's eye, in search of sublime natural pictures,—my guest was eminently practical and prosaic. Yet when I caught the first glimpse of the stately river whose glories have been sounded so often, I stopped to gaze on what I saw, and imagine what might still be hidden from my view. I afterwards saw more of the valley of the



STARTING FOR SCHOOL.

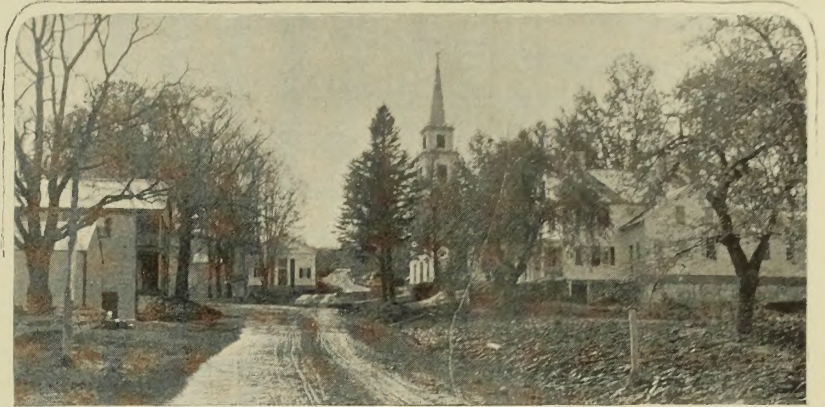
Connecticut; and I (not an untraveled man) pronounce its landscapes to be unsurpassed anywhere. The intervals and gently sloping terraces, sparkling with the fruits of careful culture; the variegated colors of the fields; the bright rays of the summer sun filling the air with joy, and irradiating the scattered dwellings with the benediction of peace, the inspiration of new life and hope that came with every passing breeze,—these take one at once out of the dull realities of a plodding world, into the realms of a nobler being. This valley defies description; and that, perhaps, may account for the unexpected impressions by which I was captivated. A river valley like this would make the fame of any land.

Crossing the river, I entered Northampton. I knew what terms of praise had been lavished on this town. I remembered that Jenny Lind, the "Swedish Nightingale," who for months found here a delightful residence, had summed up its attractions in the frequent phrase of "Paradise of America." I had read, in the pages of "Kathrina," that Dr. Holland, whose name is a household word in these regions, had crowned it as the "Queen village of the meads." I knew that Henry Ward Beecher, in his novel of "Norwood," had affirmed that

"No finer village glistens in the sunlight, or nestles under arching elms," than that which "looks over upon the transcendent valley" of the Connecticut.

But, with all this in memory, the actual sight surpassed the imagined scene; and, in defiance of the claims of business, I lingered for days in the pleasant streets and rural walks of this unique town. Architecture may boast its triumphs in vast urban structures; but here may be seen the added beauty which the handiwork of man gains by the forms of living green in the midst of which the creations of his genius are reared. One is compelled to confess that, in many instances, the loveliness of the setting surpasses the brightness of the jewel; a pleasing fact which, however it may have been overlooked by the thoughtless looker-on, is doubtless appreciated by the happy young ladies who seek the delights of learning in the classic retreats of the now celebrated Smith college.

And when you leave the streets, and wander in the more secluded valleys and along the



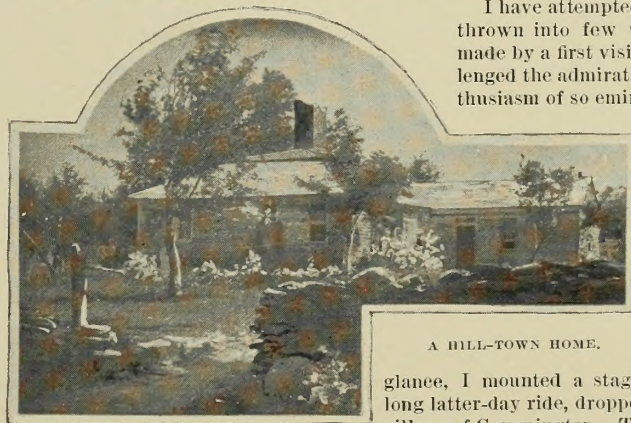
ON THE HILL, IN WESTHAMPTON.

brooks or miniature rivers with which the town is enriched, the harmonious combinations of form and color, the foliage of tree and shrub, the sparkling tints of blossom and flower, present pictures of loveliness on which the eye is never tired of gazing. There are scenes in Northampton which rival the fairy beauty of the Vale of Tempe, the imagery of which has long been the despair of the painter, and tempted the poet's flight almost in vain.

Outlying from the main village there are several smaller clusters of dwelling and factory, which not only please the senses of the worldling, but appeal to the imaginative mind. Of these the chief is distinguished by the poetic name of Florence. Here is the magnificent temple devoted to the free expression of the most advanced conceptions of truth and goodness. It is certainly in the nature of things that minds nursed where the "prodigality of nature" has embellished her external forms should aspire to the conditions of that happier time when "Old things shall pass away, and all things become new."

I have attempted nothing in detail, but thrown into few words the impressions made by a first visit to a town which challenged the admiration and kindled the enthusiasm of so eminent a genius and poet as John Boyle O'Reilly.

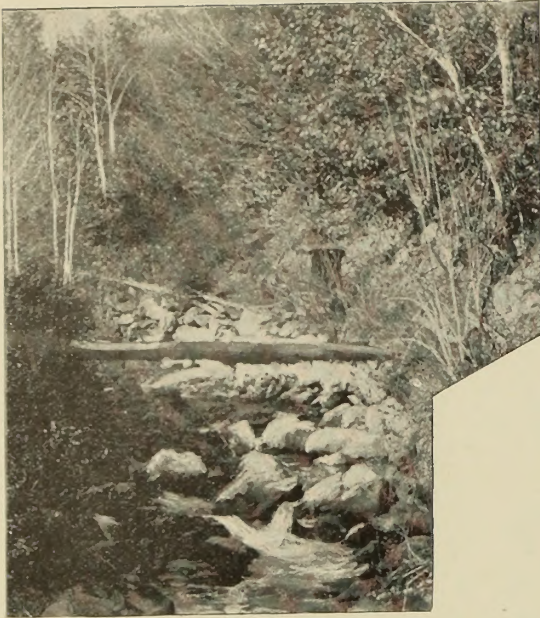
But I had to hasten away. Following the rail to its termination in the adjacent village of Williamsburg, upon whose pleasant appearance I could cast but a passing glance, I mounted a stage coach, and, after a long latter-day ride, dropped at nightfall into the village of Cummington. The scene was changed



A HILL-TOWN HOME.



NORWICH PONDS—IN HUNTINGTON.



ON THE ROAD TO CHESTERFIELD, BY WAY OF ROBERTS MEADOW.

but the beauty had not departed. This quaint little village nestles in the valley of what I was told was the main branch of Westfield river. It would be gratuitous to name the sensations I experienced here. In a spot surrounded by hills on every hand, so that, to whatever point you turn, you are forced to look up, what moral does nature more directly suggest than that man's business is to aspire,—to mount to loftier heights of moral purity and intellectual grandeur. I had conceived myself to be eminently practical; but, to my surprise, sentiment took possession of me at once. I felt that the spirit of Bryant informed the scene. The varied effects of slope and meadow spoke in distinct yet harmonious notes. It seemed that "Thanatopsis" might have been conceived if not written here. Without the aid of memory I could read the opening lines:

"To him who in the love of nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty; and she glides
Into his darker musings with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware."

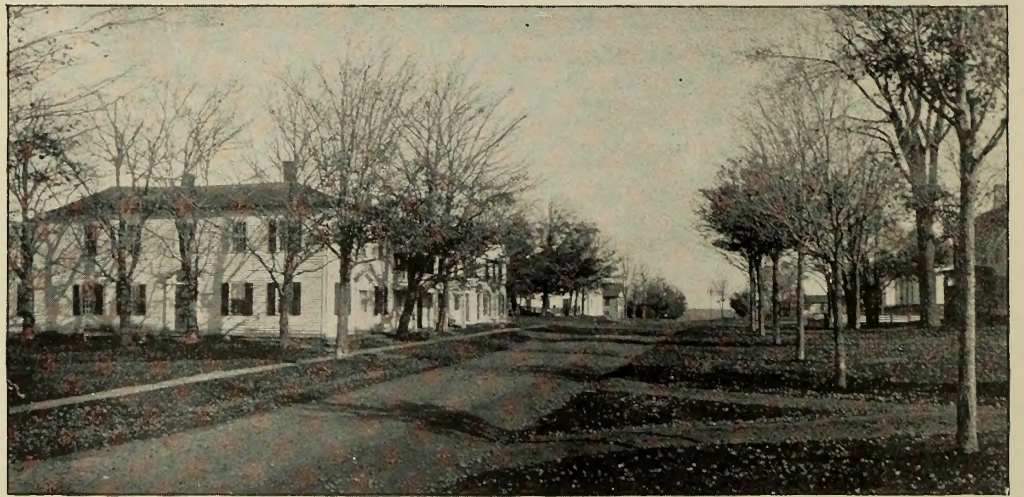
All the "various language," every separate dialect of nature may here be heard, translated to the nobler instincts, at least, of him who "holds communion with her visible forms." For what is external nature to us, and what can it be, if its wondrous effects do not minister to the development of our higher human possibilities? So, at all events, it appeared to me. Where else does friendship's ardent eye kindle with a kindlier glow? Where else does love breathe a purer or more impassioned sigh?

Leaving Cummington with regret, and with the impression that nature had no more surprises for me, I started, behind a span of spirited horses, towards Middlefield, to

take a train going west. The distance was said to be short; and, though I knew a hill must be surmounted in getting away from this charming village, I did not anticipate a long drive. But how little we know of what is before us. It was by no means my first experience along the roads of a "hill country," and I fancied I knew something of their variations. But when we had made the first ascent, and reached an elevation which afforded an extended view, I saw a landscape new to me, and which might well awaken enthusiasm in the most prosaic mind. I have no faculty for description, which Byron, perhaps in sport, said was his "forte." You look over the surface of the ocean, when it is still, or a vast plain bounded only by the horizon, and you see but one image,—that of an immense level space, a monotony which soon tires the eye. But on this road from Cummington to Middlefield, all that you look upon makes you remember, by contrast, the ocean or the plain as a type of poverty-stricken sublimity. Hills closely stacked in irregular tiers; some appearing indistinct at first through the foliage of the trees at the roadside, to show their summits in clear outline the moment after; hills near at hand standing bright in the sunshine, hills far away bathed in ether; all differing in height and in

who shall say that, as he stands upon the heights, both mind and heart are not enlarged by the visions of a bright and glowing earth which these heights unfold? The vast billows of the hills are insensibly bearing him as the waves of ocean bear the ships, to fairer climes.

One scene I shall never forget. On reaching the crest of a hill, higher than any over which our road had led, we saw that it at once descended precipitously into a deep valley (I think one of the branches of Westfield river ran through it) and ascended a hill opposite, equally precipitous and equally high, immediately beyond. The scene arrested our progress. The summer season was in its glory. The farmers, the few that we saw, were in the midst of the hay harvest,—and there was nothing inharmonious in this. Earth was made for man, and is none the less lovely for his presence; for what, I ask, were even nature itself without him? The fields or the foliage had not yet lost that rich green tint which in these latitudes crowns the month of June with unspeakable splendor. The sky was lavish of the magnificent effects which it alone can produce on the earth's surface. The clouds, floating lazily in upper air, had east the valley into deep shadow, while the sunlight



CHESTERFIELD HILL, LOOKING EAST.

form, and seen in ever-varying light,—here are countless picturesque images on which none may look without a kindling eye and a swelling heart. Even Mount Tom and Mount Holyoke, as seen from Northampton, do not so deeply impress you. The methods of nature surpass the possibilities of human taste. If these hills had been built by human hands they would, I suppose, have been arranged in accordance with some regular design; they must stand in exactly parallel lines, their summits standing against the sky in proportional gradation. But now they are scattered in every conceivable position, with every variety of altitude; as if Jove, from

his throne in the clouds, had pitched his thunderbolts on every hand, and they had cooled in the spots where they happened to fall. Would man have so designed them? Would he not have placed them in straight lines, so that he could pass through his level valleys, from point to point, without the toil of climbing hills and descending into vales? But, luckily for him, he is born into a world where

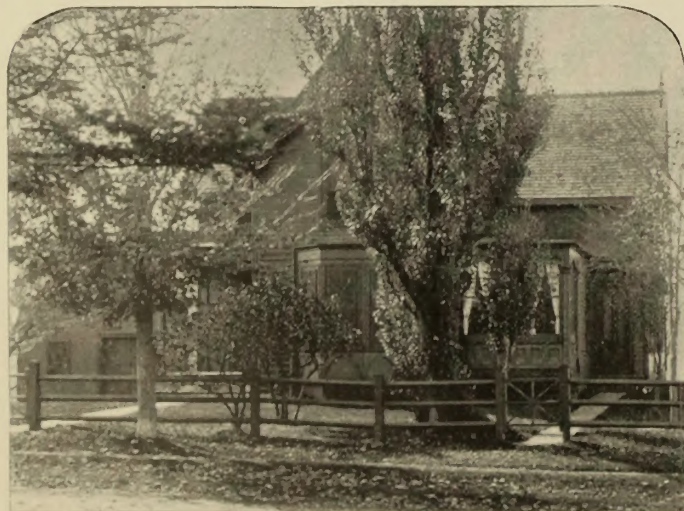
he cannot always plod in low-lying ways, with nothing to feed his nobler aspirations. He must of necessity go up; and

sparkled, at the same moment, on the pictured slope beyond. On each side of us, also, sunshine and shadow were flecking the hillside fields. It would make the fame of a painter who could fitly put on canvass such a landscape as that. I could no longer wonder that a man, born and nursed amid such scenes, feels such an undying attachment for his native hills.

"The intrepid Swiss, who treads a foreign shore,
Condemned to climb his native cliffs no more,



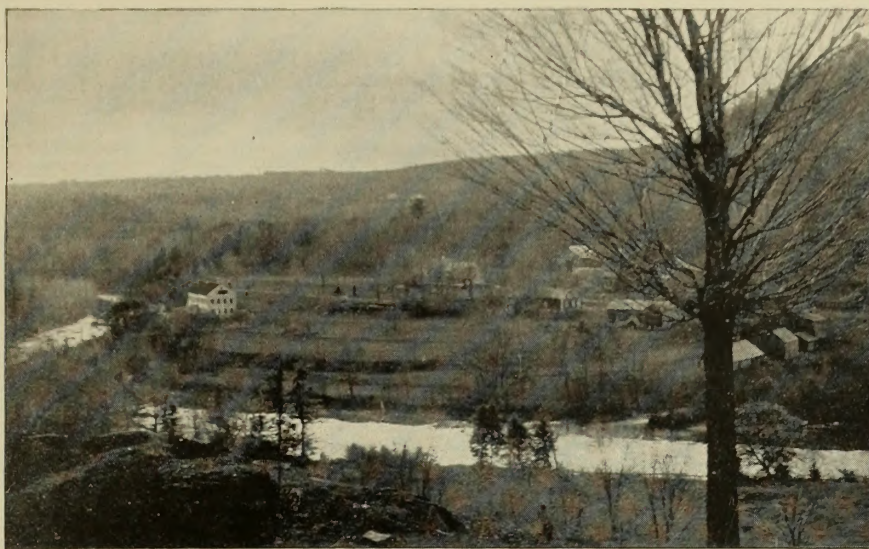
OLD MILL ON ROAD TO CHESTERFIELD.



A SUMMER HOME IN CHESTERFIELD.

If chance he hears the songs, so sweetly wild,
Which on these cliffs his youthful hours beguiled,
Starts at the long-lost scenes which round him rise,
And sinks a martyr to repentant sighs.

Night had nearly overtaken us before we came



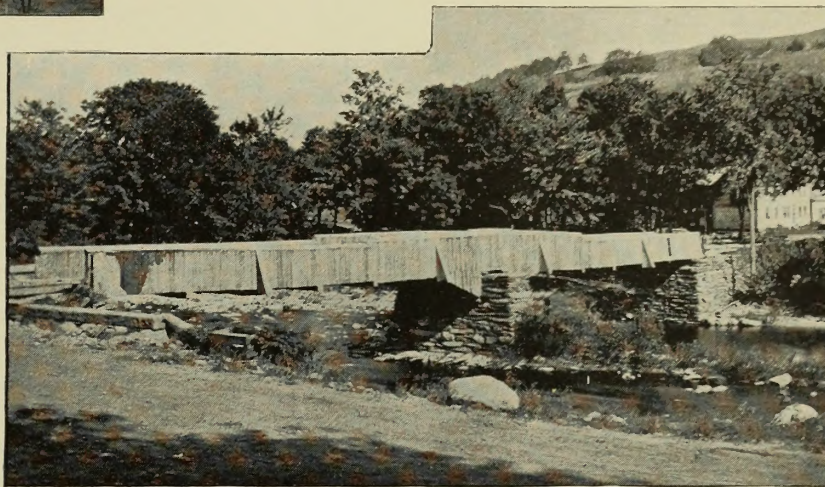
CHESTERFIELD "HOLLOW."

in sight of the iron rail; but I was well content to abide till the morrow, that I might feast on the views which Middlefield presented, before departing for the west. In all this trip I was glad to find that I had not been unfitted for business by the flashes of sentiment and visions of picturesque beauty which had cheered my journey.

"I love not man the less, but nature more
For these, our interviews."

From the comparatively level drive to Northampton, to the steep roads and wild sublimity of the upper towns, I had passed through a rapid succession of wildly different, but equally charming scenes. Afterwards I saw other parts of the county; of which, if I spoke more particularly, I should have to repeat impressions similar to those I have given. This trip presented a fair picture of this enchanting land. All that I saw only confirmed my first impression, that of all the counties from Cape Cod to Berkshire, Hampshire must be pronounced the queen. Stranger as I am to nearly all her people, I gratefully lay this tribute, inadequate as it is, at her feet.

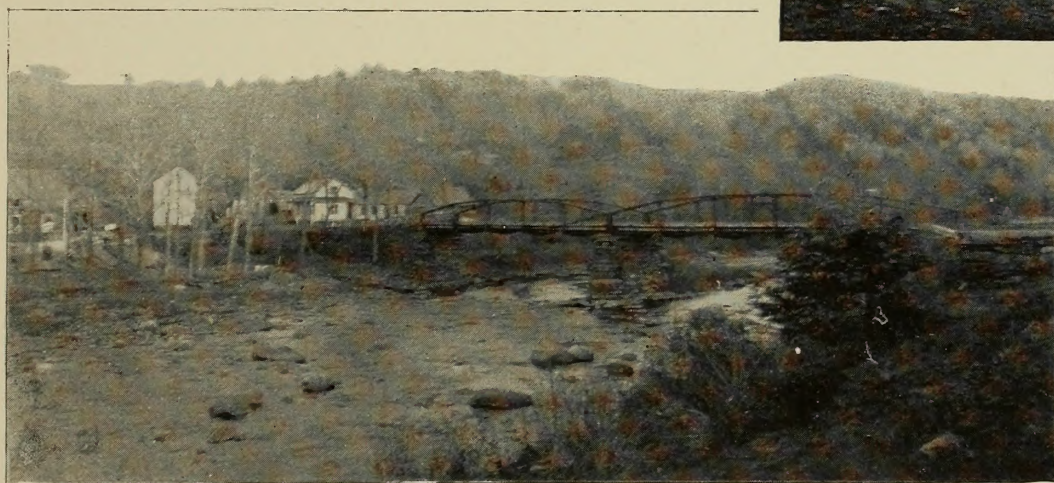
J. M. L. B.



OLD BRIDGE AT WEST CHESTERFIELD.

I like to hear it nights. I shouldn't want to live in no place where they didn't have such a stream. After supper the fellers went inside the tent and lit a lantern and we could see the tent shining kinder dim like up there on the hillside for some time.

"Fust thing in the mornin' they were down to our house to buy some milk. They said they didn't sleep very well. You see they could feel the branches of them pines too plain through the blankets they laid over 'em. They had their overcoats on. The sun was hardly up over the eastern hills, and so early it is always damp and chilly, and usually there's a little mist hanging about the holler over the stream. They said they was going down to the gorge, to look around by and by, but that morning they walked off into the woods, which they thought was pretty fine around here; the trees was so tall and handsome. In the afternoon they were down by the saw-mill, poking around, and then they followed

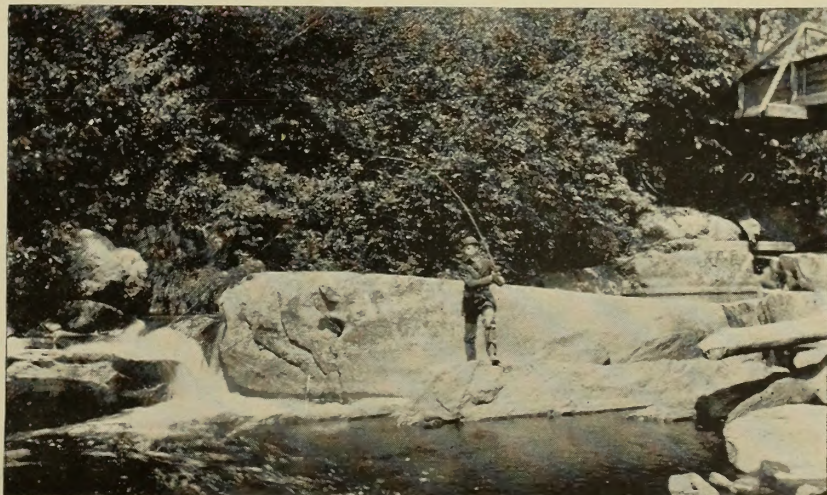


THE NEW BRIDGE AT THE "HOLLOW."

CAMPING OUT ON THE HILLS.

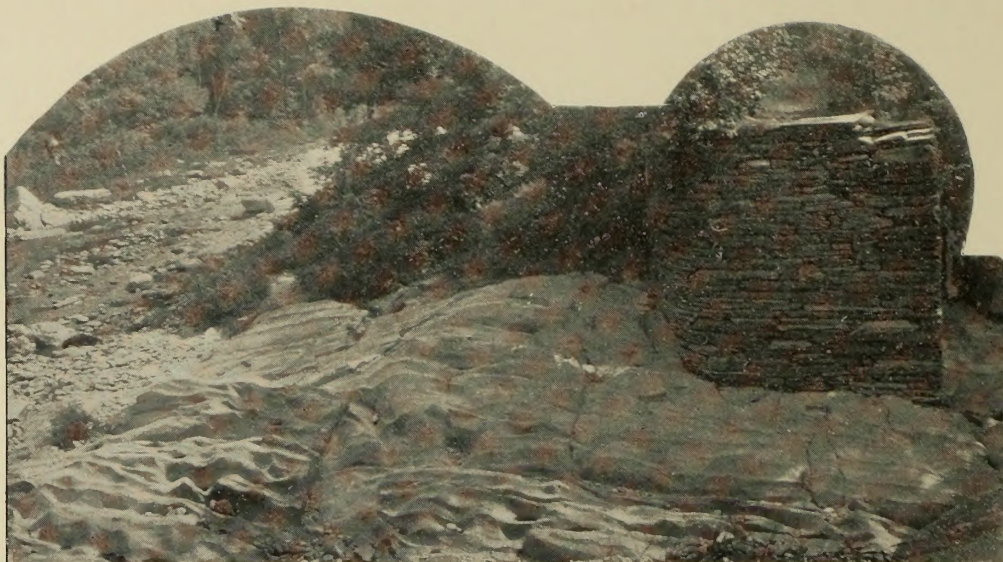
"Yes," said Uncle William Redtop, in response to my question, "there be some camping out up here," and he settled himself into a comfortable position in his chair on the piazza and continued: "Last summer two fellers came up from down Northampton way. They had a pile of bundles in a spring wagon; a woman and a girl were on the top seat driving and the boys were sittin' on the bundles. They were lookin' around pretty sharp for a place to camp, and down here a ways they took a sharp turn up Beech hill and drove across Henry Toll's orchard, which is pretty rough ground, and gave 'em a good shakin' up I guess. On t'other side is a stone wall and a pasture, and they couldn't go no farther. So they dumped all their goods out there on the ground, and the team with the woman and girl in it turned around and started for home again. It was about three o'clock then.

"The fellers didn't seem to know just what they were going to do. They wanted to get up on high ground where they'd have a view off. The orchard wasn't much of a place for that and I guess they thought it was too civilized besides. They stood around and talked, and looked over the stone wall for half an hour or so. Across the pasture was some clear, high ground, with a few maples along the fence. Finally the fellers got their stuff over the wall and began to lug it across the pasture. It warn't an easy job they had; for they had a stack of stuff and had to go back and forth a good many times. It was hot,



THE TROUT BROOK.

the stream down half a mile to the gorge. They took off their shoes and stockin's and jumped along on the stones, or waded now and then, and this seemed kind of fine and wild to them; there alone with the stream, and high wooded banks on each side and the water workin' its way along through the stones and boulders. There were a few quiet stretches considerable clear of stones and in one of these the boys took a swim. It was down at the gorge they had the best time. That's about as wild a place as I ever see; narrow with rough precipices on either side, and the bed of the stream choked up with great rocks and stones, and among 'em the water always roarin'. It's a grand sight down there



PECULIAR FORMATION OF ROCK IN BED OF RIVER AT WEST CHESTERFIELD.

fair warnin' first and then if he don't move I prosecute.' 'Well,' says the boy, 'It was careless in us not askin' your consent before we pitched our tent. But we were in a hurry yesterday afternoon, and I had no idea of there bein' any objection, so I really never thought of hunting up the owner.' 'You were careless and wuss too,' says Toll. 'You've been tearin' down the stone wall to make a fire-place; I wouldn't a had a fire made there for no money. It'd a been sure, the pasture's so dry, to have spread and you never could have stopped it. I've got two cows and the pasture ain't none too large for 'em; and you've slashed around there among the trees and dragged in some wild cherry branches, and when them leaves gets wilted they'll kill a cow quicker'n pizen.' 'I don't think we've done any real harm,' says the other. 'We should put back everything before we left.' 'Well, I don't know whether you would or not,' he says. 'I've been up there and torn that fire-place to pieces, and put up the stones, and I flung them cherry branches over the fence. I just peeked into your tent, but I didn't tech nothing. Some men would a torn it all to pieces, but that ain't my way. I always warn a man first.'

"The boy saw it warn't no use talking, so he said they'd move the tent right off, and walked away up the hill, and he warn't feelin' over comfortable in his mind, I can tell you. I don't think myself that they had done any harm to amount to anything, for they warn't the rowdy kind, but Toll is a pretty close old feller. Well, the boys went and called on Mr. Streets, who owns the lot next to the pasture and the old gentleman said he'd just

as soon they'd be on his land as not. So they went to work and got the tent over the wall and fastened it to the same maple tree. They were mighty tickled to think they'd hitched onto that same maple. It was dark by the time they were through and when they'd got their milk and eaten supper I guess they were glad to go to bed, for I didn't see the tent lit up mor'n five minutes.

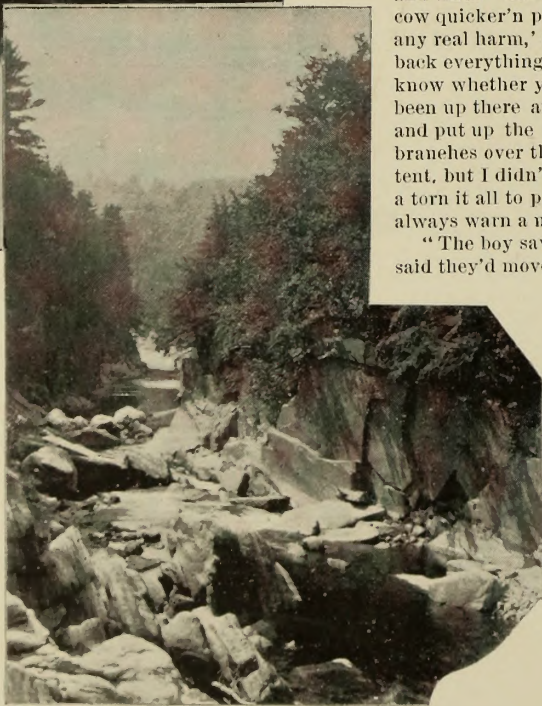
"The boys came on Monday and they staid all the week. One day they'd go off in this direction and another off in that and I guess they got to know the roads about pretty well, and didn't leave much country unexplored. They'd tramp the woods, and climb around the caves and boulders of the hillsides, and follow the streams for miles. They fished some, too, but I never heard them tell they ketched anything. One of the fellers drew pictures. I see some of 'em. I didn't think much of 'em; but he said they were sketches and warn't finished yet.

"They invited me to call at their tent, so I went up one evenin'. They was settin' out in front eatin' supper when I got there. They had a lot of food in a basket and more in a tin box. There was bread, and butter, and cookies, and milk, and cold chicken. They had a little fire going and had cooked somethin' they called coco'. They'd biled a couple of eggs in it. One feller spilt his by having the cover of his salt dish come off, so 'twas more like salt flavored with egg than t'other way round. They had blackberries, too. They bought some most every day of our folks, and they said they picked and ate all they could hold during the day when they were walkin' around the fields. After they washed the dishes, which they didn't waste no time over, they invited me into the tent and lit the lantern and hung it on the front tent pole. It was a pretty snug place, about eight feet square. The bed, when they rolled it out, took up half the floor room and their other traps scattered around didn't leave any spare standing room, I can tell you. They had some books and said

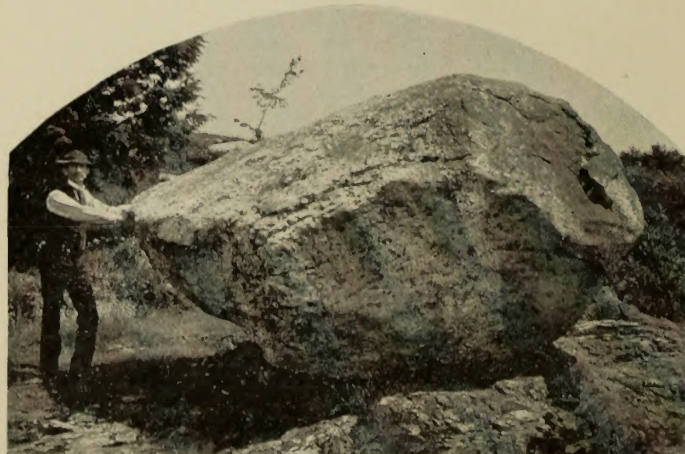
in the spring when the flood's up, the hollers full, the water just boilin', and filled with ice, and rubbish, and stones, that make such a noise grindin' and rushin' along, that you just can't hear yourself think. The boys I was tellin' you of climbed around there and had a pretty fine time accordin' to their tellin'. When they came up out of the holler, they stopped at Henry Toll's house, to see

if they could buy some apples. Mrs. Toll came to the door. As soon as she understood who they were she told 'em Mr. Toll didn't want 'em on his land. 'Is that so?' said the oldest feller, 'I didn't s'pose there'd be any objection. But I haven't seen Mr. Toll yet. Where is he?' 'He's been up there lookin' for you, but he's out to the barn now,' says the woman.

"The younger feller went up to the tent and the older one went out to the barn. Toll was under the cow-shed, but when he saw the feller comin', he went out side of the road. He stood sort of stiff, with his feet square on the ground, and his hands on his sides, and the young feller saw 'twas plain he was going to get a good rakin' over. Toll had on an old felt hat kinder twisted and jammed in. He had a wrinkled, smooth-shaven face and he stooped considerable at the shoulders. The young feller tried to put a good face on matters by sayin' 'Good evenin', It's been quite hot today.' Toll just grunted a little. 'I find,' says the feller, 'we've camped on your land, and I hope you've no objections.' 'I want you to git off'n that land right off,' says Toll. 'If you don't, I'll prosecute you if it takes the last cent I've got. Some men would have prosecuted you without ever a warnin' you, but that ain't my way, I always give a man



WEST CHESTERFIELD GORGE.



THE ROCKING STONE ON CANADA MOUNTAIN.



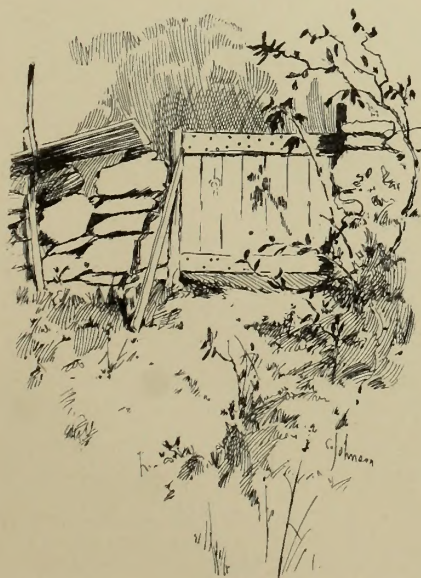
GOVERNMENT SURVEY MARK ON CANADA MOUNTAIN.

they read aloud when they had time. Saturday noon their folks came for 'em. It wasn't the same brought 'em out, but the other feller's. There was a man and a woman and two little girls. They all took dinner at the tent and then went down to the gorge. The girls were pretty lively kind of girls and both talked at once, and seemed to think that campin' out was a pretty fine thing. They got everything packed up about three o'clock and drove off. Well, they said they had a splendid time, and I s'pose they did. If you like roughing it for fun, it's all right, but for me I'd rather take it easy in a good comfortable house. What time is it by your watch? Most two! Well, I declare, how I have talked. Shall have to flax around if I'm going to get that hay in this afternoon."

J.

Mark Twain Contrasts California and New England.

One of the queerest things I know of is to hear tourists from "the states" go into ecstasies over the loveliness of "ever-blooming California," and they always do go into that sort of ecstasies. But perhaps they would modify them if they knew how old Californians, with the memory full upon them of the dust-covered and questionable summer greens of California "verdure," stand astonished and filled with worshiping admiration, in the presence of the lavish richness, the brilliant green, the infinite freshness, the spendthrift variety of form and species and

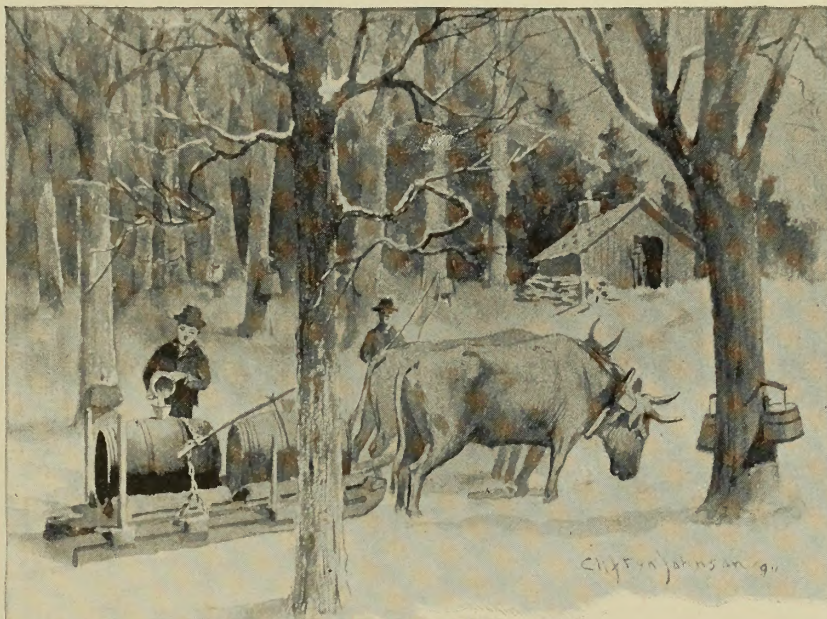


THE PASTURE GATEWAY.

foliage that make an eastern landscape a vision of paradise itself. The idea of a man falling into raptures over grave and sombre California, when that man has seen New England's meadow expanses and her maples and oaken and cathedral-windowed elms decked in summer attire, or the opaline splendors of autumn, descending upon her forests comes very near being funny. No land with an unvarying climate can be very beautiful. The tropics are not, for all the sentiment that is wasted on them. They seem beautiful at first, but sameness impairs the charm by and by. Change is the handmaiden nature requires to do her miracles with. The land that has four well-defined seasons, cannot lack beauty, or pall



SAP-GATHERING ON A SMALL SCALE.



SAP-GATHERING SCIENTIFICALLY.

with monotony. Each season brings a world of enjoyment and interest in the watching of its unfolding, its gradual, harmonious development, its culminating graces, and just as one begins to tire of it, it passes away and a radical change comes, with new witcheries and new glories in its train. And I think, to one in sympathy with nature, each season, in its turn, seems the loveliest.

From "Roughing It."

ROWENA DARLING.

The Story of one Abandoned Farm in Chesterfield.

BY REV. JOHN W. CHADWICK.

A heap of mortar, brick and stone,
O'ergrown with shrubs, o'errun with vines,
That here was once a house and home,
How ill the careless sense divines,
Rowena Darling.

Not careless his, my friend's, who loves
To wander in familiar ways,
To talk of olden times, and—yes—
To celebrate your simple praise,
Rowena Darling.

Here, once upon a time, he tells,
There lived a girl unknown to fame;
The country-side no sweeter knew,
It could not know a sweeter name—
Rowena Darling!

Here where the birches' silver gleam
Shines where the hearth fire used to blaze,
The hearth-stone still you can desery,
As smooth as in your loveliest days,
Rowena Darling.

Here whisks about the squirrel brown;
Here thrush or robin comes and sings;
But standing here I can but think
Of other days and sweeter things,
Rowena Darling.

Here baked the apples in a row;
Here cracked the chestnuts ripe and sweet;
Here—Ah! I seem to see them now—
You warmed your pretty buskined feet,
Rowena Darling.

And here, when burned the embers low,
And old folks long had been asleep,
Your heart stood still to hear a voice
That whispered—Oh! how warm and deep,
Rowena—Darling!

Alas! how many years have fled
Since hearth and heart were warm and bright
And all the room and all the world
Glowed with your love's supreme delight,
Rowena Darling.

This rose-bush growing by the door,
Perhaps you planted long ago;
I pluck and kiss for your dear sake,
Its fairest, be it so or no,—
Rowena Darling!

Here is an interesting random tradition concerning Chesterfield: The story has it that a citizen of this town named Jesse Willcutt, who lived in the town as early as 1775, heard the firing from the battle of Bunker Hill by putting his ear to the ground on Chesterfield hill and the identical spot where he stood at the time is pointed out to those curious in such matters. A few years since, at a cattle-show at Cummington, Capt. Joel, one of the grandsons, appeared in the procession



VIEW IN REAR OF STEVENS' MILL, WEST CHESTERFIELD.

with five generations of the family by direct descent, on horseback. But few of the people of the vicinity that have not seen the captain officiating as marshal or officer of the day on many a patriotic or festive occasion, and in his latter years he sported a sash taken from a confederate officer by C. T. Macomber, at the battle of Newbern, N. C.

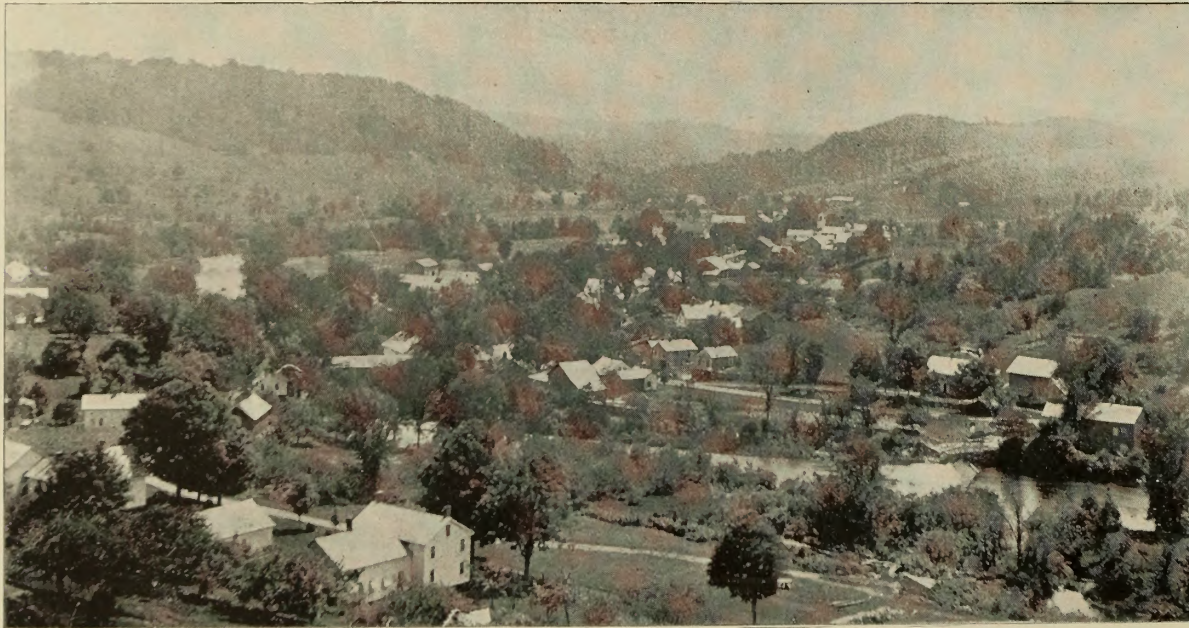
GERWADETA—A LEGEND OF WEST WORTHINGTON FALLS.

"Ah, here we are!" exclaimed Miss Miller, jumping lightly on to the large table-shaped rock in front of us and crossing to the other side. I followed, but gave a very perceptible start as I discovered that my next step would be some seventy-five feet below and upon the wildest profusion of jagged, broken rocks I had ever seen.

Miss Miller laughed. "I thought I would surprise you," she said. "It's West Worthington falls; isn't it lovely?" It certainly was. For an eighth of a mile below, the gulch was literally filled with rocks, cubical rocks, prismatic rocks, round rocks, flat rocks and shapeless rocks, all thrown together into the wildest chaos. Here and there a tiny spruce had found a bit of soil and now raised its green tuft a miniature oasis on the waste of desert rocks. The brook that leaped madly among the crags at our feet gathered its force in the pool below and plunged through the tumult of rocks, falling, shooting, churning and eddying until it had lashed itself into a long line of white foam. But the falls! the diamond of all this unique setting. The oblique rays of the sun caught the flying spray and flashed the seven colors of the rainbow from the chromated light. The little cloud of mist which was thrown up by the fall of the water into the pool below was also kissed by the



BROOK AND OLD PENSTOCK ON ROAD TO WEST CUMMINGTON.

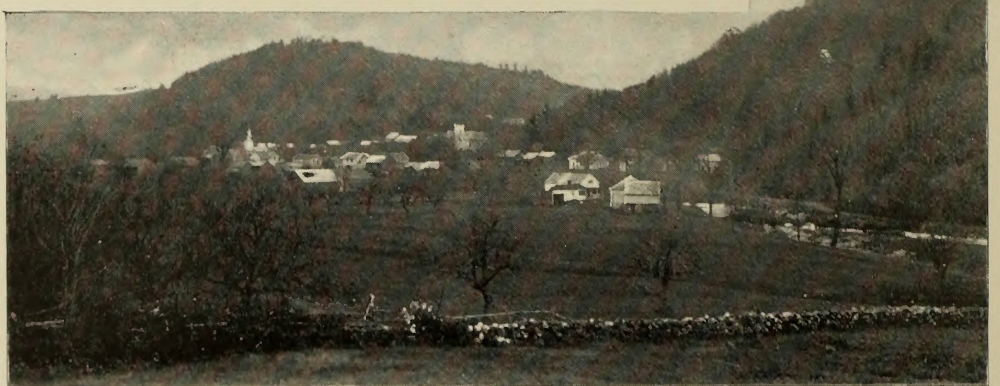


CUMMINGTON VILLAGE.

mid-day sun making a continuous rainbow. Large flakes of feathery foam danced on the boiling water and then, venturing too near the edge of the pool, were swept away by the down-stream current, while the breaking bubbles rose and fell like the happy participants of a fairy dance and all



"HAVE YOU FED THE PIGS?"



WEST CUMMINGTON AND DEER HILL.

large Indian tribe called the Osacs. No other warriors were so brave, no other Indian maidens were so fair, and no other Indian chief was so proud of his people as was Gutamatin of the Osacs. But bravest of the brave was the young warrior Heetel. No arrow ever sank like his, no tomahawk ever fell so fatally, while the sharply hooked nose, the flashing eye and the lip that always sneered, well bespoke the haughty pride of the fiercest of the Osac warriors. But how different Gerwadeta, the chief's daughter—the fairest of the fair. Her laugh was sweeter than the song of the brook that murmured at her feet, or the birds that sang in the branches above her; her nut-brown cheek was richer than the fruit that she gathered in the fall; her glossy black hair was softer than the furs she wore in winter, while the quick sympathy and love that shone in her dreamy black eyes was a gift she brought with her from the spirit land. Heetel loved Gerwadeta with a passion that even bowed his pride, and he fain would have gathered for his own this beautiful forest flower. But Gerwadeta loved another and watched for his coming as the flower for the sunlight. Yes, Gerwadeta the beautiful, the daughter of the great chief, dared to love Winone, 'Winone, the coward and paleface,' as the braves called him. Poor Winone, who had never sat in council, or taken a scalp in all his life. And often, when the camp was the gayest, or the dance the wildest, these two would quietly steal away to some secluded bower to chat, and then Winone would tell Gerwadeta of his dreams and aspirations

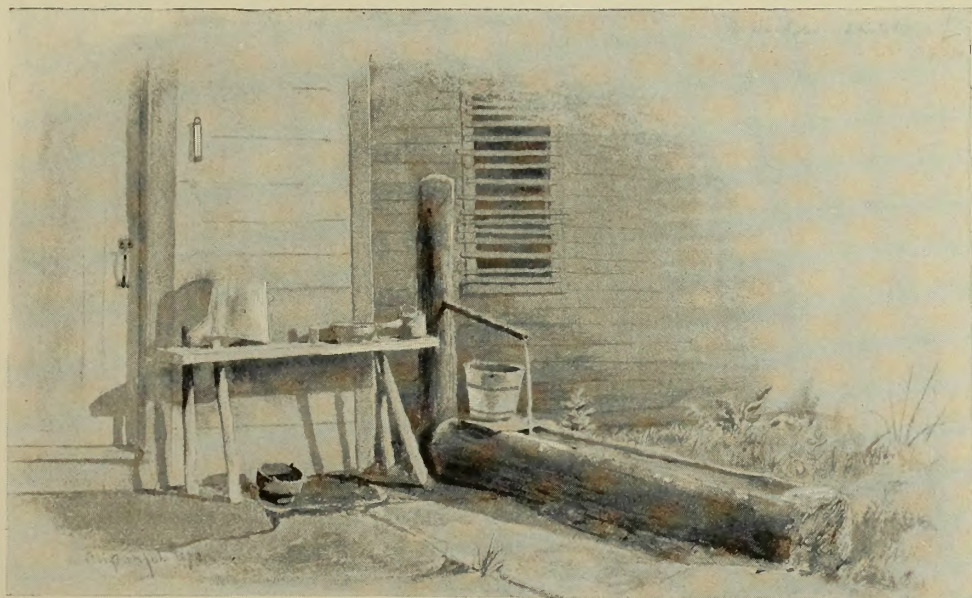
in tune to the musical murmur of the falls below, which lulled and swelled on the changing breeze. "Why isn't this place visited more?" I asked. "It's lovely," Miss Miller did not notice my question, so I asked another. "What are you dreaming about, Miss M—?" Come, let me share your poetical fancies." "I wasn't dreaming about anything," she replied. "I was only thinking of the poor Indian maiden; do you think 'twas really true?" I really thought I could tell better if I had ever heard anything about the poor Indian maiden and replied to that effect, throwing in a broad hint for a story. Seating herself on a large chair-shaped rock, which, considering it had no back, answered the purpose admirably, Miss M— began.

"Long, long ago, when the Connecticut river cities were mere settlements, and the rest of Massachusetts was a wide wilderness, there ranged over the hills and vales that are now covered by our Hampshire towns, a



A CUMMINGTON HOUSE.

and of how he hated their wild, ferocious life, the war path and the gauntlet, and how he shuddered for the victim at the stake; and say that he thought the day was not far distant when the tomahawk would be buried forever and the smoke of the peace-pipe would envelop the land. And then he would tell her of his love, of how she made him more patient and more forgiving, and when the braves teased him he thought of her and his heart was so full he forgave them all; that he longed to fly with her to some quiet spot, where he would build a cabin and they would live as the settlers did and be very happy. Winter melted



A BACK-DOOR SKETCH.

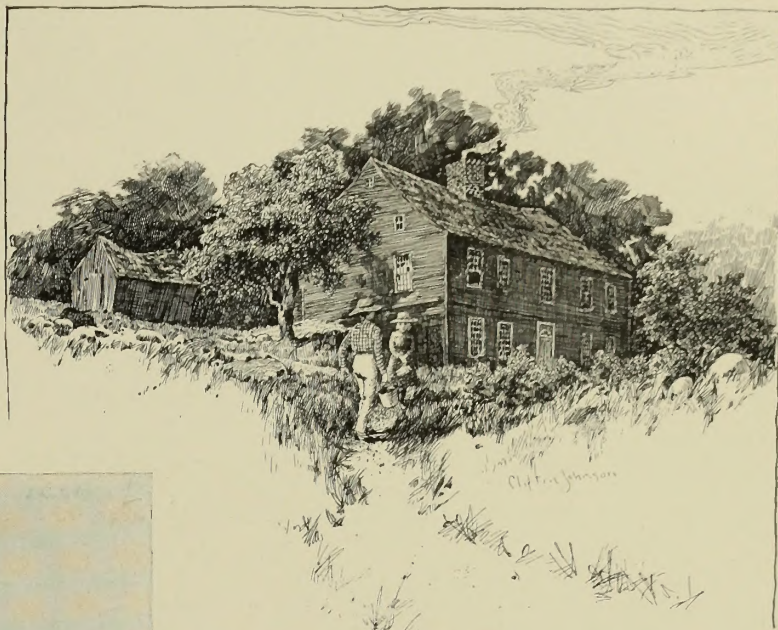
into spring; summer ripened into autumn, while Hectel and Winone loved, but Gerwadeta loved but one. The long torrid days of summer had shortened into autumn. The maize was still on the cob, and braided into long golden bunches, dangled from the wigwam roofs; herbs bound in great bunches by thongs of deerskin swung from branches of the friendly trees. The richest pelts of the fox, beaver and bear were piled in every wigwam. It had been a year of plenty. But the little village was nearly deserted, not a warrior was to be seen and the squaws either glided silently to and fro or talked in low voices about their wigwam fires. Three days before, the pride and strength of the Osacs, smeared with the fiercest hues of war paint had gone forth from the village. For three days the squaws had placed arms in the light of the rising sun and still the warriors did not return. Just as the fourth sunset was struggling with the dark mantle of dusk, the first faint notes of the Osac war triumph told the village that its braves were returning and in a few minutes Gutamatin and his warriors were in the camp. Hectel, fierce and prouder than



GETTING A LOAD OF DIRT.

ever, and with many trophies dangling from his scalp pole, stood by the great chief's side, while Winone, bound hand and foot, was guarded with the rest of the prisoners. The story was a short one. Hectel had saved the day for the Osacs, while Winone had fled at the first onset. According to the ancient Osac custom, cowardice was punished by the great chief in the presence of the whole nation and the penalty was death. Before Gerwadeta had time even partially to recover from the terrible shock of this intelligence, she was summoned to her father's wigwam, and filled with forebodings of pending evil she went. This wigwam was the poor girl's home, the home where she had learned all she knew of household love; the home

where she had sat for hours and watched the great fleecy white clouds drift through the heavens, or the smoky blue hills that rose, one above another, growing higher and higher and fainter and fainter, until they faded away into the distant horizon; the home where she had dreamed of Winone and had been so happy; the home where her father had sometimes praised and petted her. Would he not hear her now? He did not look up when she entered, only motioned to a pile of blankets near by them and waited. When the old warrior turned his face Gerwadeta knew there was no repeal. Every line in the dark visage was like steel. 'Gerwadeta,' said Gutamatin, 'Heckel today saved the Osac nation; he loves you and tomorrow you wed. Go, my daughter, forget the cowardly paleface, who tomorrow dies by my hand and learn



THE TOWER PLACE.

to love a warrior.' Gerwadeta cast one look of mute appeal, of fearful anguish, of deep despair, upon her father, but not a feature moved. Slipping a large hunting knife, which lay on the blankets, stealthily into the folds of her dress, she was gone. It seemed to Winone, as he lay in his own wigwam, that life had never seemed so fair before; the stars had never looked so bright as now, nor the camp fire so cheerful, and when had a sentinel's step ever sounded musical before? Gerwadeta! How he loved her. He had never loved before. How hard it was to leave her. Here his reverie was cut short by a low hiss at the back of the lodge, which, having some of the Indians about him, he answered. The next sound was a smothered ripping sound as of a knife and a bright beam of moonlight fell on the ground beside him, by the light of which he saw Gerwadeta bending over him. The keen hunting-knife did as good service at the buckskin thongs as it had done before, and in a trice Winone was on his feet. Then out through the friendly slit, stealthily along the shadow of the wigwam, behind a screening oak, under



SHELLING PEAS ON THE BACK STEPS.

a long cover of brushwood, over logs, boulders and knolls, till in a few short minutes they stood upon this cliff. 'Now,' said Gerwadeta, looking eagerly at the black water below, 'We'll live the love of years in one brief hour, and then'—

"The next morning a scouting party was sent out and both bodies were found in the pool beneath us. Winone still held Gerwadeta's hand and a happy smile was on the face of each."

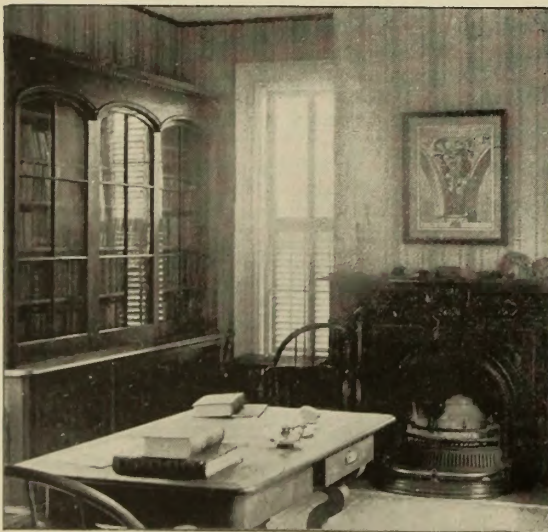
Miss Miller had finished. The sun had long dropped behind the forest and twilight, the dusky daughter of night, mystified the whole scene with changing shades and shadows.

"And now, she resumed, with a flash of mischief in her grey eyes, 'what would you say if I should tell you that I have the identity of this couple at hand?' 'I should say,' I replied, 'that I should like to see it.' 'Do you see that large cave-like hole in the rock on the other side of the falls and way below us?' I certainly could, for it would have held several barrels of water and as though it had been scooped out with a giant's adze. 'Well,' said my friend, 'That was where Winone's tomahawk struck when he went over the falls.' And I was convinced."

C. E. H.

ONE OF CUMMINGTON'S LANDMARKS.

Well up on the hill from the village of Cummington, and about half a mile from the Bryant place is an old house, now brown and weatherworn, with a sagging ridge-pole and numerous frameless windows, but having still about it many lingering marks of dignity and beauty. It is known as the



A CORNER OF THE BRYANT LIBRARY.

Tower place. About it in its day was one of the finest farms in the town and the big old house stood firm and staunch on its foundations, and was quite the lord of the little valley it overlooked. About it were many snug outbuildings and two big barns. It was a thriving place. From it every fall they took down great loads of butter, beef, cheese, pork and other farm produce to the Adams family at Quiney, Mass. It can be truthfully said that this farm fed the highest intellectual life in the state.

The house stands on a steep hillside, so that the rear door enters the second story. A few rods farther up is a thick dark grove which crowns the hill. Stepping inside on the upper floor one finds himself in the kitchen, where still yawns a huge open fireplace. In the parlor, on the northeast, is another fireplace. The room has a hard finish and is carefully decorated in color. Between the eastern windows in

the middle of the decorative design is the name "Anna Tower," in clear, large letters to arouse one's curiosity. Across the hallway is the south room, which matches the parlor in size and formerly matched it in decoration, but a coat of whitewash has since marred its beauty. Between the windows here, there used to be the name "Stephen Tower," matching the one in the parlor. He was the owner of the place and Anna Tower was his wife.

The house is of little use now save for storage, though a party of campers took possession of it for two summers recently, and from the noise they made while at home it was to be presumed they thoroughly enjoyed the old place. A few years more seem destined to make it a gaunt, broken-in ruin, a home for bats and the little animals of the fields. A dis-



"NEBUCHADNEZZAR."

mal end, perhaps, and it may be it were best we look not at it too closely, but rather turn our eyes backward, and so if these notes serve to throw a few rays of sunshine from the more cheerful past about the decaying present they have answered their purpose.

C. J.

CHILDHOOD RECOLLECTIONS OF BRYANT.

"Very few people ever get so near his heart," said an old friend of William Cullen Bryant, as the poet pranced past the window, across the lawn, with a tiny, touseled girl perched upon his shoulder. Clinging by one encircling arm around the venerable head, with the other she emphasized her shrieks of delight while beating a vigorous tattoo with little heels on the watch-pocket below.

It was the climax of one of the many romps we had together during the two months of vacation which Bryant spent each year at the old home in his native town. Shy and unapproachable with the neighboring families, often reticent with those who knew him best, I found always a smile and kind word, even though I brought my mud pies to his study to be admired when he was hard

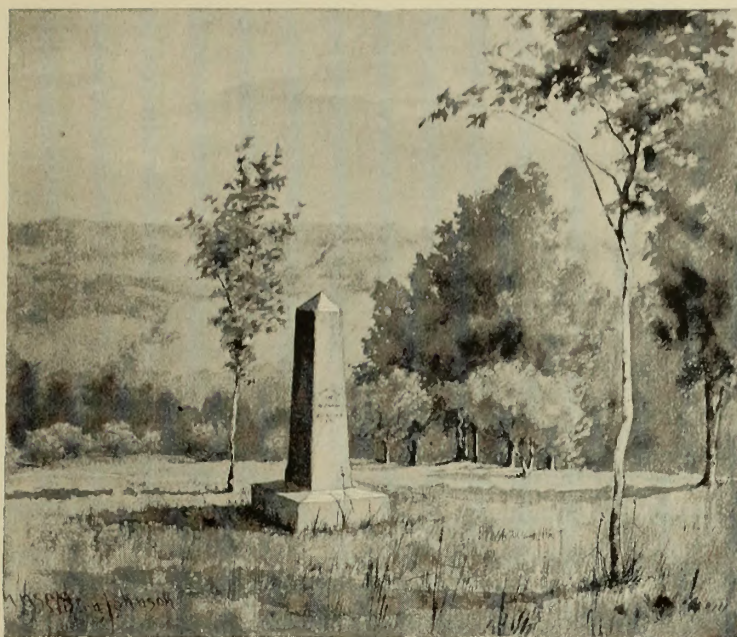


NOVEMBER AT THE BRYANT PLACE.

at work. Sometimes he tossed me into his waste basket and taking it to the door tilted it until I rolled out and knew that I must run away. Again he told me that I might stay if I would not talk—a sentence which he well knew would soon deprive him of my company—and then placing me on one corner of his writing table would read to me such queer words from books in which the letters all looked dizzy. Then all would be still save the scratching of his pen as it flew over the paper till I slipped off the table and out into the sunshine, or, having been very good, was rewarded by having both hands filled with "goodies" from the glass jar in the cupboard under the book shelves and munched contentedly while he wrote. Years afterward I learned that those queer words were Greek and that this was how Bryant translated the Iliad and the Odyssey. One rainy day after long hours of work with the study door shut tight he found me waiting as he came out and what a famous romp we had out on the piazza and through the halls, till he caught me and held me fast to rest. I nestled down and began "One, two," to which he replied, "Buckle my shoe," and humoring my whim



ONE END OF THE BRYANT WALL.



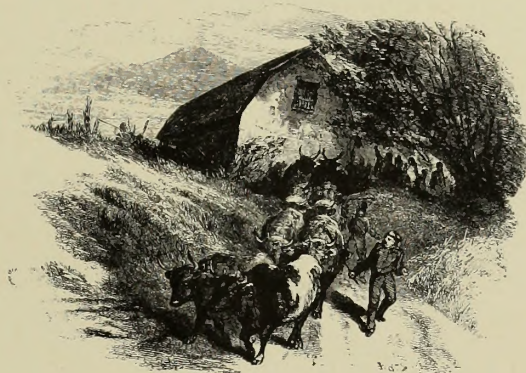
BRYANT'S BIRTHPLACE.

answered with original rhymes as I counted, far beyond the Mother Goose limit. Child lore would have been greatly enriched could those couplets have been preserved.

Through the long winters never a business letter was sent to the mountain home, be it ever so brief, but held a message for me and I counted the days before he would come, that in reply to the invariable question "What have you learned since I was here?" I might "surprise" him by "saying a piece he wrote his own self." In memory to his kindly heart let me say that he never failed to be "surprised." It was his custom to send to the pupils of the "Bryant schoolhouse" a basket of pears each year and the teachers talked to the little ones of the poet while they enjoyed his gift. One year a visiting friend suggested that instead of sending the pears to the children they should come to the homestead for their usual feast.

The invitation to a "pear festival" was accordingly sent and on the appointed day the whole school marched up the avenue. Attired in our very best, which added much to our feeling of constraint, and headed by the teacher, we passed through the big front door. At the right stood Mr. Bryant with his brother John. At the left stood Miss Gibson, who had planned the holiday, and to whom we were each presented.

Shy, country children, enduring our best clothes, we knew nothing of such formalities, but we had read thrilling accounts of running the gauntlet and felt that we had endured all the torture of that barbarous institution, and drew a long breath as we reached the cool sitting-room beyond. We at once placed ourselves around the room close to the wall and sat very straight, and looked and felt very uncomfortable. Mr. Bryant chatted with the teacher, questioned us concerning our progress and those of us who knew verses, rose and spoke them. Presently we were taken into the great dining-room, where the table was laid and the pears set forth. At the sight we partially regained our spirits and even began to whisper a bit among ourselves; but being very formally seated with a plate and knife we looked helplessly at Miss Gib-



MOVING THE DR. BRYANT OFFICE.

son, to know what to do. Miss Gibson took a pear and placed it on a plate. We each took a pear and placed it on a plate. Crackers came next, and as Miss Gibson took a cracker and laid it by her pear, each little imitator took a cracker and laid it by a pear. Miss Gibson took the knife in one hand and the pear in the other; pear and knife were instantly grasped by each watchful child; Miss Gibson pared her pear, and we all pared our pears; Miss Gibson ate cracker and pear, and we each ate cracker and pear. At this point tiny grapes, which had fallen from the clusters, were sent around and served to each with a spoon. Miss Gibson did not at once begin to eat grapes, so one small boy sitting at Mr. Bryant's left ventured to try what he could do without waiting for her; grasping his knife firmly, he balanced a beautifully rounded grape upon it and started to convey it to his mouth; the rest of us saw and fairly held our breaths. Up to this moment the older people had been too deeply interested in conversation to notice how we were getting on, but that upraised elbow, the vibrating wrist, the half-open, expectant mouth and the little grape balancing on the knife caught Mr. Bryant's eye, and he broke into such a hearty laugh, that grape and knife struck the plate with a crash. The confusion of the boy recalled him to his position as host and his kindly "Better try your fingers, my boy," was speedily taken advantage of by all. The ice once broken, the chatter began and when we had finished Mr. Bryant repeated one of his poems and sent us happily on our way and not with empty hands.

But all was not fun and frolic, even in vacation time. Many long quiet talks we had which became more



THE JOHONOTT BROOK.

serious and earnest as my head crept upward toward his shoulder. Many are the sweet recollections which I cherish of the loving friend; many the precepts which come to me always in the kind, soft tones and with the earnest inflections with which he first impressed them. Others can tell you of the poet and the journalist, I can only tell of the playmate and friend; Others revered him for his genius, I loved him for his quiet, kindly every-day living.

MARY E. DAWES.

EDITORIAL NOTE—William Cullen Bryant, it will be remembered, met with a fall which caused his death, in 1878. He had on the day of the accident attended

the exercises of unveiling the statue of Mazzini in Central park, New York, giving the address thereupon and returned to his office, walking with a friend, in company with the latter's little daughter, Mary, to whom he said, shortly before he reached his office, "I knew a little girl named 'Mary'



THE BRYANT SCHOOL-HOUSE.



THE OLD APPLE ORCHARD.

once, who used to repeat for me 'Robert of Lincoln.' [one of his poems] "Do you know it?" These were the last words Bryant ever spoke; a few moments later he slipped and fell, striking his head heavily on some stone steps and died a few days after.

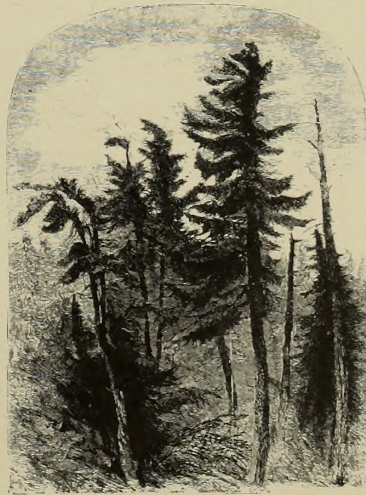
For explanation of the views on this and other pages, concerning the Bryant place, reference should be made to the article soon following, entitled, "A Ride About the County."

How a Poem was Written.

At the age of twenty-one years William Cullen Bryant was licensed to practice law in the courts of Massachusetts. It was not the calling for which he was



SITE OF FIRST CHURCH AND SCHOOL-HOUSE.



OLD HEMLOCKS

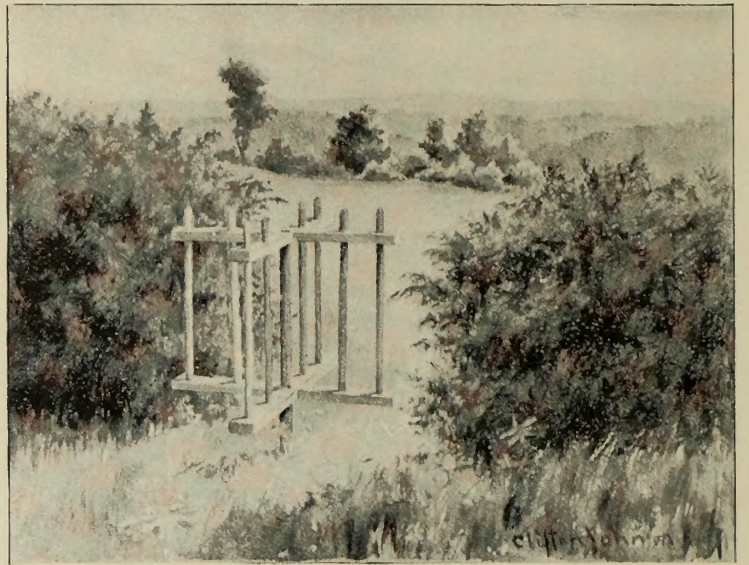
fitted; his nature was too shy and sensitive for the life of conflict by which lawyers win fame and fortune; but law seemed to him the readiest means of earning his bread, while literature, to which he would gladly have devoted himself, offered him the scantiest support.

While he and his father and the other members of his family were discussing where he should nail up the sign of "William C. Bryant, Attorney at Law," he walked over the

hills to Plainfield, a small village four or five miles distant from Cummington, where his father resided. The motive for the journey was to see what inducements the village offered for the practice of his profession.

He felt very "forlorn and desolate," for the world seemed dark and his future uncertain. The sun had set in a sea of chrysolite and opal, and he stopped to contemplate the brilliant sky. Suddenly he saw a solitary waterfowl winging its way along the horizon, and watched it until it was lost in the distance.

The contemplation gave him such a stimulus that he went on with new strength and courage, and when he reached the house where he was to stay for the night, he sat down and wrote the lines "To a Water-



THE TURNSTILE AND HEDGE.

The writer of the brief history of the town, as given in the Hampshire County Gazetteer says:

During the first years of settlement measures were taken to induce parties to purchase and build here. In September, 1764, the owners of the town agreed to give Charles Prescott one hundred acres of land if he would "build a saw-mill on the north end of lot No. 45." The old foundation may still be seen on the land of O. B. Bartlett, near the dwelling of Jacob Higgins. This was the first mill in town; but set back as it was on the hills, it soon gave way to the more substantial and easily accessible mills built on the river, which was then



ROARING BROOK IN THE WOODS.

fowl," the concluding verse of which expresses the hope imparted to him by the flight of the lone wanderer:

"He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright."

Mr. Bigelow's "Life of Bryant," to which we are indebted for the story of the poem's origin, also tells an anecdote illustrative of the admiration it excited in England.

Once when the late Matthew Arnold was in this country he was visiting at a house where Mr. Parke Godwin, Mr. Bryant's son-in-law, happened to spend an evening.

In the course of the conversation Mr. Arnold took up a volume of Mr. Bryant's poems from the table, and, turning to Mr. Godwin, said:

"This is the American poet," and after a pause he continued: "When I first heard of him, Hartley Coleridge—we were both lads then—came into my father's house one afternoon considerably excited, and exclaimed, 'Matt, do you want to hear the best short poem in the English language?'"

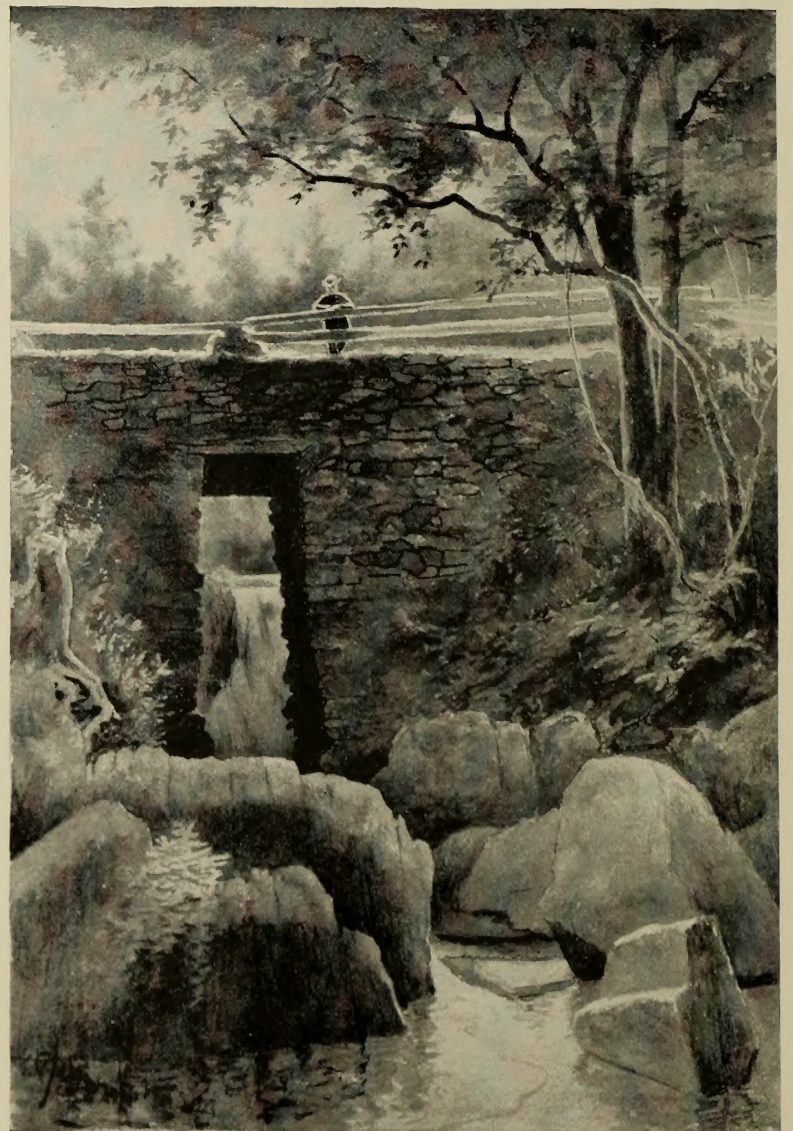
"Faith, Hartley, I do," was my reply. "He then read a poem 'To a Waterfowl' in his best manner, and he was a good reader. As soon as he had done he asked, 'What do you think of that?'" "I am not sure but you are right, Hartley. Is that your father's?" was my reply. "No," he rejoined, "father has written nothing like that." Some days after he might be heard muttering to himself:

"The desert and illimitable air,
Lone wandering, but not lost."

Yet this poem, which many persons deem the best the poet ever wrote, slept for three years in the author's portfolio, neither read, seen, nor even heard of by any other living soul.

MANUFACTURING IN THE HILL TOWNS.

It may seem strange to those familiar with the hill towns of today that manufacturing once flourished in some of them. This was notably the case in Cummington, which has always been more or less of a manufacturing as well as agricultural town.



CAUSEWAY OVER ROARING BROOK.



THE RIVERLET.





THE GATHERING STORM.

a much larger stream than at present. There were at one time two cotton and four or five woolen mills; but with the exception of one small woolen-mill these have all long since disappeared.

The following poems have been chosen from the works of William Cullen Bryant, with particular reference to our artist's illustrations on this page.

THE HURRICANE.

Lord of the winds! I feel thee nigh,
I know thy breath in the burning sky!
And I wait, with a thrill in every vein,
For the coming of the hurricane!

And lo! on the wing of the heavy gales,
Through the boundless arch of heaven he sails;
Silent and slow, and terribly strong,
The mighty shadow is borne along,
Like the dark eternity to come;
While the world below, dismayed and dumb,
Through the calm of the thick, hot atmosphere,
Looks up at its gloomy folds with fear.

They darken fast; and the golden blaze
Of the sun is quenched in the lurid haze,
And he sends through the shade a funeral ray—
A glare that is neither night nor day,
A beam that touches, with hues of death,
The clouds above and the earth beneath.
To its covert glides the silent bird,
While the hurricane's distant voice is heard
Uplifted among the mountains round,
And the forests hear and answer the sound.

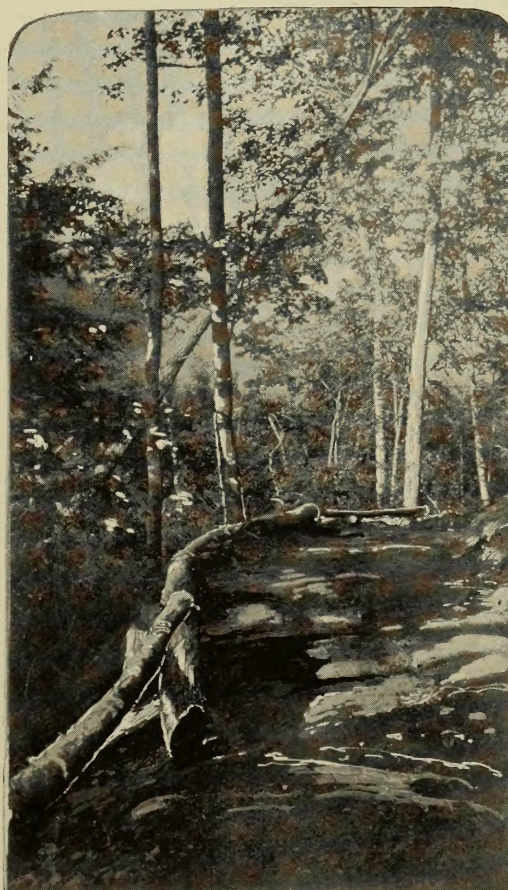
He is come! He is come! do ye not behold
His ample robes on the wind unrolled?
Giant of air! we bid thee hail!—
How his gray skirts toss in the whirling gale:
How his huge and writhing arms are bent
To clasp the zone of the firmament,
And fold at length, in their dark embrace,
From mountain to mountain the visible space.

Darker—still darker! the whirlwinds bear
The dust of the plains to the middle air:
And hark to the crashing, long and loud,
Of the chariot of God in the thunder-cloud!
You may trace its path by the flashes that start
From the rapid wheels where'er they dart,
As the fire-bolts leap to the world below,
And flood the skies with a lurid glow.

What roar is that?—'tis the rain that breaks
In torrents away from the airy lakes,
Heavily poured on the shuddering ground,
And shedding a nameless horror round.
Ah! well-known woods, and mountains and skies,
With the very clouds!—ye are lost to my eyes.
I seek ye vainly, and see in your place
The shadowy tempest that sweeps through space,
A whirling ocean that fills the wall
Of the crystal heaven, and buries all.
And I, cut off from the world, remain
Alone with the terrible hurricane.

INSCRIPTION FOR THE ENTRANCE TO A WOOD.

Stranger, if thou hast learned a truth which needs
No school of long experience, that the world
Is full of guilt and misery, and hast seen
Enough of all its sorrows, crimes, and cares,
To tire thee of it, enter this wild wood
And view the haunts of nature. The calm shade
Shall bring a kindred calm, and the sweet breeze
That makes the green leaves dance, shall waft a balm
To thy sick heart. Thou wilt find nothing here
Of all that pained thee in the haunts of men,
And made thee loathe thy life. The primal curse!
Fell, it is true, upon the unsinning earth,



A SHADY ROADWAY.

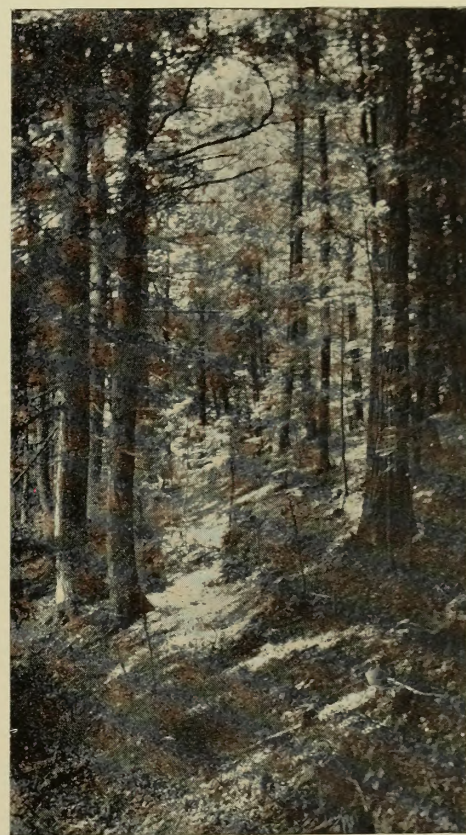
But not in vengeance. God hath yoked to guilt
Her pale tormentor, misery. Hence, these shades
Are still the abodes of gladness; the thick roof
Of green and stirring branches is alive
And musical with birds, that sing and sport
In wantonness of spirit; while below
The squirrel, with raised paws and form erect,
Chirps merrily. Throngs of insects in the shade
Try their thin wings and dance in the warm beam
That waked them into life. Even the green trees
Partake the deep contentment; as they bend
To the soft winds, the sun from the blue sky
Looks in and sheds a blessing on the scene.
Scarce less the cleft-born wild-flower seems to enjoy
Existence, than the winged plunderer
That sucks its sweets. The mossy rocks themselves
And the old and ponderous trunks of prostrate trees
That lead from knoll to knoll a causeway rude
Or bridge the sunken brook, and there dark roots,
With all their earth upon them, twisting high,
Breathe fixed tranquillity. The rivulet
Sends forth glad sounds, and tripping o'er its bed
Of pebbly sands, or leaping down the rocks,
Seems, with continuous laughter, to rejoice
In its own being. Softly tread the marge,
Lest from her midway perch thou scare the wren
That dips her bill in water. The cool wind,
That stirs the stream in play, shall come to thee,
Like one that loves thee, nor will let thee pass
Ungreeted, and shall give its light embrace.

A Picturesque Poem and Address.

DELIVERED BY EDWIN R. BROWN, OF ELMWOOD,
ILL., AT THE FARMERS' PICNIC IN WORTHINGTON,
AUG. 21, 1890.

Republished by Request.

"Ladies and gentlemen:—Out in Illinois I have been in the habit of bragging a little about my native hills and the people who dwell here. Sometimes



THE ENTRANCE TO A WOOD.

I have doubted whether the facts would fully bear me out. But it is all safe. I only wish my neighbors could stand for a moment on this platform, and look into this multitude of intelligent faces. Their first exclamation would be, 'Where are the hoodlums?' Illinois is a rich and noble state. One who knows, if anybody does says, 'When the Almighty made Illinois he picked his mud.' But I am prouder today than ever of the old Bay State. It is good to be here. To one who was born and reared on these hills, and has lived a generation or two on western prairies, it is glorious to let the sweet mountain wind fan his frosted brow once more. It is good for the gray-haired boys and girls to return



CASCADE OF A BROOK
BY THE WAYSIDE, ON
THE ROAD TO WIND-
SOR JAMS.



to the old stamping ground, and seek out, under the solemn disguise of wrinkled skin and whitened hair, the friend of other days. Even the names of the localities in your society are music to my ear, for this whole region is thickly festooned with pleasant, sad, or comical associations. The old names, 'Worthington Corners,' 'Chesterfield Hollow,' 'Spruce Corner,' 'Ashfield Plain,' 'Tin Pot,' 'Lightning-bug,' 'The Bush,' 'Edge of Hawley,' etc., how they bring up the days when all this region hummed with little factories, and each township, no matter how small, was a miniature republic, and had its own representative in the great and general court that sat under the gilded codfish in Boston state-house.

"I know something of what farm work is, or rather what it was, in this rugged region. It was to be up at four o'clock, milking, or grinding scythes or axes, hustling through breakfast, and out in the field by six o'clock. It is pleasant to know that farmers are more sensible now, that hours are shorter and the work easier.

"Nothing surprises me on this visit so much as the excellence of your crops. You make twice as much butter as formerly, and it costs the farmer's wife and daughters only half as much labor. You cut more grass, and of a better quality.

Your cornfields, to be sure, look like sample cards, but the crop is splendid. As for potatoes, we supplied you last year, you must supply us this year.

"I appreciate the difficulties to be overcome; but the western farmer has his peculiar trials, too; and I am glad of it, for manhood is only developed by struggle. Where food is produced spontaneously, and shelter is unnecessary, there men become nerveless and insignificant. The fact is, you enjoy a thousand conveniences and privileges that the prairie

farmer knows nothing of, and that you, I fear, fail to appreciate. The western pioneer farmer (I do not speak of those who take along a 'pile' with which to 'make their pile,') lives in an unshaded pine box and, as Col. Ingersoll says, has nine children and one skillet. Most of the children sleep under the hot roof, and come out in the morning all gone but 'rine!' I do not forget your six months of snow, the freshets of spring, the frosts of September, the short and precarious summer, or the woodchuck, the coon, the crow, the beetle and the worm that seem to form an allied

army, expressly to worry the poor farmer. But it is good discipline and on the other hand, the scenery is worth a liber-

al salary, the winding roads are bowers of beauty, your houses are full of comfort, and your springs and streams are beyond compare. Out in the San Joaquin Valley, California, I saw a single wheat field which would reach from Worthington to Albany without a break. On that estate there was one great residence, and many barracks for mules, reapers and men. As for me, I would rather live on the ragged "Edge" of Hawley's rockiest farm, than in such a state of society as naturally must exist on that California estate.

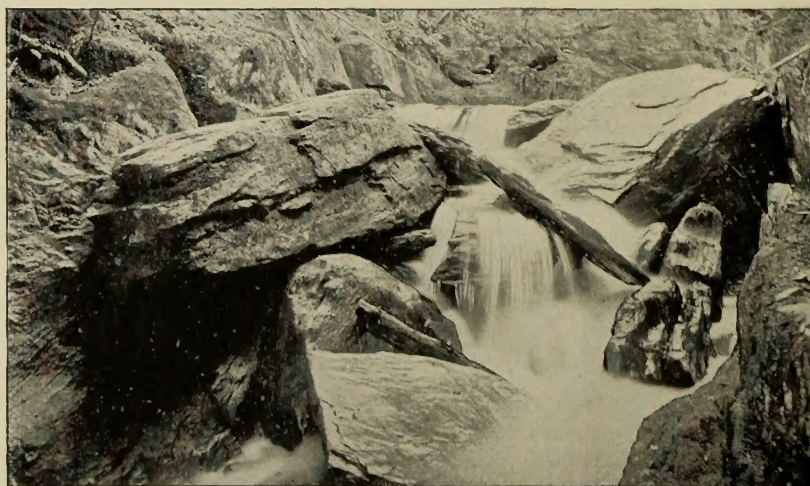
"Now, ladies and gentlemen, allow me to dish up briefly for you, in rhyme, my favorite fruit, the apple. I call my little poem, 'Apple Dumplings,' and it shall be my good-bye to you, to this delightful rustic scene, to this panoramic sweep of hills, and to the dear mountain brooks that today whisper unutterable things to me, as they did long years ago to my boyish imagination.

DUMPLING NO. I.

THE APPLE IS KING.

I sing not the fruitage of old Yucatan,
The citrns of Spain, or the plums of Japan;
The Florida orange may grow in the south;
The peach of New Jersey may melt in your mouth;
The broad-breasted quince has a heavenly smell,

With fruit at whose tartness a blue jay would scream,
The "Dub Stem," the "Long Stem" and "Watercote Sweet."
"Spice Apple and Pig Nose,"—O, what a rich treat
To the hungry boy's teeth in the brave long ago,
A relish no well-pampered palate can know.



ROCKS AND WATER, WINDSOR JAMS.

And I love California apricots well;
Bananas of Nassau and Malaga grapes,
In clustering richness and ravishing shapes—
They're beautiful all, but bepraise them who will,
A ruddy old monarch out-ranks them all still;
A fruit universal, coeval with man;
'Tis the blessed old apple; galsay it who can.

DUMPLING NO. II.

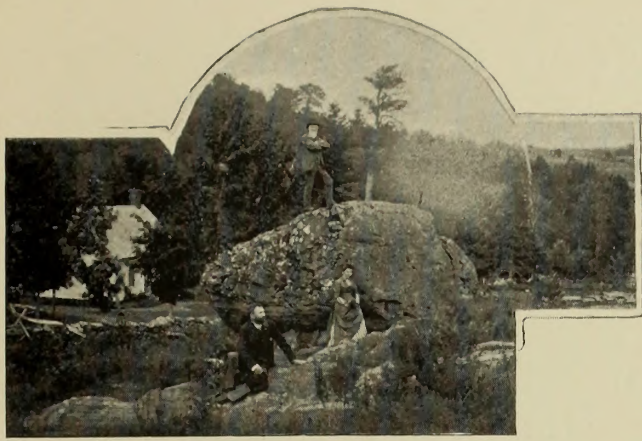
SOME NAMED VARIETIES.

Of the spherical beauties inspiring my verse,
It makes my mouth water the names to rehearse;
It calls up the flavors, the scents and the joys
Of seedlings beloved by the bare-footed boys;
The tree by the roadside, the scrub by the stream,

Boys claimed them and named them, and boys, with the worm
And the squirrel, were joined in an apple-grab firm;
And the names of the ruby-cheeked seedlings we knew
To shape and to flavor were fitting and true,
Even the catalogue names it is pleasant to hear,
Which glibly the peddler pours into your ear.
There's the famous "Fameuse,"—she's Canadian, you know,—
In a bright crimson vest wraps her bosom of snow;
The "Roman Stem," every-day, plain and humdrum,
And the "Maiden's Blush," tender and juicy (yum, yum!)
The acid old spinster, the "Bellefleur Yellow,"



WINDSOR JAMS, LOOKING DOWN.



THE CAMPBELL ROCK.

Looks down with contempt on that kindly old fellow,
The "Rombo," and warns him to keep proper distance,
While "Jonathan" laughs at her threats of resistance.
Respectable "Baldwin" gets red in the face,
But swears by Pomona's whole catalogued race
That naught but sweet cider he smells of or touches,
But leaves "Sops of Wine" to the "Oldenberg Duchess."

DUMPLING NO. III.

THE TREE AGENT.

Yes, 'tis music to list to the tree-peddler's lingo,
And yet, if Beelzebub needs him, by jingo,
I'll warrant his cheek, and so every man will,
To make old Be—elzy a capital anvil.
That tree agent cheeky, with samples entrancing,
I dreamt that I saw him on nothing a dancing;
His dear little order book, nailed to his breast,
This legend bore: "Peddlers must give us a rest."
In Peter's strange vision there came down a sheetful
Of queer-looking creatures, a nondescript streetful;
But in mine there was only a peddling defaulter
Let down from a tree by retributive halter.

DUMPLING NO IV.

THE ORCHARD.

The old-fashioned orchard in memory dear,
Its bloom is the glory of all the round year;
There never may loiter with innocent lass,
And no one shall startle with "Keep off the grass!"
There the oriole flashes in black and bright gold,
While cat bird and blue jay with jealousy scold.
And well you may know, by the clubs in its top,
What tree bears the earliest, toothsomest crop.
Her tent in the branches the canker worm pitches—
A tent-maker skillful who never drops stitches,—
Her children uncounted squirm forth from the nest
To gorge on green leafage and never to rest
Till the farmer's old musket invites them to stop,
Or the woodpecker gobbles them into his crop.

DUMPLING NO. V.

THE APPLE PARING BEE.

I recall now the days when 'twas Puritan creed
In garret and cellar to store against need:
Dried boneset for sickness, and pork for the spider,
Blue yarn for mittens, and jars of boiled cider;
But chief in the list was the rich "apple sass,"
Well flavored with quinces or wild sassafras,
Not less than a barrel to last all the year,—
On company days 'twas the pride of our cheer.
To its making the matron invited a legion,
The rusties and maidens of all the wide region,
Like "quillings," or "raisings," and "huskings" so free;
But best of them all was the famed "Apple Bee."
There swift fly the hours, full of innocent mirth,
There pedigree plays second fiddle to worth,
There Jane with pink fingers sweet apples is paring,
While Jonathan quarters and cores, often daring
A long coil of peeling to toss o'er his head,
To fall in initials as fateful when read
As the Delphian Oracle's awe-striking token,—
Two J's in a looping that cannot be broken,
When the sun of October paints leafage and apple
With russet and crimson and brindle and dapple,
And, mixing fresh tints on a calm evening sky,
Puts a flush on the "Fulton" and stripes on the "Spy."
How fragrant the heaps that for cellar or mill
Lie under the trees, and the wonder grows still
That families small many barrels must store
Of cider,—for vinegar,—same as of yore!
E'en the cider mill teaches of nature the law,
Some blessings are sweetest when
drawn through a straw:
The smaller the apple the redder
the skin,
The better the cider that's hidden
within.

DUMPLING NO. VI.

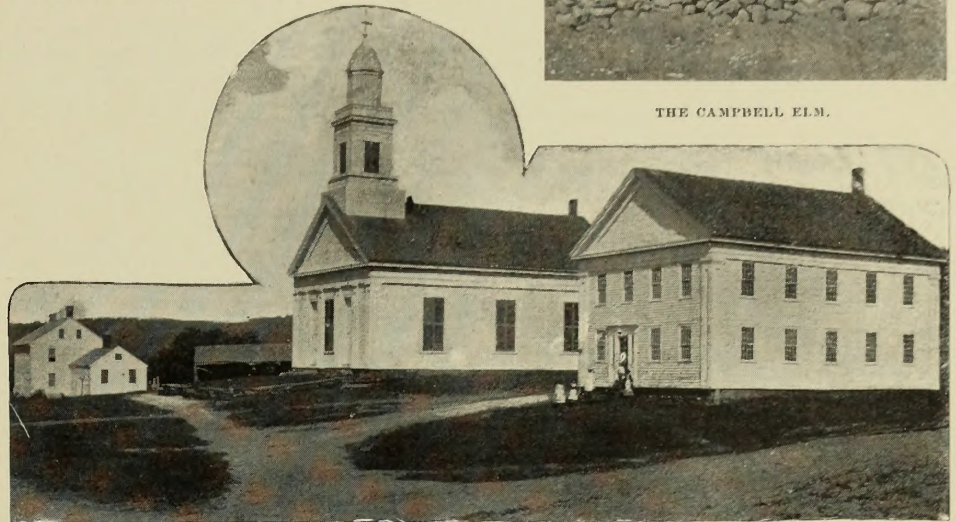
APPLE PIE.

O the hot apple pie! 'tis a work
of high art,
Regaling the senses and warming
the heart.
Now list, while I give you a pre-
cious prescription
For building a pie worth the
poet's description:
Right deftly the fruit, tart and
tender bestow
on a wide snowy sheet of the
liveliest dough,
White sugar and nutmeg 'stiff on
with neat fingers;

Touch lightly, work quickly,—no true artist lingers:—
Next a slice of sweet butter, some cinnamon dust,
And now with dexterity lay the top crust,
And away to the oven, thence to appear
In a cloud of rich fragrance, the table to cheer,
'Tis the Yankee's delight; but to make it complete
There's an old and wise adage, I beg to repeat,
That the best apple pie, if it's served without cheese,
Is like giving a kiss, and—omitting the squeeze!
When work is all done, quick they sweep every scrap up,
And round the big chimney the old game of "snap up!"



THE CAMPBELL ELM.



CHURCH AND TOWN HALL, PLAINFIELD.

Rolls on through the best room, hall, spare room and kitchen.
Till gran'ther's cracked voice cries, "Look out for the brit-
chin!"
Then the jolly old fiddle, oft counted profane,
Shrieks out with a lively old "shave-her-down" strain,
"Zip Coon," "Soldier's Joy," or "Virginia Reel,"
With a shuffle of pumps and a clatter of heel,
Till the welcome announcement, "Refreshment is nigh!"
Great pitchers of cider and acres of pie!

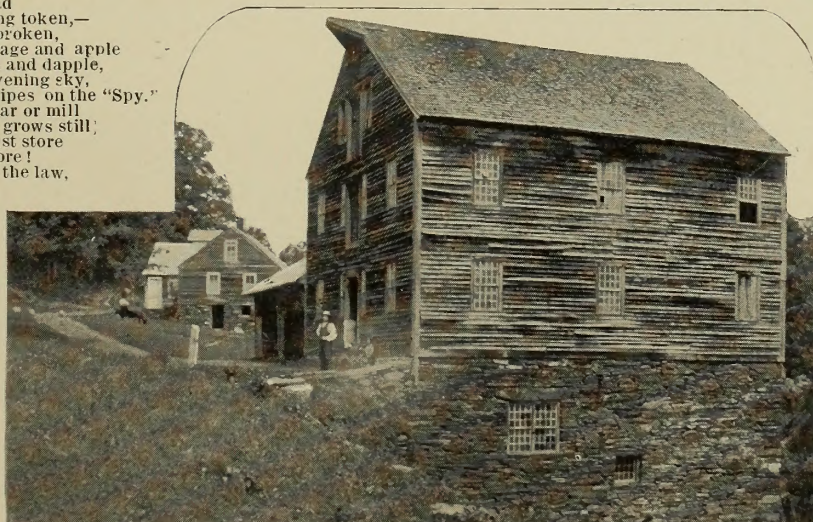
DUMPLING NO. VII AND LAST.

When Jupiter had his "swell wedding," we're told,
Hesperian maidens brought apples of gold
By the apronful, love for the gay bride to prove,
And a smile of approval to win from old Jove.
But what, pray, are apples of gold to compare
With the "Astrachan" juicy, or "McIntosh" rare?
Then cheers for King Apple, red, golden and streaked,
Elliptical, spheroidal, spheroid or peaked,
Sub-acid, mild, bitter, or spiced like sweet pickle,
Or sour that would sharpen the teeth of a sickle,—
Hurrah for King Apple! for pleasure or gain,
For health and for beauty, O long may he reign!

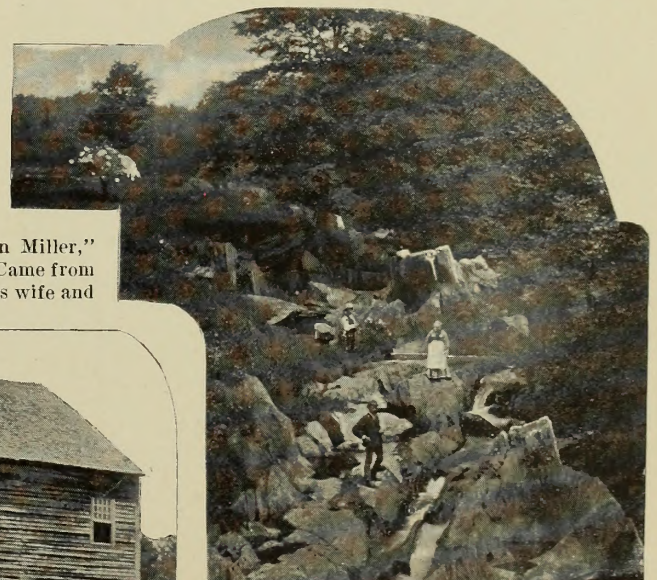
THE MOUNTAIN MILLER.

Explanatory matter concerning the
illustrations generally on these and other
pages may be found in the article headed
"A Ride About the County," but the fol-
lowing brief sketch of the "Mountain
Miller" of Plainfield is from the pen of
Rev. Solomon Clark:

Joseph Beals, known as the "Mountain Miller,"
united with the Plainfield church in 1792. Came from
Bridgewater, and settled here in 1776, with his wife and



MILL OF THE MOUNTAIN MILLER.



STREAM THAT RUNS THE MOUNTAIN MILL.

years. Numbers resorted thither for special
conversation. It became a noted spot. Trou-
bled ones there found help. The church elected
him one of the deacons in 1803. He died ten
years later at the age of sixty-one. For more
than half a century, people in various countries
have read the story of his life. In 1831 the
American Tract society published the "Moun-
tain Miller," a popular and useful tract. With-
in a year 140,000 copies were circulated. Soon a
larger edition was issued. Societies in other
lands published the same. How many editions

have been given to the world we cannot say. It has gone to the ends of the earth. The instances of its usefulness would fill a volume. This example shows that a quiet community on the hills, not rich as judged by a material standard, may send out an influence for good that shall bless multitudes in distant parts of the earth.

"BEING A BOY."

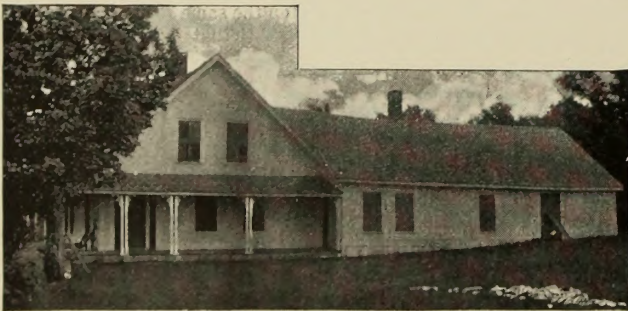
One of the best things in the world to be is a boy; it requires no experience, though it needs some practice to be a good one. The disadvantage of the position is that



BEING A BOY.

it does not last long enough; it is soon over; just as you get used to being a boy, you have to be something else, with a good deal more work to do and not half so much fun.

No other boy knows how to appreciate a holiday as the farm boy does; and his best ones are of a peculiar kind. Going fishing is of course one sort. The excitement of rigging up the tackle, digging the bait, and the anticipation of great luck; these are pure pleasures, enjoyed because they are rare. Boys who can go a-fishing any time care but little for it. Tramping all day through brush and brier, fighting flies and mosquitoes, and branches that tangle the line, and snags that break



BIRTHPLACE OF CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

the hooks, and returning home late and hungry, with wet feet and a string of speckled trout on a willow twig, and having the family crowd out at the kitchen door to look at 'em, and say "Pretty well done for you, bub; did you catch that big one yourself?"—this is pure happiness, the like of which the boy will never have again, not if he comes to be selectman and deacon and to "keep store."

If there is one thing more than another that hardens the lot of the farmer boy it is the grindstone. Turning grindstones to grind scythes is one of those heroic but unobtrusive occupations for which one gets no credit. It is a hopeless kind of task, and, however faithfully the crank is turned, it is one that brings little reputation.

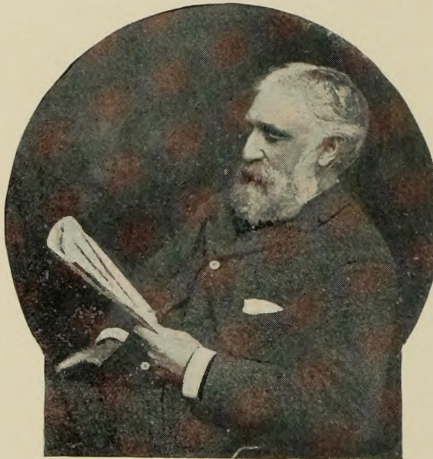
O, it was nothing to do, just turn the grindstone a few minutes for this one and that one before breakfast; any "hired man" was authorized to order the boy to turn the grindstone. How they did bear on, those great strapping fellows! Turn, turn, turn, what a weary go it was. For my part I used to like a grindstone that "wobbled" a good deal on its axis, for when I turned it fast, it put the grinder on a lively lookout for cutting his hands, and entirely satisfied his desire that I should "turn faster." It was some sport to make the water dy and wet the grinder, suddenly starting up quickly

and surprising him when I was turning very slowly. I used to wish sometimes that I could turn fast enough to make the stone fly into a dozen pieces. Steady turning is what the grinders like and any boy who turns steadily, so as to give an even motion to the stone, will be much praised and will be in demand. I advise any boy who desires to do this sort of work to turn steadily.—From Charles Dudley Warner's "Being a Boy."

A RIDE ABOUT THE COUNTY.

Now, naturally curious readers, you are interested to know more about the pictures. When the old-fashioned panorama of childhood days was unfolded in the town hall, the lecturer with his long pointer, was the guiding genius of the occasion, but with scenes so near at hand as these, all we want is the serviceable horse and carriage which accommodated us in our ride about Northampton. A personal view of the scenes depicted in these pages, will certainly be conceded to be "the thing," by all the friends who accompanied us in our "about town" trip. Therefore, as many of you as can, jump in and come along with us.

We are going to Hatfield, first, which is, next to



CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

Northampton and Hadley, the prettiest "elm-bowered" town in the county. This was the home of Oliver and Sophia Smith, who founded the Smith Charities and Smith college, also of Caleb Cooley Dickinson, founder of the Dickinson hospital. It is the home of many other men of generous hearts and liberal hands. Just as we enter the town we shall notice an odd scene on the left by the roadside—a colored family's cabin, which looks,



THE BOY'S RAINY DAY PRIVILEGE.

for all the world like a bit of the "sunny south" transplanted to the north. Look for this picture on page 32. What a contrast with the representative "Hampshire Homestead," further on the road. The "Hubbard elm" is a graceful type of this beautiful tree family. The old tavern (the Hubbard



THE FARM GRINDSTONE.

inn) now a private residence, is a conspicuous landmark of the town. Perhaps the best exhibition of arching old elms is made on Hatfield's Elm street, as depicted in the first engraving on page 33. But a few feet from this point of view, our artist caught the pretty "Door-yard" scene. Turning to the left, beyond the Hubbard elm, we shall soon come to Major Shattuck's pistol factory. The elms on Main street make another beautiful picture and this quaint old homestead is known as the "Lew" Dickinson place. Hatfield was the birthplace of Artist Elbridge Kingsley, and the old house where he was born is shown to strangers with natural pride by citizens. The picture of "Kingsley at work," taken by our artist, is a good one, and if we could only catch him with his ear, at dinner with some of his boon artist companions, we should see some such scene as that here depicted. Who has not found just such a hay-field scene; the picture seems to show forth the intense heat of an ideal hay-making day. Then that boy in the door-way; there's quite a story about that boy—depend upon it. Is he waiting for "something to turn up," for a "chum" to come along, or to be driven to school or sent on an errand? Kingsley probably personated in these situations more than once, like so many boys before him—indeed, in his charming "Recollections," he gives us to understand as much. Let us look at these interesting antiquities. Similar articles may be found in almost any old New England town, but those pictured in these pages were brought out and displayed at the two hundredth anniversary, last year, of the Indian fight. Some of the best specimens were from the family collections of Thaddeus Graves and Samuel P. Billings. The old flint-lock musket and powder-flask are not so very long out of use, nor the old candle-sticks either. Many Hatfield households boast a "grandfather's clock," but few can show the fine collection of old china and blue figured pottery arranged on these buffet shelves. The Franklin stoves and high-backed chairs are still useful and the latter are coming into fashion again. As there is very little cooking done in the old-fashioned fire-place, the old-time heavy and cumbersome utensils are seldom used. The flax and spinning-wheel, reel, and the foot-warmer which our grand-parents used to take to church



A GLIMPSE OF THE PLAINFIELD CEMETERY.

—the old hearth itself, with grandfather's forsaken, broken-down chair—what stories these mute relics of by-gone days might tell, if they could! This antique door-way of an old deserted house—what a beautiful frame-work it might make for the many associations that have been connected with it! A view of a corner in the old village cemetery fittingly follows our study of the antiquities.

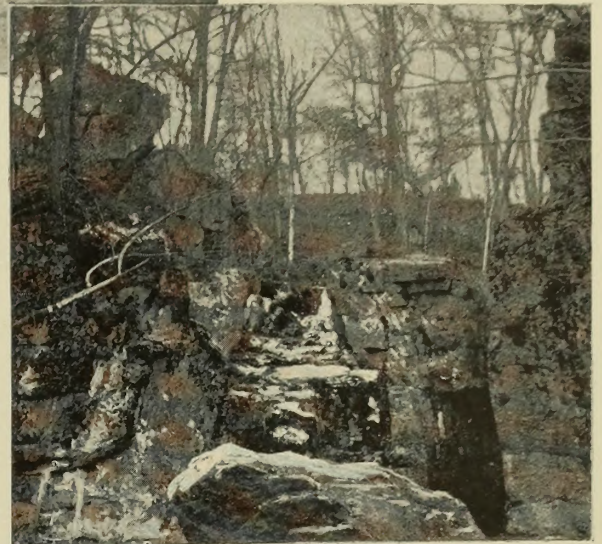
But West Hatfield is a thriving part of this old-fashioned town; let us drive over and look about and above there a little. There is a neat little chapel at the west village, and an air of enterprise and thrift. Then passing up through the "Pantry" district (said to have taken its name from "pine-tree") we come to a succession of picturesque scenes on and about Champion Dickinson's place, at North Hatfield. This is a favorite resort of picnic and sleighing parties. In the latter case the participants stop at the hospitable quarters always ready for them and "Uncle Champ" provides all that a good host should. The pond, dam, cascade and flume effects are all very pretty; "Uncle Champ" thinks they are ahead of Whately Glen, and we shall not dispute with him. Who has not seen somewhere the characteristic country school group on page 38. This was taken not a thousand miles from Hatfield.

Now, gentle reader, and fair traveling companions,



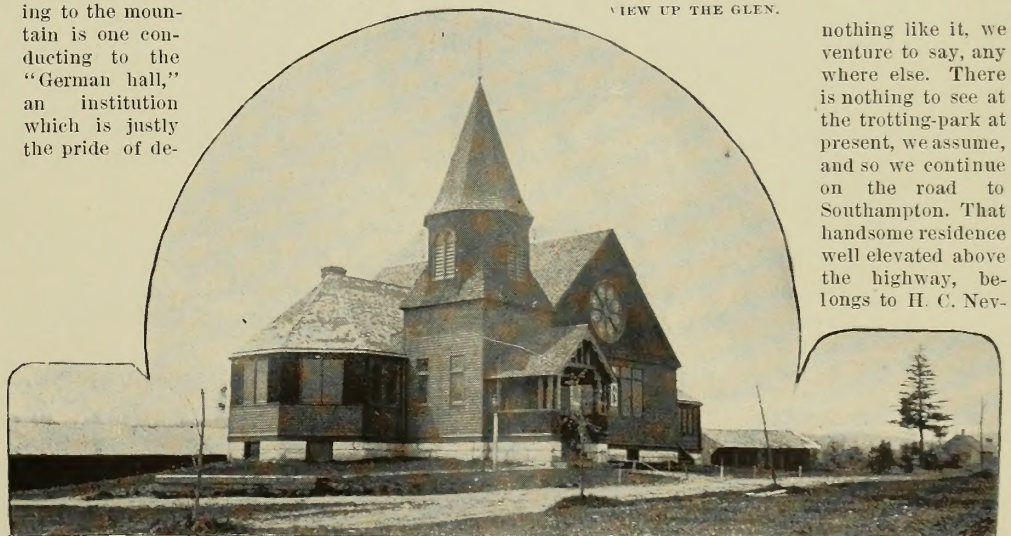
LOOKING DOWN WORTHINGTON GLEN.

mens of country public architecture, and a walk down the streets shows that the art of landscape gardening is not neglected by owners of private residences. The cemetery is well cared for and in Easthampton, evidently, are a people who take great pride in making their village look neat and beautiful. Looking north on Main street we see the old church, high school building and a small park, and now let us drive towards the mountain which frowns so high above the town on the east. Here is the highest point on the Mount Tom range, and yet over it, or rather, part way up its side, is a very good road to Holyoke, from which a fine view of the surrounding country may be obtained. Just before turning off on the road leading to the mountain is one conducting to the "German hall," an institution which is justly the pride of de-



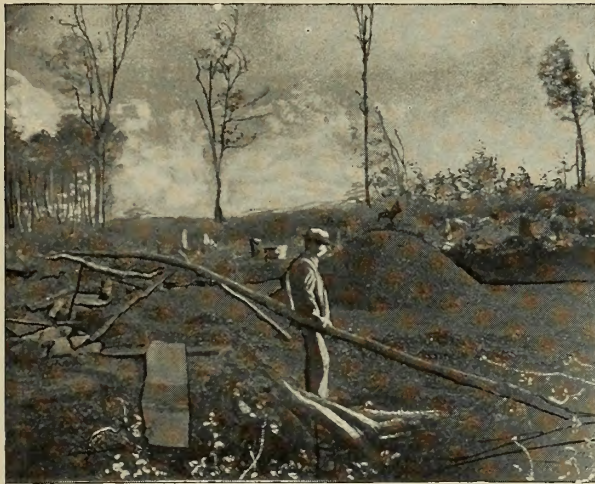
VIEW UP THE GLEN.

nothing like it, we venture to say, any where else. There is nothing to see at the trotting-park at present, we assume, and so we continue on the road to Southampton. That handsome residence well elevated above the highway, belongs to H. C. Nev-



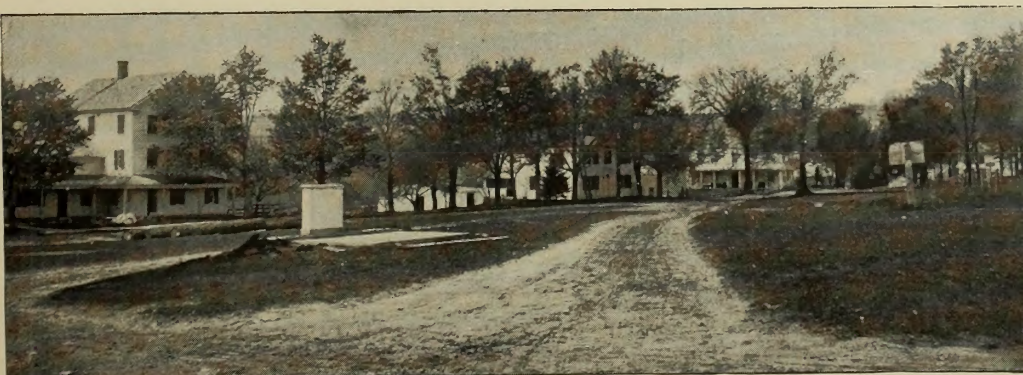
WORTHINGTON CHURCH.

ins. The only presentable view of the village of Southampton is from the hill, looking at the rear of buildings below, but this does not give a correct idea of the territory covered by the township. Some of it lies on plain and some on mountain. Like Northampton, Southampton boasts its "Paradise," which is three quarters of a mile from the center, south, near Lyon's Mills, and west off the highway leading to Westfield from Southampton. It is a beautiful drive about where the picture of "Paradise" was taken, and the drive and scenery continue on for a half mile. There are quite a number of places in the town which entitle it to a more considerable space in these pages than we can afford to give it. The "brook" scene given herein is a pen and ink sketch from nature, and the view of the "Manhan" is of more than ordinary interest, either in the picture or in direct view from the carriage. The home of S. B.

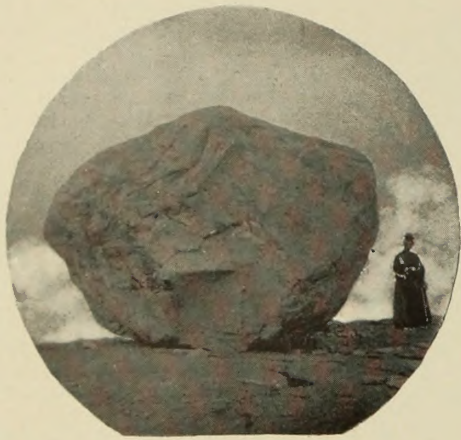


A CHARCOAL PIT.

we have reached the northern confines of the county. We should like to take you over the line to Whately Glen, but that would not be "Picturesque Hampshire," and we must draw the line somewhere, as we have our hands full now. So we gather up the reins again, and returning to Northampton, we "strike out" on the southern side of the city for Easthampton, a town which, with no remarkable natural advantages, has been made, by the hand of man, one of the handsomest in the county. Good roads and well kept sidewalks are the glory of this township. Williston seminary is its noted educational institution, and the good character and sobriety of the inhabitants make it a pretty safe place to send young men to. The brick-yard, "half-way," "pasture and mountain" scenes will be recognized by all who have driven to the little town on the "Manhan," and a fairer view than that which is presented to the eye as one enters the town, with outlined spires against the horizon, cannot be offered by any New England town of these times. Easthampton's Main street is representative of its culture, intelligence and business capacity, outside of its manufacturing. The town hall and public library are more than ordinary speci-



WORTHINGTON "CORNERS."



GREAT ROCK AT MIDDLEFIELD.

Quigley, on Pomeroy mountain, is a very quaint place. It is on the south slope of this eminence, which at the northern end is higher than either Mts. Tom or Holyoke. The highest point can be reached on foot or horseback.

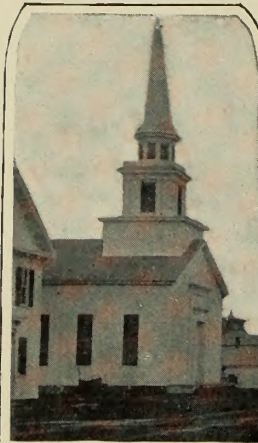
The "Manhan falls" are on the road leading from S. B. Quigley's house to what is known as the Isaac Parsons place.

In returning from Southampton we shall pass over the rustic bridge shown on page 42, if we take the right road, but "the Farm Pet," we may or may not see, as it happens. "In the Fields after the Rain," is a suggestive combination of water, sunlight and shadow

shall find Norwich ponds, a famous fishing resort, in the town of Huntington, but the village of the latter name lies so far to the south (about five miles) that we had better postpone our trip to it until later. The village of Norwich, in the town of Huntington, is, however, only a mile from the ponds.

Now let us make a start for the hills in the western part of the county. You may think you have been climbing pretty considerable hills already, but wait and see. "We go in," as an Adirondack guide would say, at Roberts Meadow. This is the most interesting and shortest route to Chesterfield. One of our prettiest pictures, of an old deserted mill, was made on this road. It is now up hill and down hill into Chesterfield, where one

who is a stranger and wants information, is sure to be welcomed by good Dea. Baker or Wm. Bancroft and J. D. Stall. Mr. Bancroft has a "curiosity shop" worth visiting if he will permit you the favor, and he



THE COUNTRY MAIL-BOX.



ON THE HILL AT MIDDLEFIELD CENTER.



GLENDALE FALLS, MIDDLEFIELD, LOOKING UP.

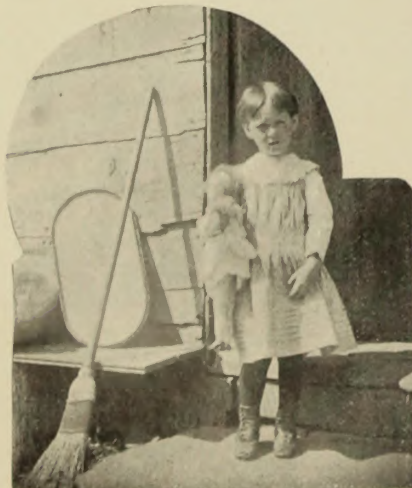
enjoys pointing out places of interest in the view from the hill, and here you are 1350 feet above sea level. Rev. John W. Chadwick and M. B. Bryant have summer homes here, and while there is no hotel, some good people in the village take summer boarders, and fortunate are they who fall under the care of such excellent providers as are these Chesterfield people. Ex-Congressman Whiting's estate is in this village and the house shows prominently in the engraving. Mr. Stall manages the place for Mr. Whiting, who is now attending, with his son, to his great paper interests in Holyoke, and whose advertisement in this issue (preceding the third page of the cover) we feel specially called upon to invite our reader's attention to, and we do so without any solicitation or knowledge on his part.

From Chesterfield hill to West Chesterfield, or the "Hol'ow," as it is sometimes called, is a pleasant drive, down hill all the way, and about half a mile before we reach the foot we will water our horse at the watering-trough pictured in the pen and ink sketch in our "Introductory." As we near the valley we shall get a glimpse, through the trees, of as fair a scene as mortal man ever set eyes upon. The village is a small one, but the Westfield river winds gracefully through the narrow valley, with towering hills on either side. A new iron bridge now spans the river in place of the old wooden one, dear in the memory of many old inhabitants. The "trout brook" shown on page 45 is in quite another direction, on the road to Huntington, in the town of Chesterfield, but about three miles from the center. The "rocking-stone" and stone monument of the government survey are also more in that direction; Canada mountain is, in fact, in the town of Westhampton, about two miles south of Hanging Mountain, "as the crow flies." There are fine views here, and the "rocking-stone" is so nicely balanced that it can be easily moved with the hand.

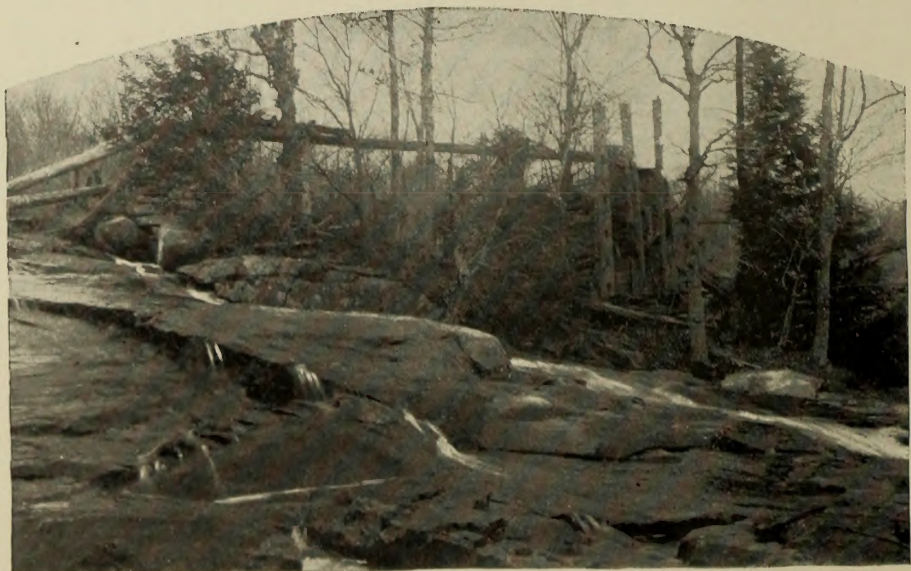
effect from one of "Old Probabilities'" many odd and curious phases.

Approaching the center of the village of Westhampton from the west imagine, if you can, a more captivating scene! High up the hill over which runs a winding road, stands the white spire of the pretty village church. Prosperous farm houses line the side of the road, orchard,

creek and meadow on either side, lend color, heighten the effect of the scene, and then at the top of the hill bursts into view the very bud and promise of what must evidently be a representative rural New England village, and so it is. Westhampton is simply this: a modest, retired town, nestled in and on the hills, made up of sober, industrious farming people. The "Hill-Town Home" and "Starting for School" are suggestive bits of character in this vicinity. Over the hills, but a few miles away, we



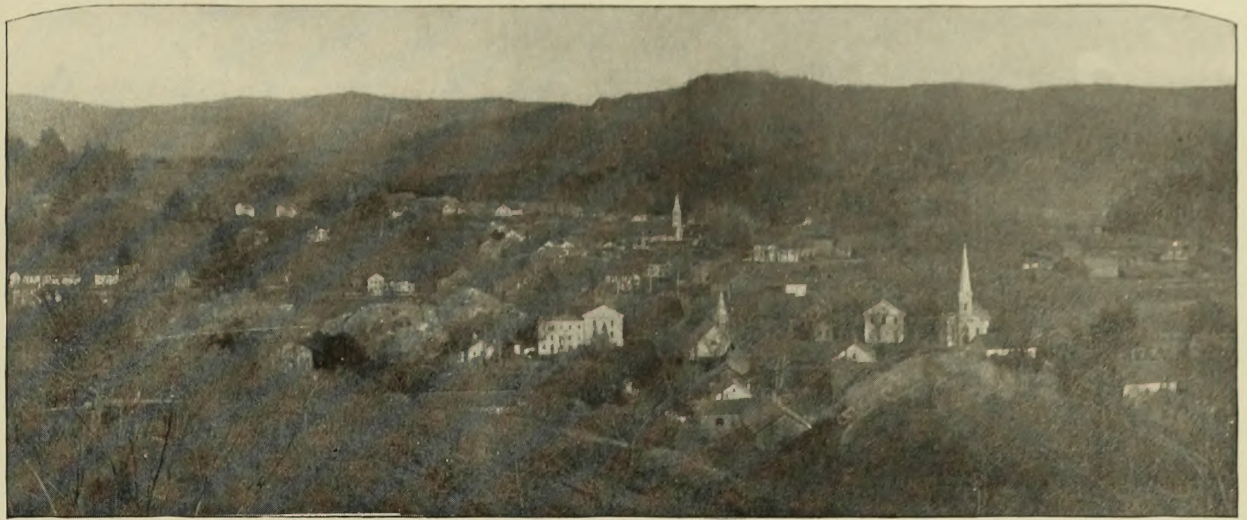
SOMEWHAT INQUISITIVE.



LOOKING OVER THE ROCKY BED OF GLENDALE FALLS, IN A DRY SEASON.

But to return to West Chesterfield. Here the views along the Stevens brook and the Westfield river are superb. The peculiarly washed and worn rock may be seen here in the bed of the river near the house of Fred I. Cleveland, and the gorge is down the valley of the Westfield river about two miles. Then, two miles to the west, on the road to Worthington, a wild view in the rear of Stevens' mill may be seen. There family picnic parties often come, and as it is a small, secluded spot, it is well fitted for them. In spring-time we shall often see "sugar camps" along the roadside in this section of the country—Chesterfield and Cummington abound with them, and maple sap-gathering has now become a scientific work—the "small boy" in the family no longer drinking a large share of the product, as often happened when maple sugar was made on a small scale.

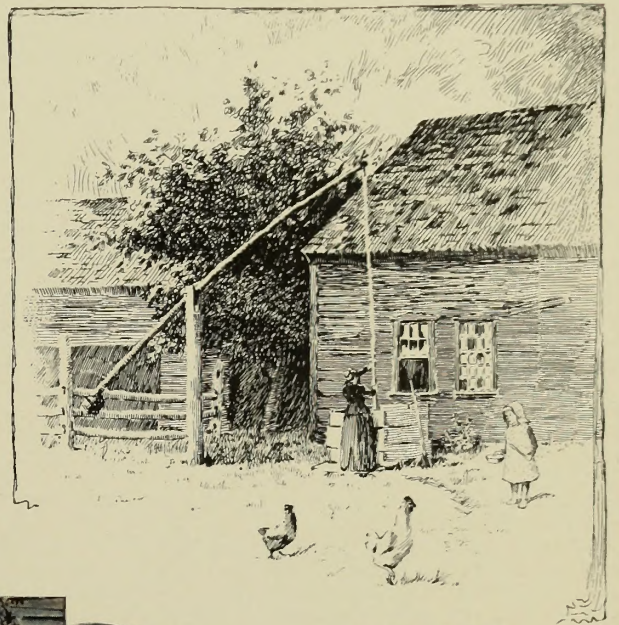
Who has not seen some such "pasture gate-way" as that pictured by our artist? No particularly sharp eyes are required to find it, and how natural in another pic-



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF HUNTINGTON, FROM THE HILL.

ture is the attitude of the father of the family, as he turns to the inquiry of his wife, "Have you fed the pigs?"

But leaving, for the nonce, character sketches behind, let us turn our carriage in the direction of Cummington. This is but five miles drive, most of the way over a gently ascending road. Near the fair grounds of that excellent and most successful of the county's agricultural organizations, the Hillside society, we drive rapidly down a pretty hill roadway and find ourselves on the main street of Cummington. Two churches, a hotel, the town hall, a public library and schoolhouse are here and the village is neatly laid out, lawns running to the street, without fences, and though lying in a narrow valley, all the homesteads are arranged on a generous scale. We are indebted to James R. Gilfillan for the picture of the village obtained for this work. It was taken from the "Pinnacle," a high hill overlooking the town. From this point also can be seen the Bryant place and the Bryant library. At one time Cummington was quite a manufacturing place, as elsewhere noted. It had also seven churches and in the height of the anti-slavery agitation this town was the hot-bed of "abolitionism." Garrison, Burleigh and Pillsbury made these old hills ring with their eloquence



THE WELL SWEEP.

lage of West Cummington, but there are beautiful views on the route. Dr. Peter Bryant's office (now occupied as a tenement by a colored family,) may be seen about a mile out, and next comes the little hamlet of "Lightning-Bug." The brook, bridge and old peustock scene pictured by our artist, may be readily identified on this road. At West



ON THE ROAD FROM MIDDLEFIELD TO HUNTINGTON.



AN OLD DOORWAY.

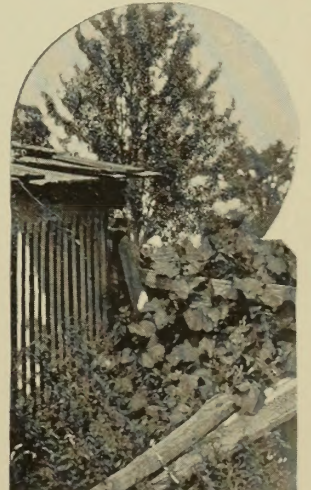
and crowds gathered to hear them every Sunday.

Cummington was the home of several noted men, among the most prominent being William Cullen Bryant and Senator Henry Laurens Dawes.

A drive up the valley will bring us to the vil-



A NUTTING PARTY.



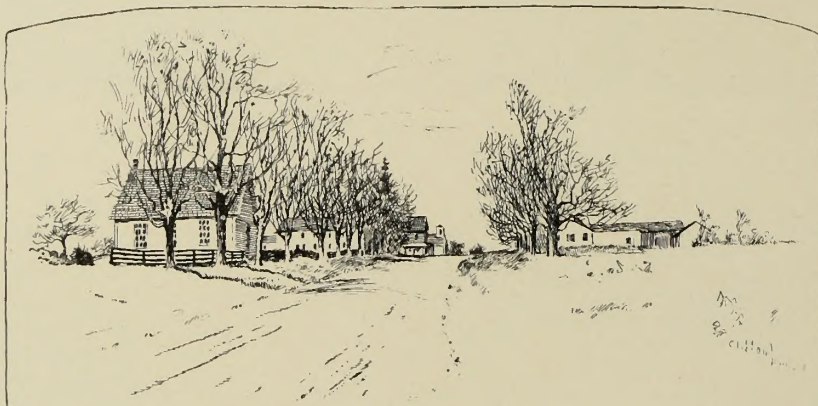
A CORNER BY THE HEN-HOUSE.



VIEW OF SWIFT RIVER.

Cummington there are two churches, a hotel and paper mill, and Remington and Deer hill tower above the village on either side. The latter eminence is a magnificent sight when the leaves begin to turn on the trees, and people come from a considerable distance every year to see Deer hill put on its fall dress. Remington hill is the highest point in the county and was named after a man who once lived there. It can only be reached by foot-paths, but the view is a superb one to the north and west and well worth toiling for.

While riding about the outskirts of Cummington village, or almost any of the smaller towns, we should likely see just such views as those pictured on page 49 and sketched by our artist. The Tower place is described elsewhere, but as every one who goes to Cummington inquires for the Bryant place, this also requires more than usual notice. It is about two miles from the village, and is upon quite a hill reached by an easy ascent. The house and grounds present a very inviting appearance, and there are many visitors to them every year, some coming with picnic parties, and gathering in the grove near the house. Until last April the place was in the care of the family of Francis H. Dawes, Esq., but they desired to close their responsibility for such a charge and did so, then removing to the village. It is now cared for by the family of George Streeter and visitors are still courteously received, although some, in former days, are said to have committed acts of vandalism and to have come as mere curiosity seekers and vulgar meddlers. This was Mr. Bryant's

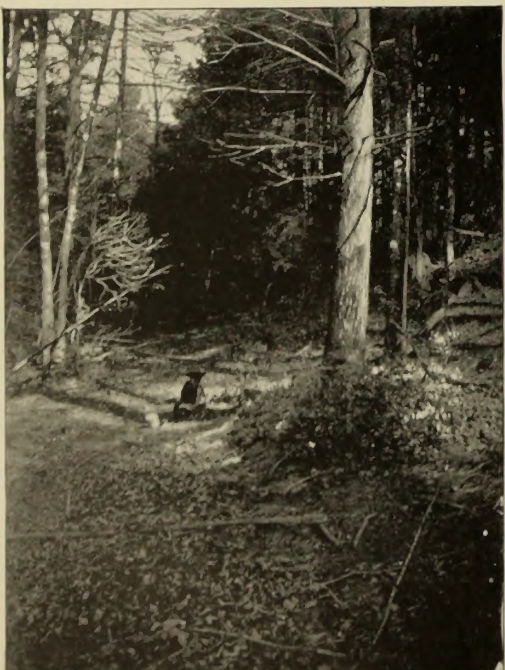


GOSHEN HILL, VIEWED FROM THE EAST.

is called, was quite a hunter on the Bryant place, and lived largely on game, wild rabbits, etc., which he caught himself. The "Bryant Wall," is a stone structure about forty rods long, and wide enough for four persons to walk abreast upon. It divides the upper and lower Bryant places, and is composed of stones, of which the land was cleared. The monument, a mile south of the house, marks the site of the poet's birthplace.

A favorite ramble of Bryant's was by the Johnott brook, which flows through a deep ravine, overhung by a thick growth of forest trees.

Another interesting spot is the old homestead orchard pictured on this page—not the newer and younger orchard, which is a large one, but the place where Bryant reveled as a boy. This was then a beautiful spot. Some of the trees were just beginning to bear; others were in their prime, and every spring covered with blossoms, murmurous with thousands of bees and every autumn loaded with fruit. Underneath them the soil, still unexhausted, was carpeted with the freshest grass, spotted with white clover. The poet was wont to relate that, in his boyhood, when the spotted fever prevailed with a frightful mortality in the Atlantic states, he often heard in his orchard the bells



IN THE WOODS.



AT THE BACK BARN-DOOR.

home the greater part of his life, but after he became editor of the New York Evening Post, he spent more of his time at his beautiful place in Roslyn, R. I. But the scenes of nearly all his poems were laid near the Cummington home, and the views illustrated on pages 50-52 inclusive are all there. Our portrait of the poet is considered by good judges an excellent one. "A Corner of the Bryant Library" pictures a room much like that used by Whittier at "Oak Knoll" in Danvers. "Nebuchadnezzar" is a cat over fifteen years old, was a favorite with the poet, and still living in the family of Mr. Dawes. He is a sedate, solemn old animal, of a color which can best be described as ecru. "Neb," as he



A BIT OF SWIFT RIVER COUNTRY.

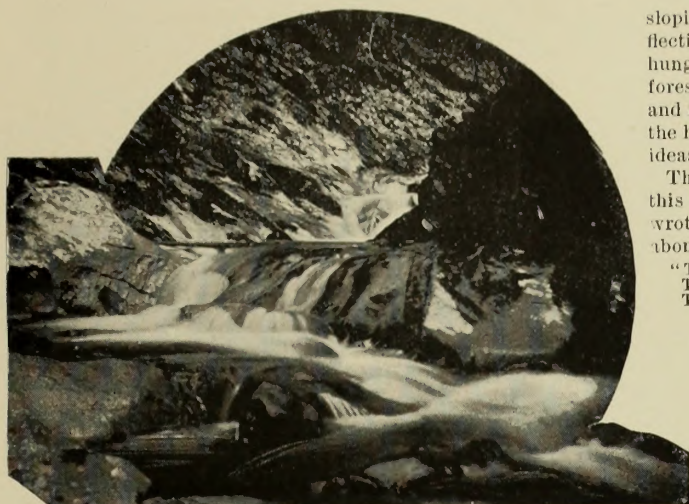


BUTTER-MAKING IN THE BACK KITCHEN.

tolling for the frequent funerals, and the whole atmosphere, as the sounds floated through it and died away, seemed filled with a note of wailing for the shortness of man's existence on earth.

We give in our illustrations a group of hemlocks on the Bryant place—hemlock firs some call them, others hemlock spruce. These hemlocks were very lofty and grand, but the artist seldom selects for subject of illustration the largest trees. The largest or most perfect trees do not always make the most perfect pictures. The grouping of smaller ones with regard to light and shade often produces the finest effect. Observe the withered hemlocks and think of Red Jacket's famous simile, "I stand a hemlock dead at the top: death is slowly creeping toward the roots: anon the tree of the forest will be a withered, sapless stem."

The curious scene of oxen moving a house represents the removal of the office of Dr. Peter Bryant, the poet's father, over the hills, down to its present situation about a mile beyond the Bryant library, on the road to West Cummington, where it is now



DEVIL'S DEN, IN GOSHEN.

occupied, as already noted, by a colored family. The spot where it once stood is about a mile from the present location.

The Bryant schoolhouse is a pretty little building about half a mile from the homestead, and on the road which crosses the main highway just below the Bryant place.

The large illustration, with the leafy maples and the graceful elm shows the site of the schoolhouse which Bryant attended when a boy, and also one of the first churches in town. A famous maple sugar camp was also located close by—"Sugary," as it is sometimes called—"Sugary" used as a noun, Webster says, is a new word. But this homestead "Maple Sugary" is an old feature. The trees were found there by Bryant's maternal grandfather. Many of these trees were set out by Bryant when a mere youth; both father and son replanted young trees for the "maple sugary," and in recent years as much as 1800 pounds of sugar were obtained in a season from this estate.

The "Rivulet" is one of those quiet little bits of landscape which are overlooked by the ordinary observer, and only arrest the eye of the artist or the minute observer of nature. A clear little pool under a

sloping bank, its surface green with the reflection of the vegetation by which it is overhung; no living thing near save perhaps the forest bird that descends to drink in silence, and its fresh wild herbage never cropped by the herd—a place the sight of which suggests ideas of stillness and solitude.

The poet was evidently much in love with this little rivulet near the house, for he wrote several stanzas of different measure about it, and here is one:

"The pretty stream, the placid stream,
The softly gliding, bashful stream
The pretty stream, the flattered stream,



CASCADE IN DEVIL'S DEN.



DECORATION-DAY IN THE COUNTRY.

of the brook and a secure footing on the stones in its bed, may easily be reached by a few steps descent from the highway. This place is only about a mile from the east village. The turnstile in the hedge, on the Bryant place was probably more ornamental than useful, for one who knew the habits of the poet, informs us that he generally neglected it and cleared the hedge itself, at a bound.

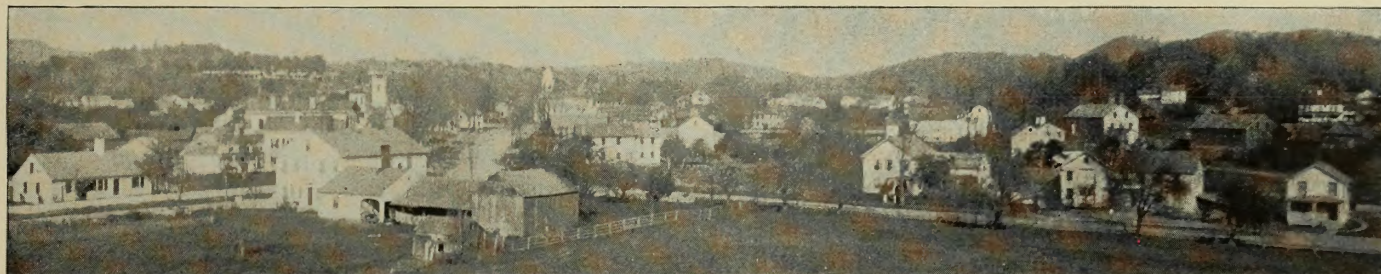
The scenes on page 53 were sketched by our artist in this region, none of the three far

from the Bryant place, and to add to their impressive beauty we have quoted appropriately in connection therewith from Bryant's poems.

Now here we make a momentary diversion from our rule laid down, not to allow ourselves in these pages to go outside the county of Hampshire; but West Cummington people claim "Windsor Jams" as one of their own natural curiosities, and so it

was, it having been at one time within the legal bounds of the town of Cummington. It is now hardly more than two miles from Landlord Shaw's comfortable hostelry at the west village, and if you are there, looking for the beautiful in nature, you will surely be asked if you have seen the

"Jams." So we will imagine ourselves jogging along with our horse, over a very comfortable and nearly level road. Our route is along the bank of the stream which comes from the "Jams," most of the way, and the cascades, of the brook by the wayside so attractively sketched by our artist, are sure to attract attention, as we go by them. They are not the



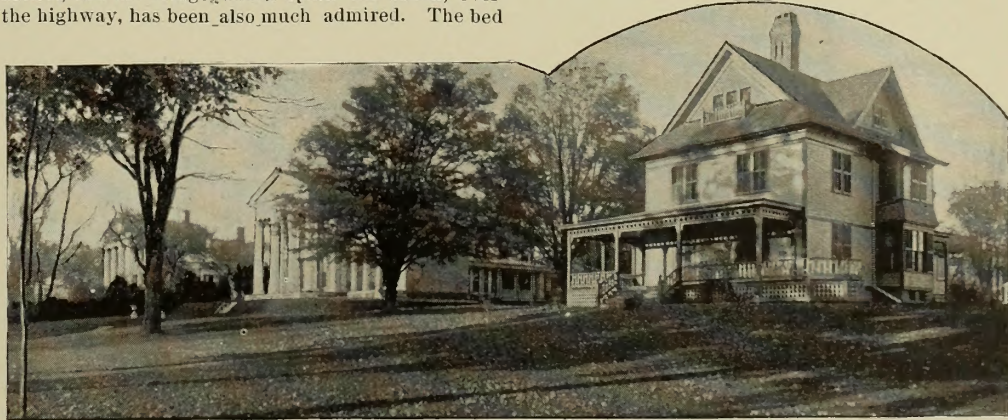
WILLIAMSBURG.

The shy, yet unreluctant stream.
The flattered stream, the simpering stream,
The fond, delighted, silly stream,
The sad, forsaken, lonely stream,
The cheated stream, the hopeless stream,
The ever murmuring, mourning stream."

"Roaring brook," in the woods, one of Bryant's favorite resorts, has made a pretty study for many artists, and the bridge which spans the brook, over the highway, has been also much admired. The bed



IN THE FIELDS ON A RAINY DAY.



SOME HAYDEVILLE RESIDENCES.

"Jams," however, as some visitors may imagine who don't know what they are coming to. These are near the house and on the farm of Heman Allen of East Windsor, and when you see the saw-mill, which is near his house, you may know that this is as far as you should take your horse. Tying the animal somewhere hereabouts, Mr. Allen, or some of his mill men will point out to you your way to the "Jams," across the fields. When you come to the brook, you will soon find a good place to step across; then continue on, up the rising ground, after you have inspected the bear's cave and the trout pool. When you have ascended the hill, over fallen tree trunks and the decaying vegetable growth of ages, with a most beautiful, dense and luxuriance of ferns and mosses, you should move a little to the east, as you hear the roaring of waters, and then look down upon the scene below you.

"The Jams" are a deep gorge between solid walls of rock, rising seventy feet high, through which flows a brook, coming from the hills of Berkshire. The stream is overshadowed by lofty trees of the red birch, the canoe birch with its snow-white columnar stems, the hemlock, spruce and the sugar maple, over a bed of rocks and stones from which every particle of mould was swept by

fashioned country dance on the only spring floor in this region, and at any rate you will be cheered and warmed by a great blazing open wood fire on the hearth, in the front room, and be welcomed by an accommodating landlord.

After a night's rest yourself and equine friend will probably be ready to accept our guidance to quaint old Plainfield, which was set off in 1785 from the town of Cummington.

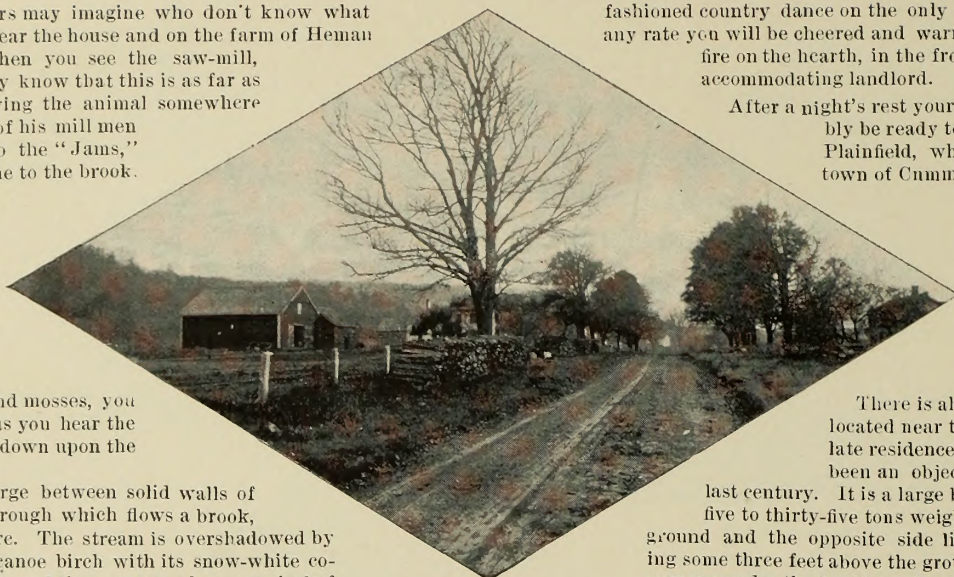
To Plainfield then, the daughter of Cummington, we will consider ourselves bound. Uphill again we go, from the Westfield river valley. There are several objects of interest here, among them the old home of Charles Dudley Warner and the mill of the "mountain miller."

There is also the "Campbell rock," which is located near the road, about ten rods west of the late residence of L. N. Campbell. The rock has been an object of interest to scientists for the last century. It is a large boulder, estimated to be of twenty-five to thirty-five tons weight, one edge of which rests on the ground and the opposite side lies tilted on a ledge of rock, rising some three feet above the ground, leaving ample space for several persons under the boulder. Special interest centers in the different varieties of vegetation found growing upon the rock. A Plainfield

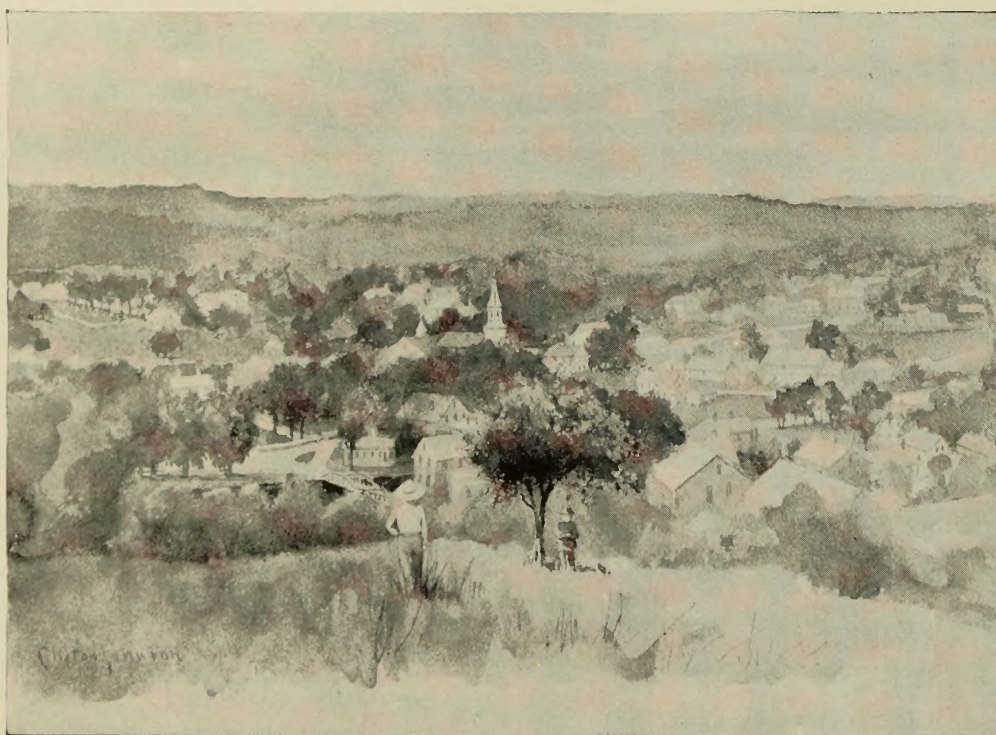
citizen informs us that he remembers a talk between his father and Dr. Jacob Porter, some seventy years ago; the doctor being a noted botanist and naturalist, and also author of a history of Plainfield.

Speaking of the rock Mr. C— stated that thirteen different kinds of vegetation were found growing on the rock. The doctor replied that the different varieties of mosses were more than that number. Besides the mosses, grasses and weeds, are found the rock birch, wild cherry, mountain ash, etc., but towering up above all is a hemlock shrub, or tree, five or six inches in diameter, six or seven feet higher, getting only

[CONTINUED ON SECOND COLUMN OF NEXT PAGE.]



MOUNTAIN STREET,
HAYDENVILLE.



VIEW OF HAYDENVILLE, FROM HILL IN REAR OF BRASS SHOP.

the spring floods, thousands of years ago, while the rocky walls of the gorge itself are covered with an aged, hoary growth of moss and lichen. By careful stepping when the water is low in the bed of the stream, one may descend and walk the whole length of the gorge, to the south-western end, where it comes out in a very common-place pasture brook. But the gorge itself is a magnificent sight to those who are not familiar with nature's wonders on a larger scale, as in the Yosemite and the old world. Here is the silence of the primeval forest; no singing birds are heard in early summer; the only note of bird which is heard in the solitude is the occasional shriek of the hawk, the cawing of the crow or the screaming of the jay from the highest of the tree tops. This is nature's withdrawing room. She herself is at home, but the world is shut out.

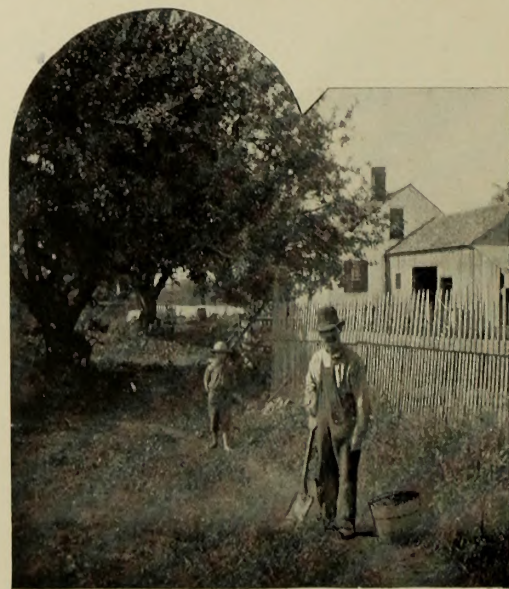
If it should happen to be a cold November day, as it was when we visited the "Jams," you cannot do better than stop at the Deer hill hotel on your way back and order refreshments. Mayhap, if it is after night-fall, you will be in time to see the village lads and lassies gather at this hotel for an old-



ON THE HIGHWAY BETWEEN HAYDENVILLE AND LEEDS.



OUT FOR A HOLIDAY.



THE HIRED MAN.

A SONG FOR OLD HADLEY.

[Apology:—cxxxvii Psalm.]

A song let us sing, to the old-fashioned measure,
Of long vanished days that in memory dwell;

Old scenes and old faces,
Old times and old places,
In Hadley, Old Hadley, we all love so well.
The grand Holyoke mountain, Connecticut river,
The broad fertile meadow,—the magical spell
Of dear boyhood days 'neath the elms and the maples,—
Of Hadley, old Hadley, we all love so well.
Come sing with us gladly
Of Hadley, Old Hadley,
The elm-bowered Hadley
We all love so well.

Though wandering far from the old home and kindred,
Her sons and her daughters, wherever we dwell,
Still fondly are turning
With true filial yearning

To Hadley, Old Hadley, we all love so well.
In fancy we drift down the swift rolling river,
We roam as of yore to the old mountain dell,
By moonlight we stroll 'neath the elms and the maples,
Of Hadley, Old Hadley, we all love so well.
Come sing with us gladly
Of Hadley, Old Hadley,
The elm-bowered Hadley
We all love so well.

Sweet visions of Home! 'Round the hearthstone we gather
To greet those who loved us, whom we loved so well!
The elm trees are sighing:—
The Past is replying.

We hear with each heart-throb an echoing knell.
The plumes of the broom-corn, that burnished the meadow
Now wave us no welcome, as homeward we stray;
The broom-shops, once ringing with laughter and singing,
Keen wit, and gay humor, are silent to-day.
Still sing we of Hadley,
The vanishing Hadley,
The elm-bowered Hadley;
Our Hadley for aye!

Low dirges we hear in the towering tree-tops,
Far over the valley sad requiems swell:—
We miss from their places
The dear old-time faces,

The long silent voices we all loved so well.
The mountain, and meadow, the swift rolling river,
The elms, and the maples their sad story tell;
The old trees are sighing!—In God's-acre lying,
Our loved ones of Hadley, Old Hadley, sleep well.
Sing softly, sing sadly
Of Hadley, Old Hadley!
Dear memories of Hadley
We all love so well!

JOHN HOWARD JEWETT.

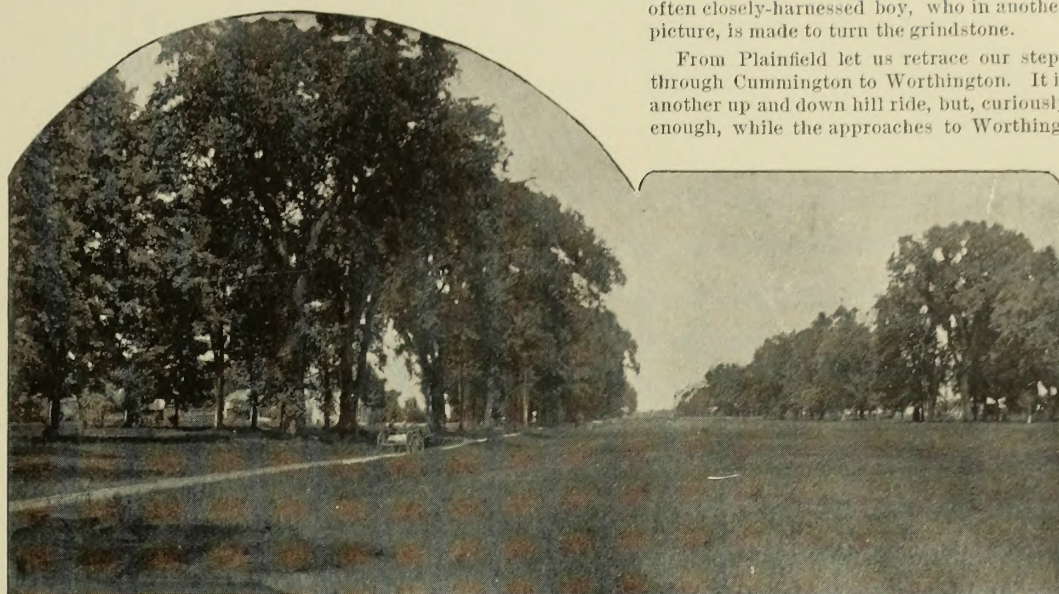
Worcester, Mass., Aug. 14th, 1890.



HOPKINS ACADEMY.



TEMPORARY BRIDGE AT FORT RIVER.



WEST STREET, HADLEY.

A Ride About the County.

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE.

moisture enough to keep it alive, increasing very little in height for the last seventy-five years. Not far from this rock are two or three similar boulders but much smaller. About seventy rods west from the rock stands the original Campbell homestead, built by John Campbell, one of the pioneer settlers of Plainfield, and a soldier of the revolution, more than 100 years ago. One mile west of this house stands the birthplace of Chas. Dudley Warner. The Warner homestead has been rebuilt in part within the last twenty years.

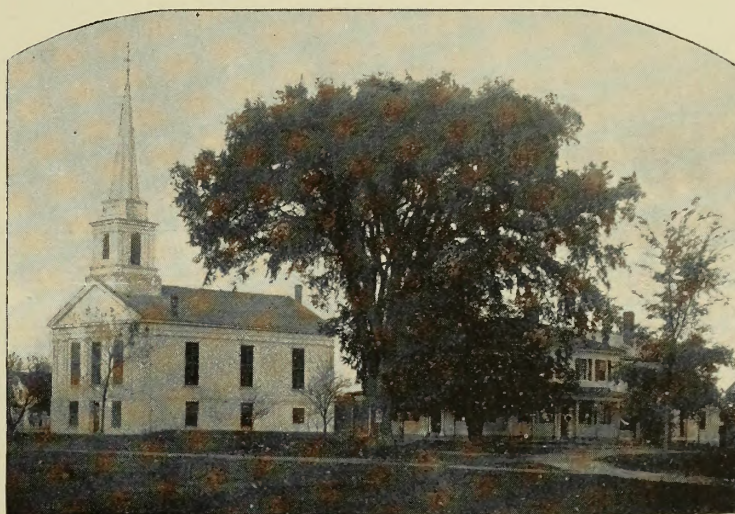
The Campbell elm has a peculiarly formed tree trunk which has attracted much attention. Its size may be easily imagined from the human figure shown reclining, upon it, in the illustration.

The "mountain miller" has been already referred to in an article on the same page with illustration of the mill.

Of the views on the 56th page, not already spoken of, our limited space permits us to say little. We obtained the portrait of Charles Dudley Warner from his own family, the sketch of a section of the old village cemetery is a truthful one and the pen and ink sketches of the boys whittling and fishing come very appropriately on the same page with the likeness of that truthful delineator of boy character, who, very likely, was also that kind of a boy himself, even the much abused and

often closely-harnessed boy, who in another picture, is made to turn the grindstone.

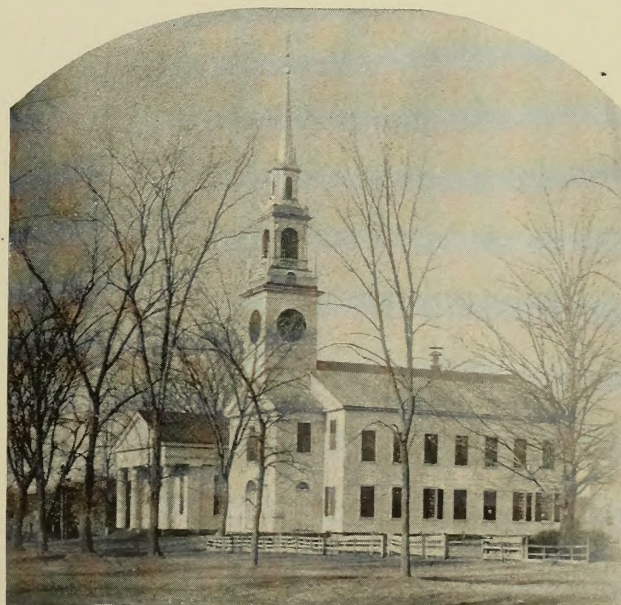
From Plainfield let us retrace our steps through Cummington to Worthington. It is another up and down hill ride, but, curiously enough, while the approaches to Worthing-



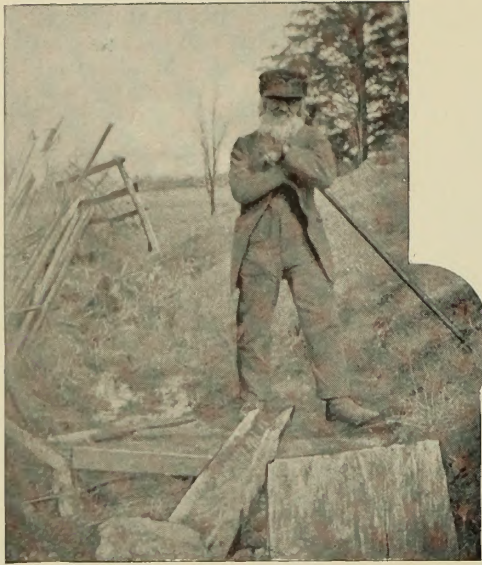
THE RUSSELL CHURCH AND ELMWOOD HOUSE.

ton from the west and east are very hilly, when once there we find the town upon an extended table-land, stretching some miles north and south, and furnishing excellent drives, which are availed of by the summer visitors who come to this place in large numbers. The

[CONTINUED ON THE NEXT PAGE.]



THE FIRST CHURCH, HADLEY.



THE NATIVE DISCOURSES.

HADLEY TRIUMPHANT.

[AN ALLEGED INTERVIEW WITH A NATIVE.]

Good mornin'! Well, yes, now I reckon
You've struck the right nail on the head
If you're looking 'round here for a native ;—
Jest tie up your horse in the shed ;
These fall flies are pesky tormentin'
An' spitefuller after a frost ;
There's a streak of depraved human natur'
In flies,—they don't like to be crost
More'n a woman,—or man, for that matter,—
This hay-cover'll be just the thing
To keep off the flies,—'tain't no trouble,
I know how the critters will sting.

Come in ! No?—then while you are restin'
You'en sample a prime Bartlett pear ;
I take it you come from Northampton,
How's everything goin' on there ?
Come over to talk of Old Hadley
With a native ? Well, then I'll agree
I'm a native and alwuz belonged here
An' some on't, by rights, b'longs to me.

Proud o' Hadley? Who wouldn't be proud on't?
It's the hands'mest lay-out o' land
'Twixt Greenland's old frost-bitten mountains
And India's sun-roasted strand,
An' I'll tramp clean from Dan to Bathsheba
In the brillin'est kind of a sun
If you'll show me a patchin' to Hadley :—
No ! stranger, the thing can't be done.

There's "The Street," as straight as an arrow,
That's praised for its elms far an' wide,
An' from bank to bank of the river
A shady highway on each side
Runs along our broad rolling common,
More like a long velvety lawn
For all to enjoy an' to share in :—
There, stranger, is where I was born,
In the shadder of gret elms and maples,
Their like I'll be bound never grew
Outside o' the Garden of Eden,
An' I guess even there they were few.

Take a look off there to the south'ard,
Two columns of gret towerin' trees,
A straight mile of grace, strength an' beauty,
Where on earth can you find elms like these?
Folks talk about modern improvements,
The mushroomy, make-shifts of man,—
I tell you, it takes years of growin'
To fill out the Almighty's plan.

You've struck the right place for your picters
To put in your Picturesque Book,
They're standin' around thick as millen
In a pastur,—wherever you look.
There's a crop of young scribblers an' artists
A blossomin' out ev'ry year,
With varses and picters of ruins,
But mostly they libel us here.
They can't do our scenery justice ;
It's a leetle too much of a theme
For a painter to stick on a canvas,
Or a one-barrelled poet to dream.

I wish you'd put into your story
That times here aint quite out of f'int,
We're a mighty sight more than a relic,—
It's time they discovered the p'int
That Hadley's no old-fashioned ruin
O' the past, like a tumble-down shed,
But a livin' and "picturesque present,"
With a bright bloomin' future ahead !

If you're workin' up Picturesque Hampshire,
Why, this is the place to begin,
With a town that can stan' on its merits,
All the beauties of natur thrown in.
Old Hadley was laid out to live in,
With plenty of room and to spare
For house-lot, an' home-lot an' medder :—
Twash't planned by a shrewd millionaire.
With checker-board squares for the dwellin's
An' parcelled out small, by the inch,
To be covered all over with dollars
An' a mortgage to tighten the pinch !

Our railroad has settled the question
For us, and for you,—by the way,
Your folks over there in the city
Oughter come to old Hadley and stay,
Where land is still sold by the acre,
An' a homestead means havin' a home,
Not a bare pile o' bricks on a sand-lot,—
Put that down, an' tell 'em to come.

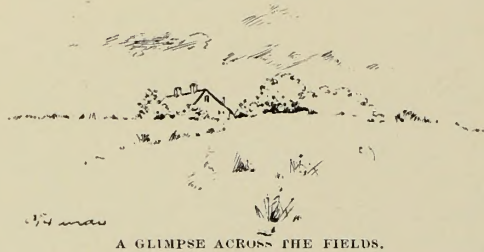
We've all of your civilized comforts
Unmixed with your civilized sin ;
Good preachin', the very best schoolin',
An' none of your bustle an' din
Where's the school to match our Old Hopkins
In teachin' ideas how to shoot ?
Your new Smith College's our annex
An' so is old Amherst to boot.

Land is risin' ! It can't help risin'
More'n yeast can,—that's plain to be seen,
With Amherst an' Northampton crowded,
An' Hadley just midway between.
Drop a hint, on the sly, to your neighbors,
An' caution 'm not to delay ;
Old Hadley's your nateral suburb
An' the boom is comin' this way.

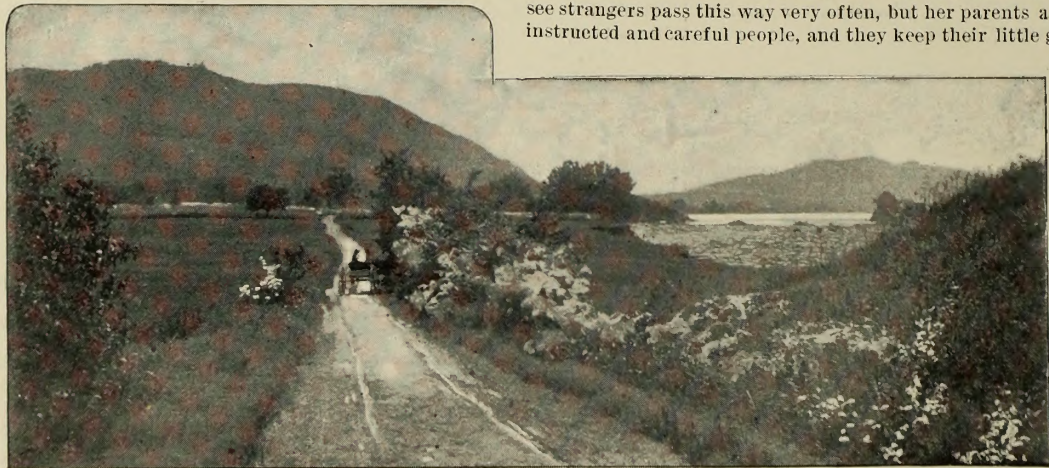
Good-day ! if you must be a goin' ;
Well, yes, you may put my name down
For a dozen of Picturesque Hampshire,
That is, if you'll "do us up brown."
For Hadley's no old fashioned ruin
O' the Past, like a tumble-down shed,
But a livin' and picturesque Present,
With a bright bloomin' Future ahead !

JOHN HOWARD JEWETT.

September 1st, 1890.



A GLIMPSE ACROSS THE FIELDS.



THE FORT MEADOW ROAD, LOOKING TOWARD MOUNTAIN.

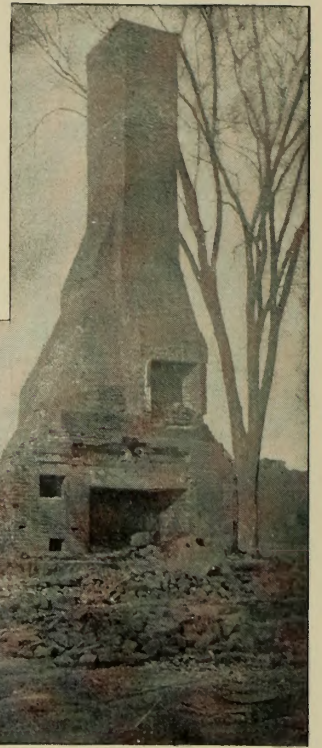
A RIDE ABOUT THE COUNTY.—Continued.

"Corners" in Worthington is their favorite stopping-place and there are two hotels here for their accommodation. The pretty little church shown in the engraving is the only modern edifice of the kind in the hill towns, and was built but a few years since, to replace one destroyed by fire.

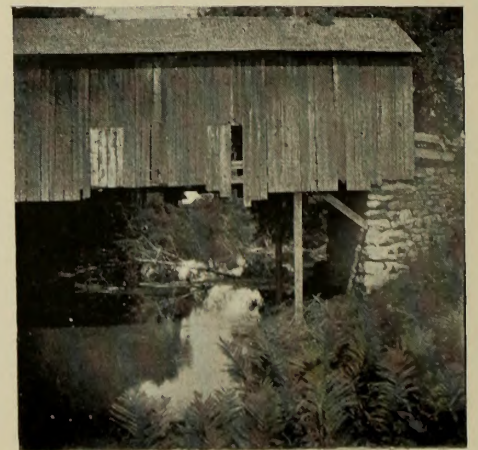


"WORKING UP" THE APPLE TREE STUMPS.

It is a conspicuous object on the hillside, about a mile from the "Corners," and is evidence of growing taste in this community. If you inquire for pretty, picturesque places here you will be told to go to West Worthington Falls, about four miles away, over another up and down hill road. This is on the old Oliver Parrish estate and just beyond Willard Jones' cider mill. There is little hint, in the approach, to the beauties of this place and they need not be portrayed here, as they are thoroughly described in the story given in preceding pages. It was not many miles from this point that our artist photographed the surroundings of a charcoal pit, work in which is one of the rural industries. The process of burning has often been described and need not be dwelt upon here. The drive from Worthington to Middlefield will familiarize one with the steepest and most stony roads in the county, and we shall more than once see the country mail box by the road-side in our rides hereabouts. The little girl, who has come out at the back door, with her doll in hand, evidently doesn't see strangers pass this way very often, but her parents are surely well-instructed and careful people, and they keep their little girl in tidy and neat dress. Middlefield is almost out of the world to people from the county-seat as there are so many hills to climb over, to reach it, and the nearest depot of the Boston & Albany railroad is three miles

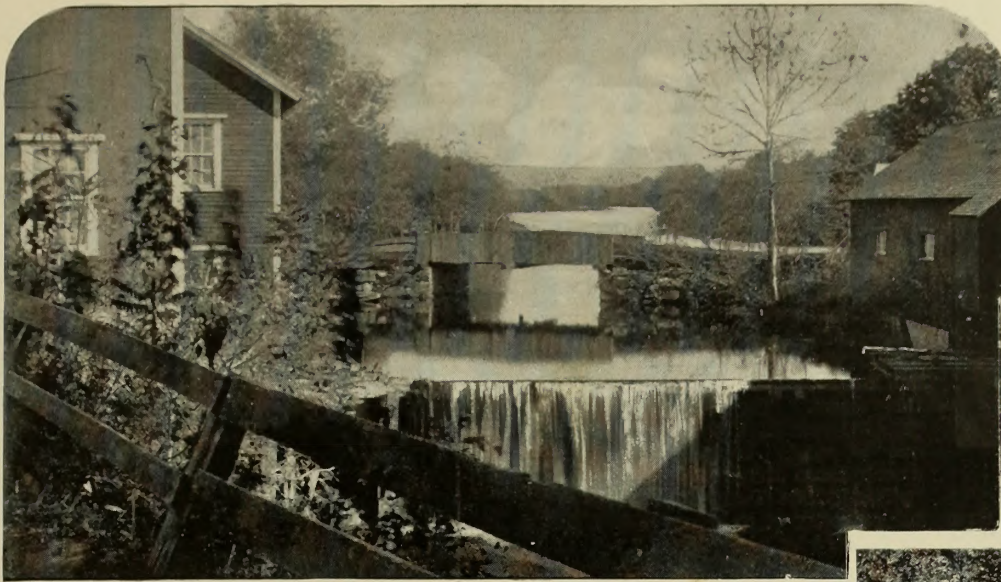


THE OLD-FASHIONED CHIMNEY.

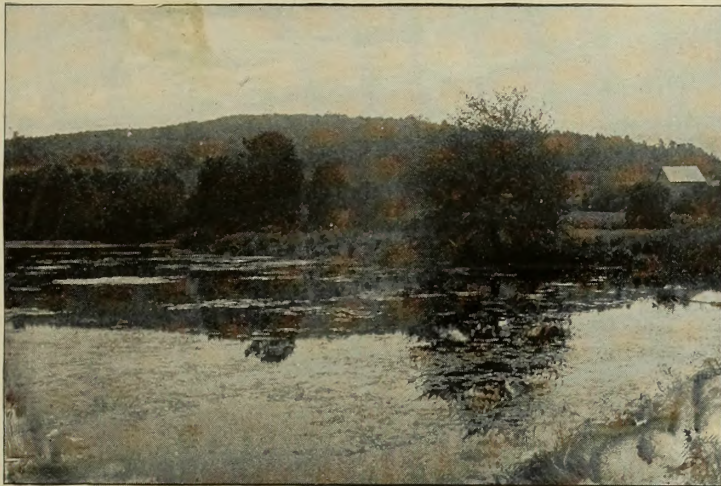


FORT RIVER BRIDGE.

from the center. This station is in Middlefield limits, but it is up hill all the way from there to the one store in the village. There is no hotel here, but board can be obtained in certain families, and we advise anybody complaining of malaria to go to Middlefield. We believe they will get it



NORTH HADLEY—A WATER VISTA.



THE POND, LOOKING TOWARD MT. WARNER.



GETTING READY FOR DINNER.

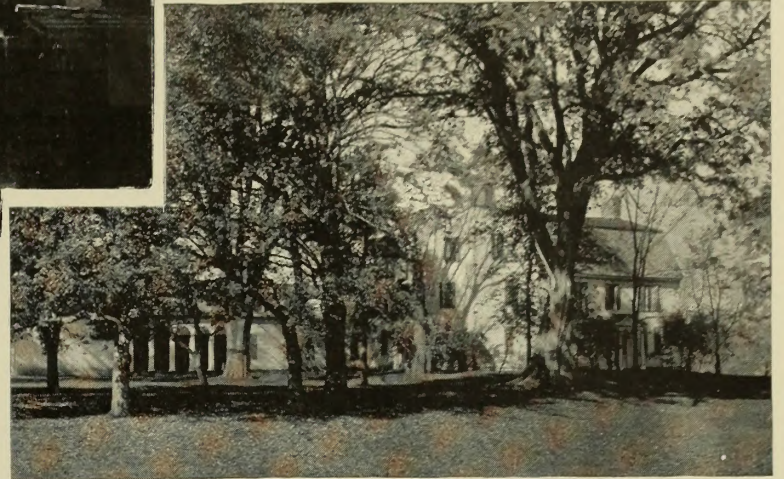
blown out of them. They are a hardy, robust community on top of this hill, and there are a number of neat, tasteful residences here. The great rock in the field, south of the church, is an object of curiosity to strangers, and stands upon an extensive ledge, which shows the marks of glacial action. The village boys started to tip the rock over and roll it down the hill one Fourth of July, but the owner of the land, hearing of it, threatened prosecution and the attempt was abandoned. Middlefield boasts an agricultural society and largely attended fairs are held here every autumn. Glendale Falls are the principal attraction of the village, but judging from the difficulty we experienced in getting explicit directions how to find it, some of its inhabitants know little about it, and others are too busy to care. It is about two miles south-east of the center, on

land of Clark Wright, and is well worth a day's journey to see. In early spring it must be a mad, roaring torrent, apparently proceeding out of the skies, when viewed from a few rods below the verge, (the patch of sky just shows to the left of the center of the view taken by our artist). It drains a large watershed on Middlefield hill directly into the Westfield river, quite a distance below. Here are the ruins of an old mill on the west bank and a small grass plot suitable for picnic parties on the other.

In going from Middlefield to Huntington we descend into the valley again and the view "on the road" was obtained going down hill into Chester. We regret that our bird's eye view of Huntington was so far away as to give us rather an indistinct idea of the place. It is a thriving, enterprising village, about six miles from Norwich ponds, the latter pictured in conjunction with Westhampton views, and between which two villages (Norwich and Huntington) were obtained the character sketches which follow the bird's-eye view. One would hardly suppose the two villages were in the same town, and the "nutting party," the "well-sweep" scenes, etc., might all have been observed en route between them, if any one had

been along with our artist last fall. But the cause of the difference in appearance of the two villages is the railroad and its accompanying thrift, at the southern end of the town.

There is yet a little section of the county on the west side of the Connecticut river, which we have not visited, and we may as well enter it by turning back and "going in" at Swift River, which is a part of the town of Cummington, about three miles from the east village. Here two branches of the Westfield river unite, and one traveling up the river, towards Cummington center, is sometimes surprised to find the stream flowing in the opposite direction from which it was coming a few moments before. At Swift River village there is a very pretty water effect at and about the dam, and as we proceed on the road toward Goshen there is a striking view of pros-

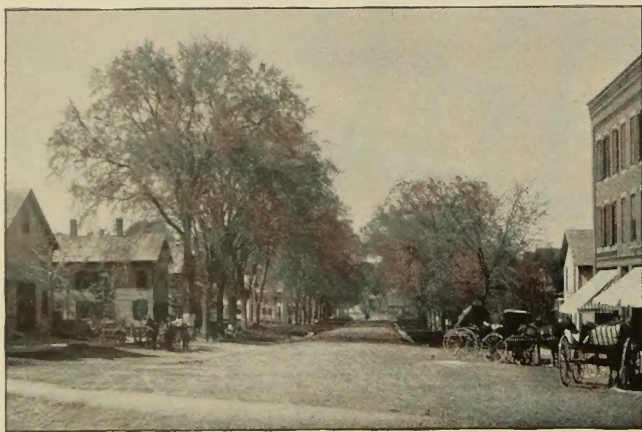


BISHOP HUNTINGTON'S SUMMER HOME.

perous farm-houses across the gorge and the river, and high on the hill above it. Our pen and ink sketch on Goshen hill was made looking back, on the road to Williamsburg. The Goshen character sketches which follow will be appreciated by lovers of artistic effects. Summer visitors seem to like Goshen pretty well, as the Highland house is always well filled in warm weather and some private houses are occupied. The reservoir pond here is said to furnish good fishing and pure air is free as that ether can be. Pretty well down the hill-side, on the road to Williamsburg



ON THE EDGE OF THE WOODS—A BIRD'S SONG.



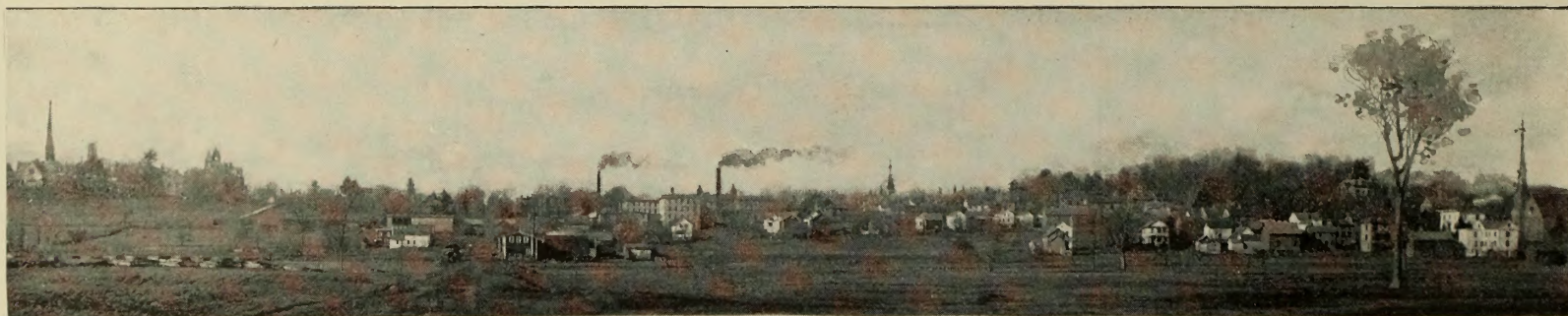
NORTH PLEASANT STREET.

is a wild place called the "Devil's Den," but in the limits of the town of Goshen. The cascades are a beautiful fall of water over windings

Leaving Northampton by the bridge over the Connecticut river, we find ourselves rolling across the fertile Hadley meadows, and in a few minutes we enter one of the fairest and certainly the most quaint of Hampshire towns, old Hadley. The view on West street needs no description of ours. It has been many times sketched and written about. The Russell church and Elmwood house are on this street. The First church is on East street and is rarely beautiful among those of the kind built in its time. The graceful symmetry of its spire, surmounted by a rooster,



MAIN STREET, LOOKING EAST

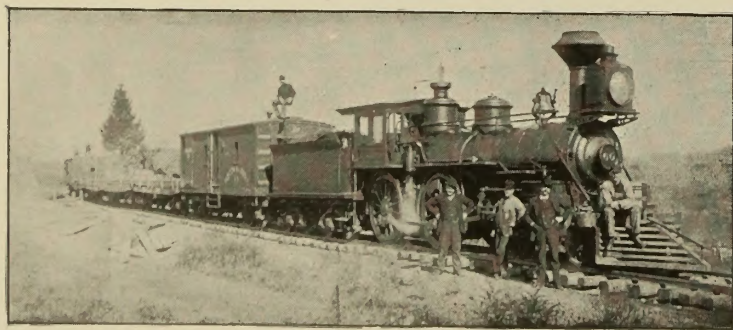


AMHERST, FROM THE EAST

of a rocky mountain brook, and the place is visited by many every summer.

Williamsburg was the first town devastated by the terrible Mill river flood of May, 1874, but it is now entirely rebuilt and a thriving, prosperous village, as is Haydenville, farther on, which was similarly visited. The "residences" photographed show a little of the grandeur of the old village, and now the visitor looks down from the hill upon a more enterprising community than then. Mountain street boasts a hamlet of prosperous farmers and is a road much used by wheelmen on their way to Ashfield and Whately. Who has not observed

always attracts notice and wins admiration. The like of it is hard to find. That of the First Baptist church in Providence resembles but does not equal it. This house

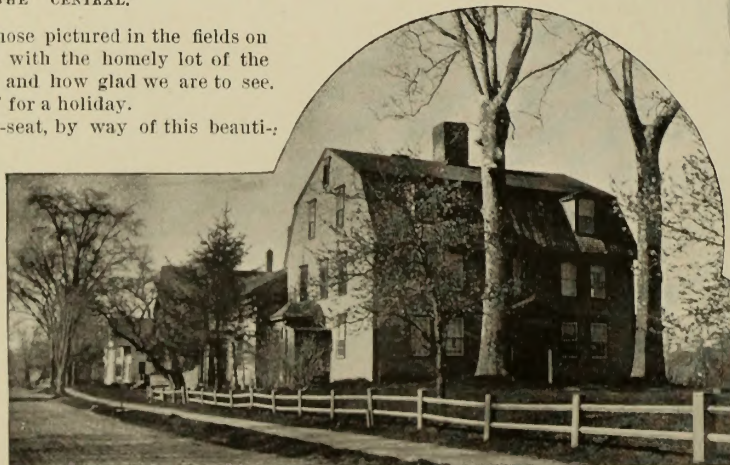


THE FIRST TRAIN ON THE "CENTRAL."

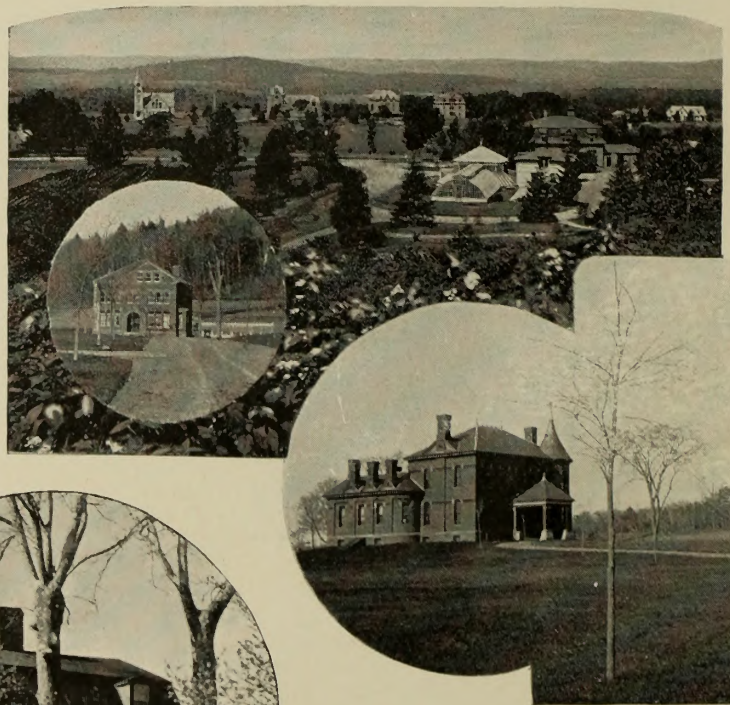
just such sunlight and shadow scenes as those pictured in the fields on a rainy day? Who does not sympathize with the homely lot of the "hired man," with a boy to watch him, and how glad we are to see, these children out with good dog "Rover," for a holiday.

Now we will return home to the county-seat, by way of this beautifully winding road along the banks of Mill river, once strewn with the marks of devastation and ruin from the 1874 flood, but now re-laid and hardened for a pleasant carriage-drive for all who come this way. So we have viewed all the principal objects of interest on the west side of the Connecticut river.

We have yet to visit the east side of the county, and as our space for description is growing more and more scant, owing to the profuseness of illustration, we shall be obliged to make a hasty trip of it and leave our companions to take it more leisurely, by themselves, some time.



THE PLACE WHERE NOAH WEBSTER LIVED.



AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE BUILDINGS.

was built by the town of Hadley in 1808. Hopkins academy is on the same street and is the pride of the town. The temporary bridge over Fort river was used for a long time after the one washed away by the floods.

We are inclined to think that the first engraving on the 64th page needs no explanation. The subject is a veritable son of old Hadley too. The Fort Meadow road looks familiar and a little to the left of it is the scene of Kingsley's

frontispiece. The old Fort river bridge in the meadow is about a mile farther on.

Did you never see an old fashioned chimney, naked and stripped of house timbers, from the hearth up? Well, here it is. Did you ever try "working up" an old apple-tree stump? If not, then you don't know what patience



A SUMMER MORNING—OPENING THE HAY.



WASHING-DAY.

is. The children are out for a day of it with father.

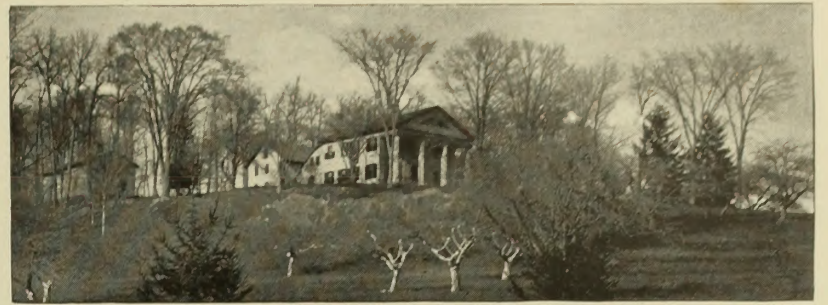
North Hadley is one of the most attractive sections of the old town and here is the charming view of the pond and dam which leads the illustrations on page 65. Before reaching the place portrayed in this picture, however, we shall pass on the right and left Mount Warner and the summer residence of Bishop F. D. Huntington.

Pres. Timothy Dwight of Yale college, more than seventy years ago, wrote as follows concerning this locality:

"Among the interesting objects in the neighborhood, the farm of Charles Phelps, Esq., [grandfather of Bishop Huntington] about two miles north of this town, deserves the notice of a traveler. This estate lies on the eastern bank of the Connecticut river, and contains about 600 acres, of which about 150 are interval, annually manured by the slime of the river. The rest consists partly of a rich plain and partly of the sides and summit of Mt. Warner, a beautiful hill in the neighborhood."

The pretty sketches at the foot of page 65 tell their own story, and what a refreshing one it is.

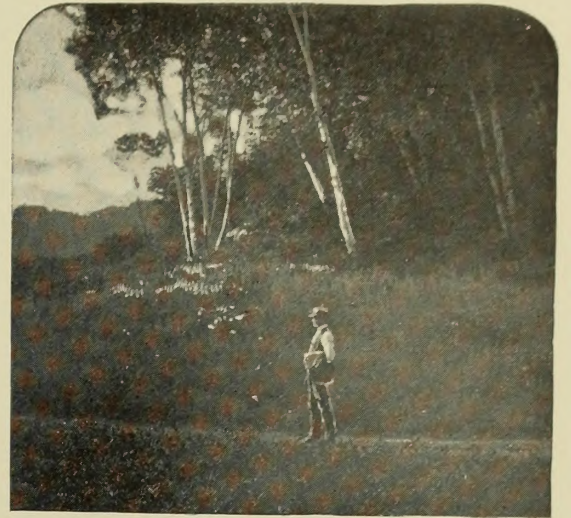
Amherst, the town of colleges, is but six miles away, and a pleasant drive. Amherst is really, in point of residence architecture, far ahead of any other town



MT. PLEASANT SCHOOL FOR BOYS.

in the county and its public buildings are more elaborate and beautiful. The college buildings are not so new, with the exception of those on the agricultural institution grounds, and as they have been so often pictured we give the space they might occupy to illustrations of points less familiar. The street views will be readily recognized, and

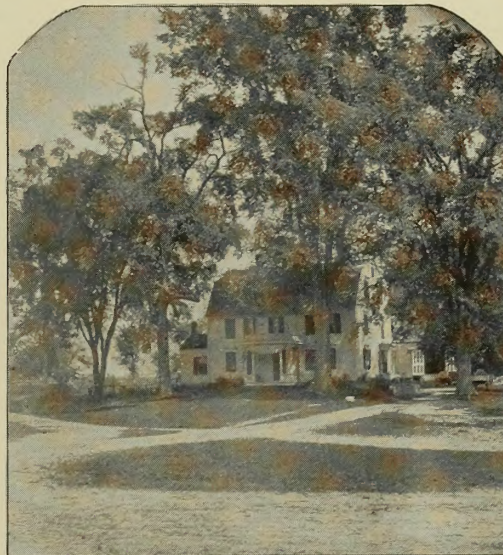
our view of the town was obtained at a point east of the rising ground, the old college buildings and Walker hall showing on the extreme left. The agricultural buildings, including the Durfee plant-house, etc., make an interesting group. The house where Noah Webster lived, on North Prospect street, is shown



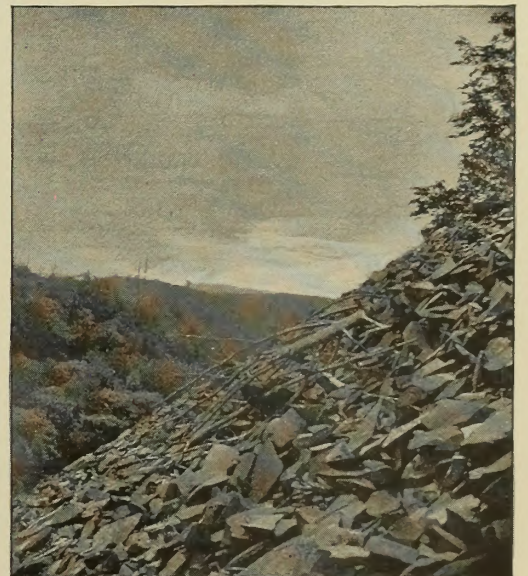
WHITE BIRCH WOODS.

with pride by citizens to those who inquire for the domicile of the man who wrote the dictionary. Who does not remember the joy inspired at sight of the first train on the "Central?"

The Mt. Pleasant school for boys was taken as a picturesque view, without any reference to its owners advertising, as they do elsewhere. The view from this place is a superb one. "An Amherst Farm-house" and



AN AMHERST FARM-HOUSE.



THE DEVIL'S GARDEN.

"The Grist Mill" are Amherst scenes which may be readily identified by those who have seen them, and the "Devil's Garden" is a hard looking piece of ground in the mountain notch, between Amherst and Granby. The sketches on the same page represent very common works of usefulness of both sexes in the country. The villages of North and South Amherst are a considerable distance apart, but both are neat and well kept communities. The sketches on the same page with these views are characteristic of the vicinity.

From Amherst to Pelham is a natural transition, but

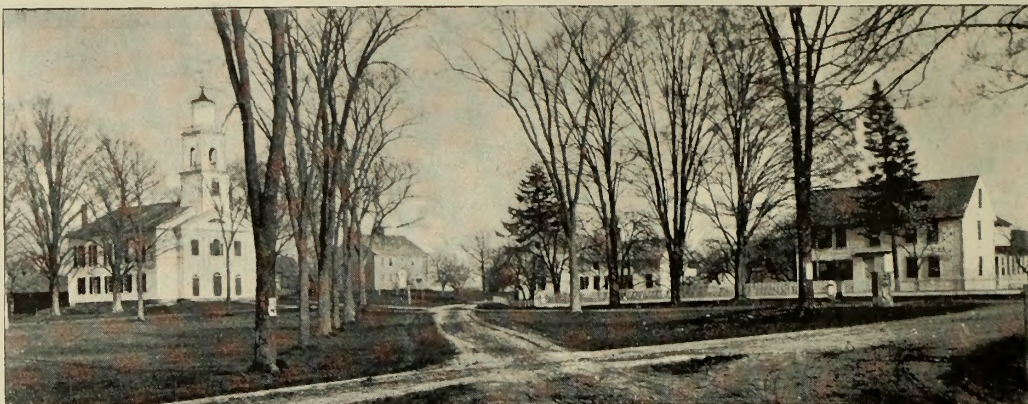


THE GRIST MILL AT MILL VALLEY.

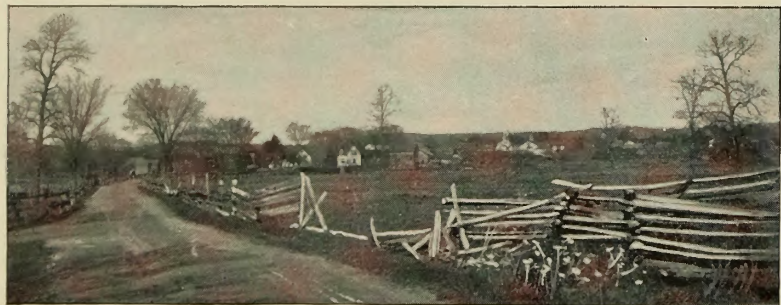


SOUTH AMHERST.

a hilly one, and hill climbing to match that on the west side of the county is close at hand. The mill pictured by the roadside will be noticed near the residence of C. O. Parmenter, shortly after hill-climbing is begun. The drive to Mt. Lincoln is in this direction, and has become a very popular one during the last two summers. We make a divergence from the main road at West Pelham and bear to the south, and directions for further driving can easily be obtained of dwellers along the route. Near Mt. Lincoln will be seen the house in the engraving, though the view given is seen in returning, and opposite this house is a family cemetery, mournfully suggestive, as there are none of the original inhabitants of this vicinity left here. Driving up a moderate ascent, but over a stony road, which turns off to the left, just beyond the house, we have only a mile to ride to the tower on the mountain, and Reuben Allen's house is very near it. The dog and cow in a farm yard not far away,



SOUTH AMHERST CENTER.



LOOKING TOWARD NORTH AMHERST.

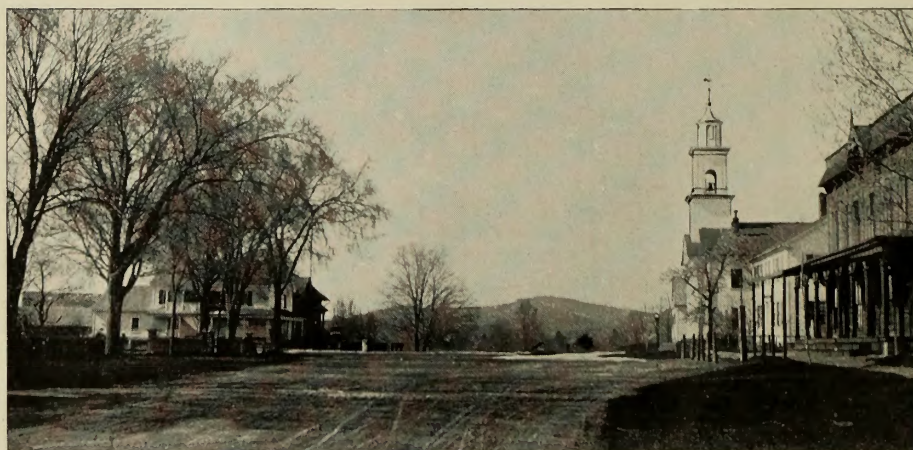
as pictured on page 69, bid fair to get acquainted after a while.

Turning back to West Pelham, is a suggestive scene recalling the lines, "Over the hills and far away," etc. The long, weary, hill road seems to stretch interminably along yonder hill, at the top of which may be found a private fish pond, a startling luxury for this quiet country. The famous Shay's or old Conkey tavern was much farther on and in a southerly direction, and was destroyed by fire not long ago. From Pelham to Prescott means down hill and up hill again. We go down into a lonesome looking valley and then settle down for a steady half-hour climb. It seems a relief when you get most at the top of Prescott hill, but like the one who "wondered what he was begun for if he was so soon to be done for," we groan to think we have climbed so far only to go down hill again, as we must, to reach Greenwich village, before reaching which we may observe the place of but not the boiling cider scene sketched by our artist. Before coming to Greenwich village we shall cross the Athol and Springfield division of the Boston & Albany railroad, and here, as on the west side of the county, we

death. Especially worthy of mention is Ware's cemetery. It is justly the pride of her people and the handsomest in the county. The streams in and below the town, as pictured, are sylvan bits of beauty and the big elm is pointed out to strangers. Ware boasts several fine public buildings. For obvious reasons we have not pictured these modern structures; they are not in the line of picturesqueness particularly, but we feel Ware should be given credit for progressiveness and enterprise, which are important points of commendation for a New England town.

Any one who has seen Denman Thompson in his play of the "Old Homestead" will recall the old fireplace pictured on page 76. It was found for Mr. Thompson in an old house in Belchertown, by C. W. Eddy, a now famous artist-printer and photographer of Ware, to whom we in turn are indebted for the picture and many other favors in our investigations in this direction.

Belchertown is another place situated on a hill and is becoming a favorite summer



NORTH AMHERST CENTER.



THE PUMP IN THE YARD.

find a "Swift" river and "Mt. Pomeroy." The "Village" is a neat, thriving little place, and has a most enterprising citizen, who has given it a free thought chapel and by his example generally incited to useful and honorable living all of this small but model little community. Greenwich proper looks rather lonesome, farther on, but it too is a well-kept though apparently quieter village.

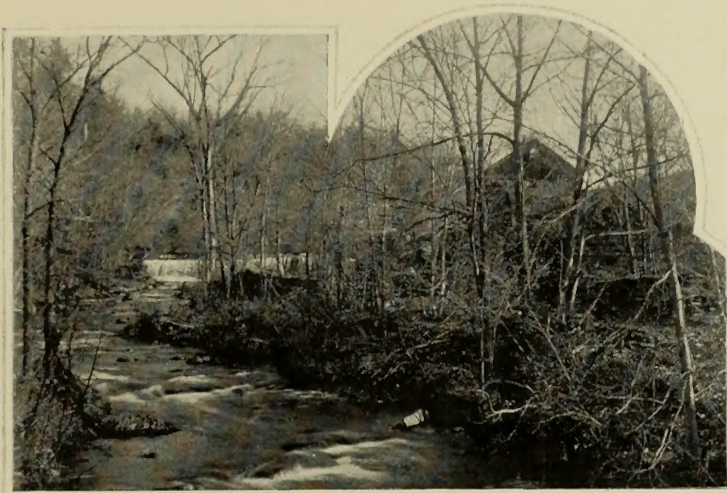
Enfield is really a very pretty place, with marks of antiquity about it. There is but one street in the center of the town, which lies on the bank of the swift-rushing river, and there is one mill here making fancy cassimeres and employing a hundred hands. Our view of the place was made from the hill a short distance from the village, where Rev. R. M. Woods of Hatfield has a summer residence. En-



AT THE HEN HOUSE.

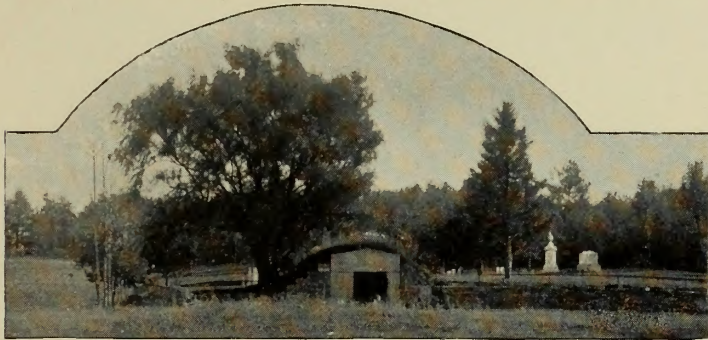
field has a tax rate of only \$5 on \$1000, and her people, mostly a farming community, are happy and prosperous.

Ware is the most thriving town in the county, and its manufactures are the main cause of its prosperity. The scenes sketched and photographed here by our artist are all easily identified and "The Lover's Leap" is a place near the center of the town where a young man, made temporarily insane by love, threw himself, over the rock into the water, but was rescued from



MILL STREAM, NEAR ROAD TO PELHAM.

resort, as there are excellent hotels here and the air is fine. It is, withal, a pretty place. The town common is a long grass plot running the entire length of the village street, and on it are held the annual cattle-shows, which are a unique feature, like no other shows in the county, for no admission fee is charged, the agricultural society relying for support solely upon fees paid by peddlers and other occupants of the tents and stands on the common.



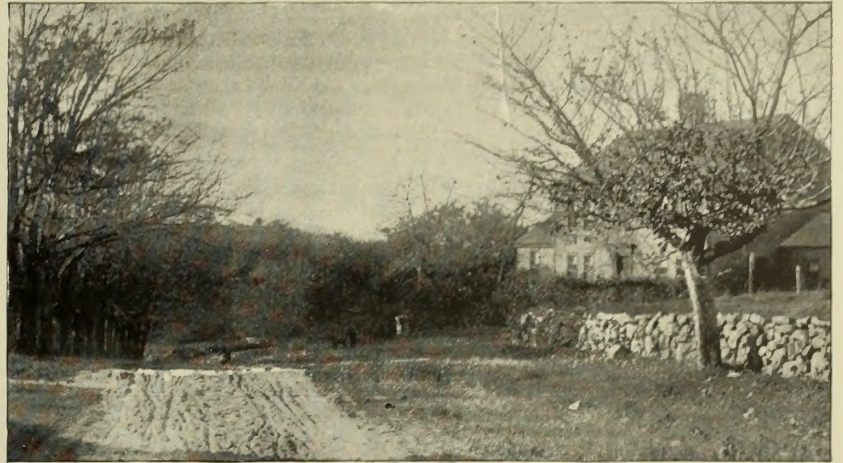
A FAMILY CEMETERY NEAR MT. LINCOLN.

The town has a handsome library and a soldiers' monument, with the usual complement of churches. This was the birthplace of Josiah Gilbert Holland, the author of "Kathrina," etc., and our portrait of the author was obtained from a wood carving on the mantel-piece in the room occupied by Ralph Watson Gilder, editor of the Century Magazine. Myron P. Walker, the drummer boy of the old "Tenth" regiment, now resides in Belchertown.

The town of Granby lies between Belchertown and South Hadley, and is a prosperous inland New England village. The place has a handsome new school building and a finely proportioned old church spire may be seen here. On the road to South Hadley one will find prosperous looking farms all the way. Granby farmers evidently thrive by their calling.

The water and dam of the Holyoke water power

Titan's pier, a beautiful rock formation which rises in places seventy to eighty feet perpendicularly above the Connecticut river. Here are obtained the views shown on our 80th page, and we shall probably linger long over them ere we drive on to the "long, lazy hamlet, Hockanum," where another charming succession of rustic scenes greet us. The old tavern is a thing of the past, and we can close this series of drives over the county in no better way, perhaps, than by ascending Mt. Holyoke and taking therefrom a last look



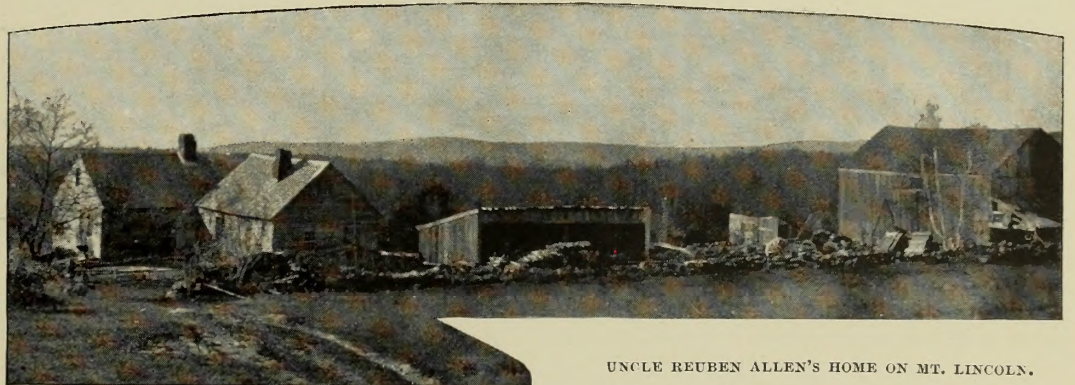
NEAR MT. LINCOLN.

over the valley we have seen so much of. With this view we bid our readers Adieu! If they have enjoyed the review of these scenes as much as we have, we are sure they have much more pleasure in store for them when they come to them again in actual visitation.

MOUNT WARNER.

Mt. Warner, standing in the centre of the valley above the Holyoke range, commands an extensive view, at a distance well adapted for revealing those varied tones of color which distinguish a cultivated landscape. Rich fields stretch from the edge of the Connecticut back to the line of wooded hills on the east and west, and, farther beyond, golden uplands ride to the horizon. The grand traceries of ancient elms mark the streets of two villages, from which white spires point heavenward. Peaceful homesteads, with groups of farm buildings and rows of maple trees, stand along the highways, or nestle among rocky pastures and slopes thick with chestnut and pine.

The river, which in past ages parted, with its torrent, the mountains north and south, now flows serenely through the fertile meadows, wearing soft the red sandstone rocks and



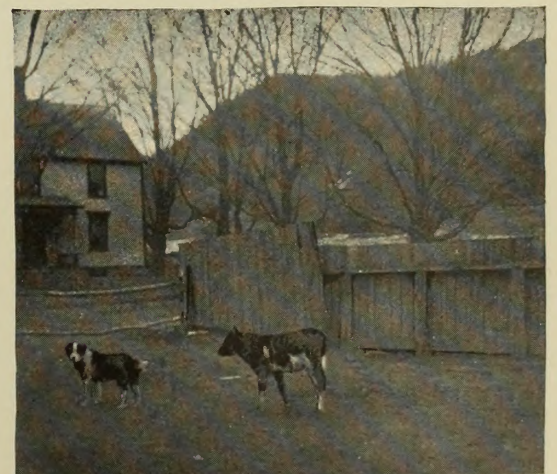
UNCLE REUBEN ALLEN'S HOME ON MT. LINCOLN.

company are always an interesting study at South Hadley Falls. The old dam was perpendicular, but being carried away, the builders learned caution and put up the present structure, which has needed comparatively few repairs. The "Falls" village is indebted for its existence largely to the great manufacturing enterprises of the Glasgow, Carew and Hampshire paper companies. At the upper village there is a very different appearance. Here the quiet and soberness of a young ladies' seminary reigns. Mt. Holyoke "college" is located here, and is the outcome of Mary Lyon's work. Bachelor's brook is a pretty stream which flows through the town and empties into the Connecticut. Like Granby, South Hadley is the home of prosperous farmers and market-gardeners, who find an abundant demand for their products at Holyoke. "Pearl City" is the name of a section of the town.

Returning from South Hadley, towards Northampton, we come to the Holyoke range of mountains again, and go through the "pass of Thermopylae," so called by the college girls, and just beyond, on the left, are the picnic grounds at



TOWER ON MT. LINCOLN.



GETTING ACQUAINTED.

washing alluvial richness on its banks. One may trace its fringe of willows from the little village around the mill pond to the great bend which touches each end of Old Hadley street at a mile's breadth, and encircles with a broad sweep acres of tilled and fruitful soil. Thence it reappears once more in a silver gleam among the green plains at the foot of Mt. Holyoke, whose abrupt barrier guards the valley on one side of that narrow entrance which Mt. Tom defends on the other.

The turrets of two collegiate towns, Amherst and Northampton, signal to each other across the fair interval from opposite slopes. On a fine plateau are seen the spacious buildings of the Agricultural college and beyond them the Pelham hills, and Mt. Tom closes the view to the east and north. The white churches of half a dozen hamlets may be distinguished, and far up the valley appear glimpses of the Green mountains



VIEW ON PELHAM HILL.

in misty distance, while a nearer range traces with its bold outline the curves of the Deerfield river. Mount Warner was so named by Amherst college students after Prof. Aaron Warner, one of the faculty.

A FEW INTERESTING HISTORICAL FACTS ABOUT PELHAM.

A TOWN WHICH SAW BURROUGHS, THE BOGUS CLERGYMAN AND COUNTERFEITER AND SHAY'S REBELLION.

It is one hundred and fifty-two years since the "Articles of Agreement" were drawn up between Robert Peabols, blacksmith, and John Thornton, yeoman; sturdy Scotch Presbyterians, representing a colony of sixty men of their faith,



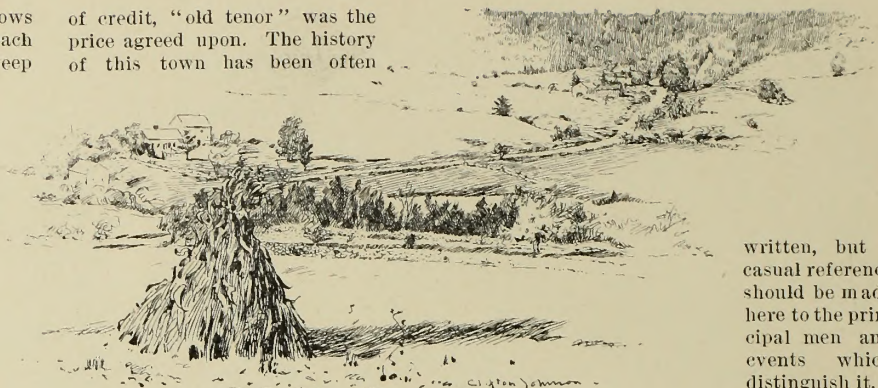
RHODES' FISH POND IN PELHAM.

most of whom were then living in Worcester, and Col. John Stoddard of Northampton, for the tract of, land covering the two ridges of land afterward known as Pelham east and west hills, and the deep valley between them, through which the west branch of the Swift river runs, and at that time known as Stoddard town, 7300 pounds in bills



BOILING DOWN CIDER.

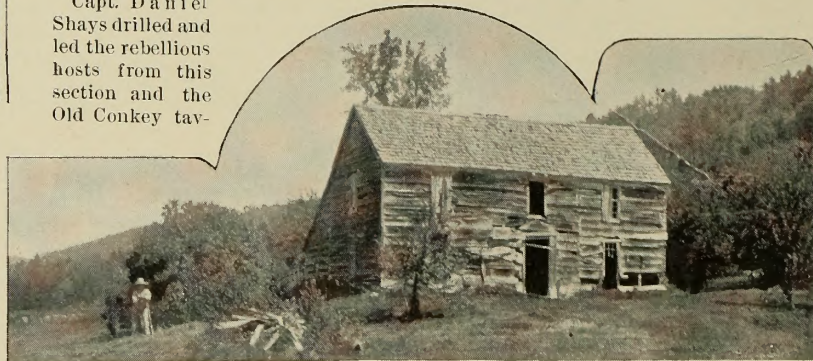
of credit, "old tenor" was the price agreed upon. The history of this town has been often



"OVER THE HILL AND FAR AWAY" (PELHAM).

country by raising a company for the Continental army, fighting at Bunker Hill, at the storming at Stony Point and against Burgoyne at Saratoga and who carried an honorable battle scar was a citizen of Pelham, who, after the war was ended, lived half way up the west slope of Pelham east hill, and who became so far the leading spirit in the rebellion against state government in 1786-7, that the insurgent outbreak has ever since been called Shay's rebellion.

Capt. Daniel Shays drilled and led the rebellious hosts from this section and the Old Conkey tavern.

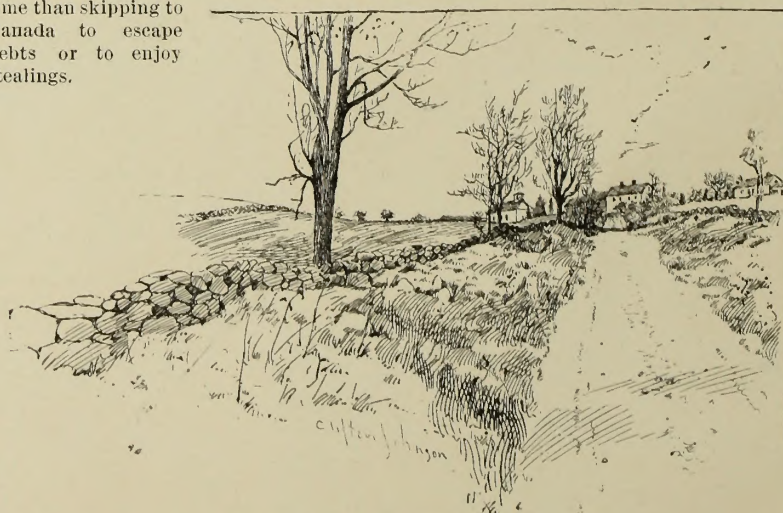


THE OLD CONKEY TAVERN.

ern in the hollow, a half mile down the hill from his home, was his headquarters. The first stanza of a ballad popular years ago as the "Confession of Capt. Shays" we quote:

"In former days my name was Shays,
In Pelham I did dwell, sir;
But now I'm forced to leave that place,
Because I did rebel, sir."

The old tavern was near by, and though it was situated in a lonely valley shut in by the high hills, Landlord Conkey was hospitable and cheery; the fire blazed high in his wide stone fire-place, and he kept a good line of wet goods in the original package and otherwise that undoubtedly served to stimulate Shays and his followers to rebellious acts,—as the following bill substantially proves. With the debts of the war way up, and the ability to pay way down, and good liquor cheap and plenty what could be easier than starting a rebellion among the grumbling yeoman in 1786; certainly much easier at that time than skipping to Canada to escape debts or to enjoy stealings.



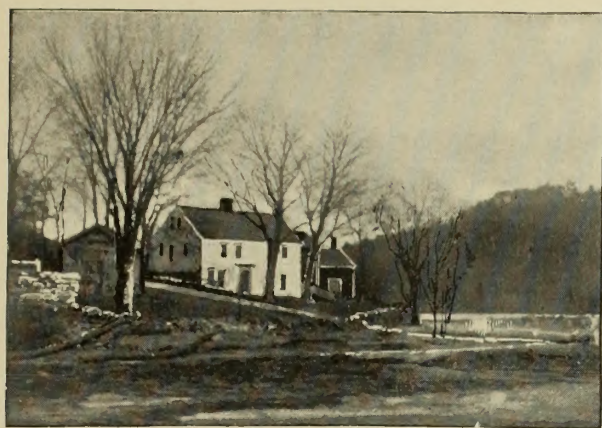
NEARLY AT THE TOP OF PRESCOTT HILL.

BOSTON, Oct. 31, 1772.			
MR. WILLIAM CONKEY, Bought of JOHANNET & SEAVER:			
	£	s.	d.
2 bbls. rum (32 $\frac{1}{4}$ -30 $\frac{3}{4}$) 63 galls. at 12			
shillings.....	37	16	0
32 galls. West India rum at 22s. 6d....	36	00	0
4 galls. brandy, 30s., keg 13s. 6d....	10	13	6
1 galls. annas seed 17s. keg 13s. 9d....	4	3	6
6 galls. clove at 17s. 6d., keg at 15s....	6	0	0
3 $\frac{3}{4}$ galls. orange at 17s. 6d., keg 13s.			
6d.....	3	19	2
1 gal. wine at 30s.....	1	10	0
	100	2	2

BOSTON, Oct. 31, 1772.
Received of Wm. Conkey six pounds in lawful money on account.

JOHANNET & SEAVER.
BOSTON, February 11, 1773.
Received the within to balance in full.
JOHANNET & SEAVER.

The attack of the Shays insurgents upon the arsenal at Springfield as described in the ballad already referred to is as follows:



SCENE IN GREENWICH VILLAGE.

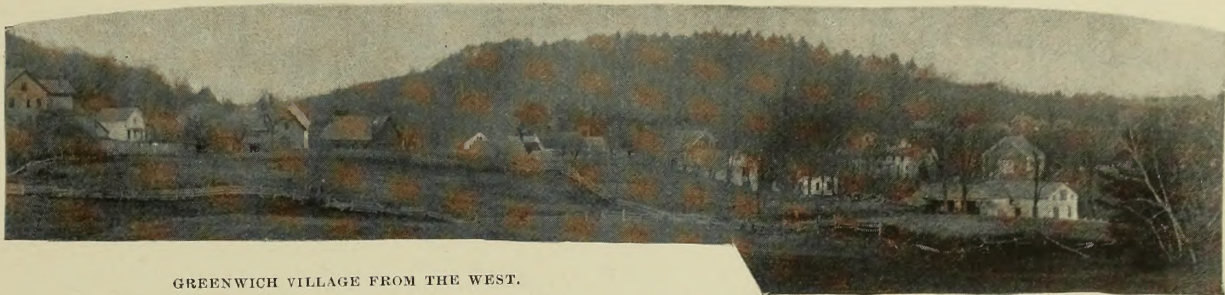
"On mountain steed we did proceed,
Our federal stores to plunder;
But there we met with a back set,
From Shepherd's warlike thunder.

They killed four; they wounded more;
The rest they run like witches;
Roswell Merriek lost his drum,
And Curtis split his breeches."

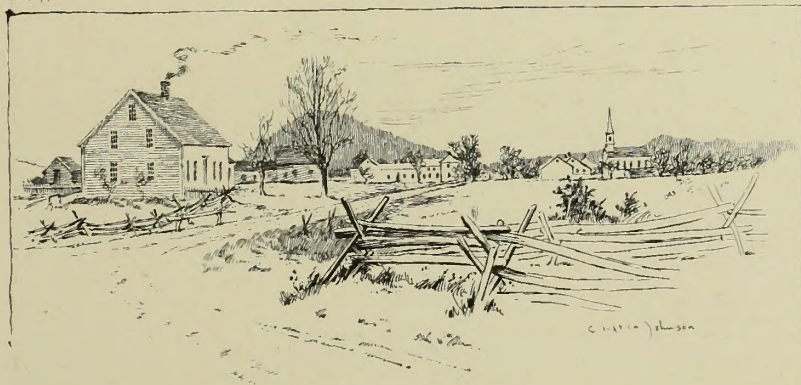
This attack was on Jan. 25, 1787, and three days later Capt. Shays with 1100 men came skurrying back to Pelham with Gen. Lincoln and the state militia close in his rear. Shays hurried on through Amherst, taking the Pelham road and very fortunately for him and his men eleven sleigh-loads of provisions from the western part of the state stopped at Landlord Clapp's tavern in East Amherst soon after, the driver's intending to feed their horses, but Clapp hurried them off, after the skedaddling rebels, for fear Gen. Lincoln would gobble them up. These loads of provisions were what helped the captain to maintain his defeated troops for four days upon the snow covered Pelham hills, while he kept his messengers running back and



GREENWICH MEADOWS—MT POMEROY IN THE DISTANCE.



GREENWICH VILLAGE FROM THE WEST.



LOOKING TOWARD GREENWICH.

forth between the old Conkey tavern and Gen. Lincoln's headquarters at Hadley, seeking a cessation of hostilities until the united prayers of the rebels for mercy could be heard by the General Court and an answer received.

Captain Shays didn't wait for the conclusion of negotiations, but marched his men away from Pelham on the 3rd of February to Petersham, where he was overtaken by Gen. Lincoln's forces the next forenoon, after an all night march from Hadley in a blinding snowstorm. Gen. Lincoln attacked the rebels at once and there was a general scattering of the insurgents, some to their homes, others into New Hampshire.

Nearly every town has had experience with the hypocritical religious cheat at some time or other, and ministerial wolves in sheep's clothing, are not as rare as they ought to be, not as uncommon as they were a hundred years and more ago, when on a Tuesday afternoon in April or May, 1784, a bright, active young man of nineteen rode into Pelham from Palmer on horseback. He wore a light gray coat with silver plated buttons, green vest, and red velvet knee breeches. Seeking out Dea. Gray, he introduced himself as Rev. Mr. Davis, a clergyman in search of employment, at



A GREENWICH ROADWAY.

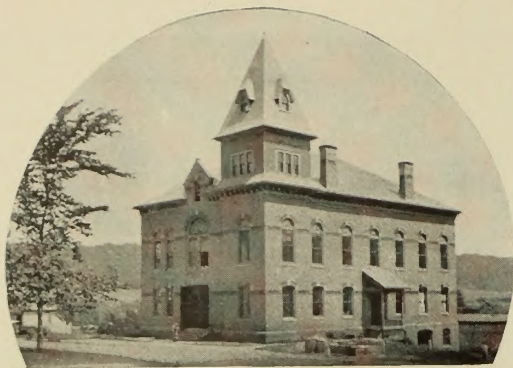


POND NEAR ENFIELD.



ENFIELD.

the same time stating that he had preached at Ludlow the Sunday previous. He also presented a letter of recommendation written by Rev. Mr. Baldwin of Palmer. Such was the entrance of Stephen Burroughs, the famous counterfeiter, to the town. Dea. Gray carefully read Mr. Baldwin's letter, which was doubtless couched in the regulation phrases of endorsement not uncommon in such documents now; then the good deacon consulted with other prominent members of the church and the result of the consultation was the engagement of the well recommended bogus minister with only ten of his father's old sermons in his saddle bags, as "supplier" for four weeks, at five dollars per Sunday, besides board and housekeeping; and at the expiration of the time a further engagement for four



TOWN HALL AND SCHOOL BUILDING, ENFIELD.

months was made. It was not long before some watchful person got sight of a sermon Burroughs was delivering and thought it did not have that fresh, clean look a newly prepared sermon should have and a consultation among the members decided the good people upon a plan of testing the new minister's ability to prepare his own sermons. The following Sunday the first clause of the fifth verse of the ninth chapter of Joshua was handed the bogus preacher, as he entered the meeting-house,

of jealousy were sensible of its odious and hateful character and were ashamed to be seen by God, man, or the devil; consequently had recourse to patching and clouting themselves over with false pretenses to hide their deserved shame and disgrace. In the application of the subject the "supplier" said, "Will you suffer the hateful monster of suspicion and jealousy to rage among you? Will you wear these old, filthy, clouted shoes any longer? Will you not rather clothe yourselves with that charity which suffereth and endureth all things? Will you not rather be shod with the gospel of peace and good will?"

Notwithstanding the suspicions of these good people concerning the honesty of their temporary "supplier," the months of his engagement flew by quite pleasantly all around; they had not always been without dissensions and disagreements with their settled pastors, so it was not very strange for them to become suspicious of this stranger whose only recommendation was the letter from the Palmer minister, who probably knew as little about him as the people of Pelham did.



AN ENFIELD CHURCH.

In September, with only two Sundays more to preach, a college friend of Burroughs made a short visit to town and forgot at all times to address his friend as Dav's, using his real name instead. This set the gossips at work again. At Belchertown, on the Monday before his last Sunday at Pelham, Burroughs met Rev. Mr. Chapin of Windsor, who knew him well. On the way back to

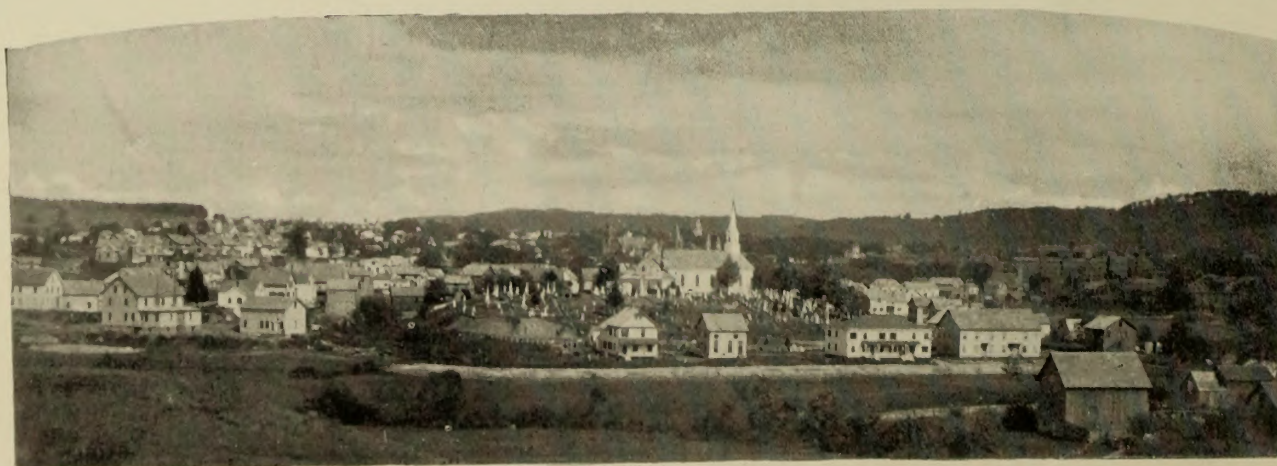
Pelham Burroughs decided that his usefulness in that field was at an end and determined to leave town that very night. He left the house where he boarded after the family was asleep, led his horse from the barn and rode to the house of his friend Lysander and informed him of his impending doom, and it was decided that Burroughs should keep quietly out of sight for a day or two until the wrathful Presbyterians had spent the force of their indignation in a vain hunt for the "supplier" who had deceived them.

Tuesday morning the town was in an uproar on learning that the deceiver had disappeared, and there was hurrying to and fro to learn his whereabouts or the direction he had taken, all to no purpose, for nothing could be learned of him. Burroughs lay concealed until the following midnight, when he took his departure through Greenwich towards Rutland, where the Pelham men overtook him. Burroughs saw the crowd and ran out the back door to escape. Meeting one Konkey, of his pursuers, who, in attempting to seize

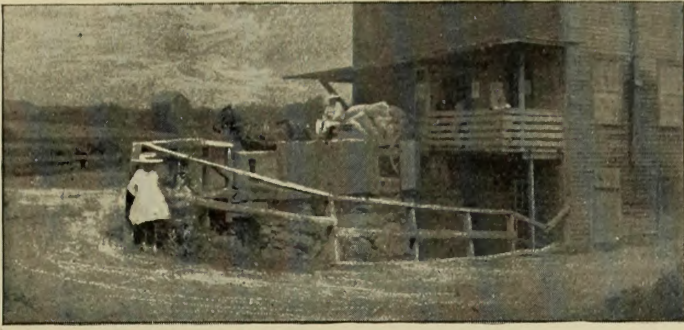


WARE.

with the request that he preach from that text at the morning service. "And old shoes and clouted on their feet," was the text. The subject was divided into three heads. First, the place of shoes; second, of old shoes; and third, of clouted shoes. He then proceeded to scathe his suspicious hearers by applying his interpretation of the passage as a whip to eradicate the growing jealousy and suspicion of his true character among the people. Old shoes, he said, represented old sins which mankind had been afflicted with from the earliest times down, and the spirit of jealousy might be counted as old as any shoes worn. On the third head he said that those who wore old shoes and practiced a system



WARE.



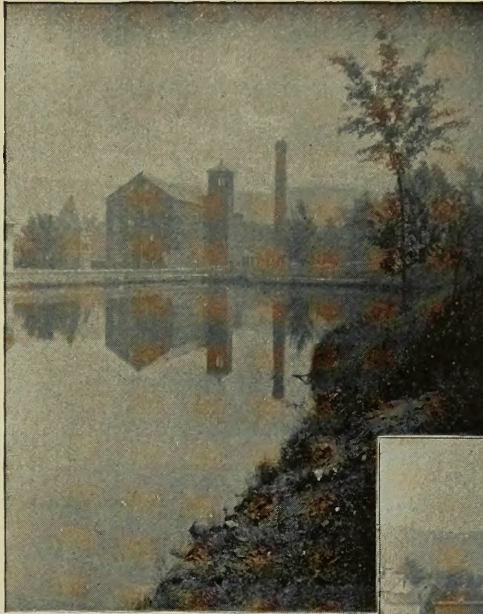
A GROUP AT THE GRIST-MILL.

afforded, although they were of high order for country schools, and these young men that have gone out into the world from the home training which the early settlers established and maintained developed men of character who have risen to positions of trust and honor all over the land.

Now if there are any disposed to criticise, especially because some towns are less illustrated than others, will they please remember that we have had twen-

his late pastor had his arm broken by a blow from a stick Burroughs used in self defense, who then ran down the hill, distancing all but Dr. Nehemiah Hinds, who was knocked senseless with a stone by the runaway supplier. Climbing to the haymow of a barn, Burroughs awaited his pursuers and there were angry words on both sides. The "haymow sermon" is said to have been delivered here, but was really written afterwards. The Rutlanders heard the angry talk awhile, rather enjoying the novel entertainment and proposed that all hands should adjourn to Woods tavern, where Burroughs should spend the five dollars he had received in advance for the last Sunday of his engagement at Pelham, and which circumstances prevented his filling out, by setting up drinks for the crowd; this was done, the Rutlanders getting their full share. The drink and the anger of Dr. Hinds caused the re-opening of the quarrel, and Burroughs, not caring to be taken back to Pelham, escaped by jumping from a window.

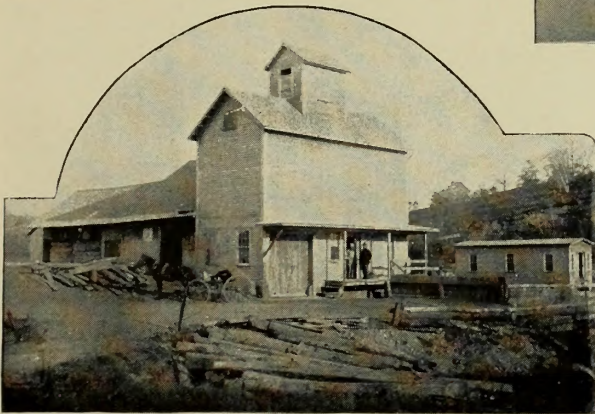
This episode in the history of the town was just such as occur now, here and there, and when we consider the fact that there was scant mail service, no railroads, telegraphs or telephones for use in inquiring about the bogus tramping "suppliers" at that early day, it is no



LOVER'S LEAP



LOOKING DOWN THE VALLEY TOWARD THE MILLS.



THE GRIST AND SAW MILL.

ty-three towns, with their many villages to look after, and we have already overrun the limit of pages set, while there are over five hundred illustrations in this book.

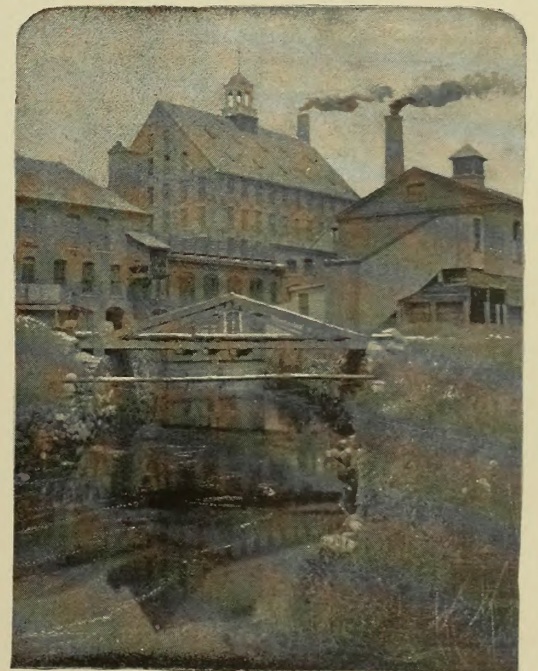
We are sure we do not exaggerate when we say that never was such a collection of valuable illustrative matter put upon the market at such a price as fifty cents. If we shall succeed, however, in popularizing art, and fostering the art instinct, which dwells in all humanity to a greater or less degree, and make it easy for the poor man to cultivate

wonder that people were occasionally imposed upon.

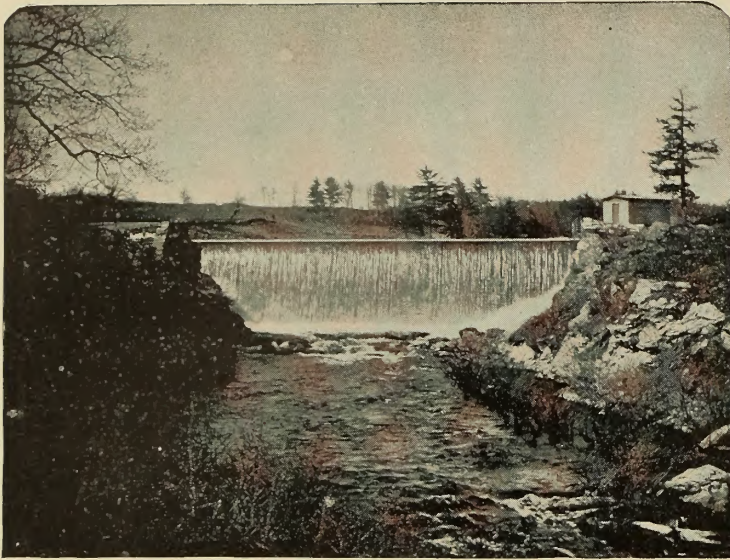
Doubtless greater care was exercised afterwards in accepting the services of strange men on so little knowledge of their antecedents. In spite of the imposition of this bogus preacher and the furnishing of a leader for the rebellion against the state government the town prospered and increased in wealth and inhabitants until there were at one time about 1100 people living within its borders. Early in this century the young men began to go out to New York and other cities to work at stone cutting during the summer, returning to spend the winters at home. Then the young men began to roll off the hill-tops permanently, to the cities and centres of business, or to institutions of learning, so that they might acquire more knowledge than the home schools



THE STONE BRIDGE.



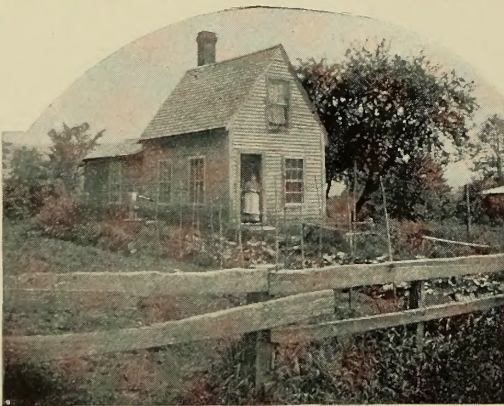
GILBERT'S MILL.



THE DAM—WARE.

his children's love for the beautiful in nature, our end will have been attained. Then "Picturesque Hampshire" will be our best monument, and our triumph, whether pecuniarily successful or not.

We feel sure that every friend of "old Hadley" will appreciate the pathetic and triumphant poems of John Howard Jewett, a native of the town, and now of the Worcester Evening Gazette. He has contributed much work of merit to the Springfield Republican and evidently has a future awaiting him. We are inclined to think that, pathetic as it is, the "Song for Old Hadley," to the tune of "The Old Oaken Bucket," will become a favorite with people of the old town and their descendants far and wide.



A PICTURESQUE HOME.

ERRATA.—In the fifth line of the second paragraph on page 4 read the word "attention," instead of "attraction," and in the brief reference made in the "Ride About Town" to the will of Oliver Smith of "Charities" fame, read "many" thousand dollars as his bequest, instead of "several" thousand.

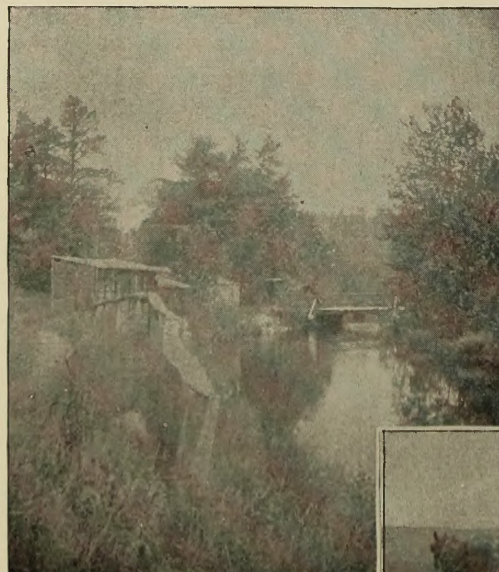
OLD TIMES IN AMHERST.

ECCLESIASTICAL RULE, POLITICS AND SOME OF THE NOTED MEN.

The traditions of interesting incidents that have occurred in the rural towns, to many minds, are



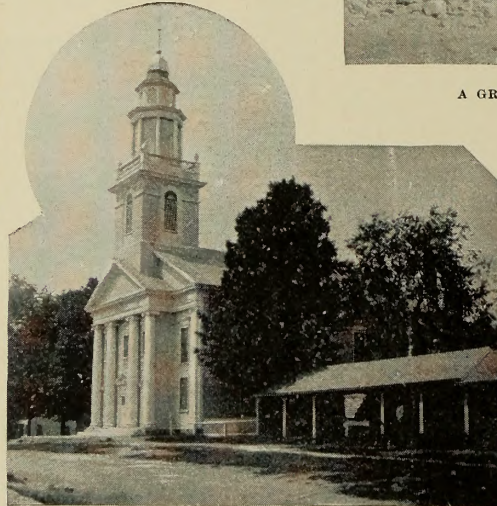
TENDING THE BABY.



NATURE IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD OF THE GRIST-MILL.

quite as valuable, and far more entertaining, than the dry recital of historical events and therefore the perfunctory method was, as far as possible, avoided in this work.

Tradition says that the first inhabitant of Amherst was a man named Foote, of Hatfield, who apparently disgusted with the duties and obligations which an enlightened community imposes upon its members sought emancipation therefrom by retiring to the seclu-



THE EAST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

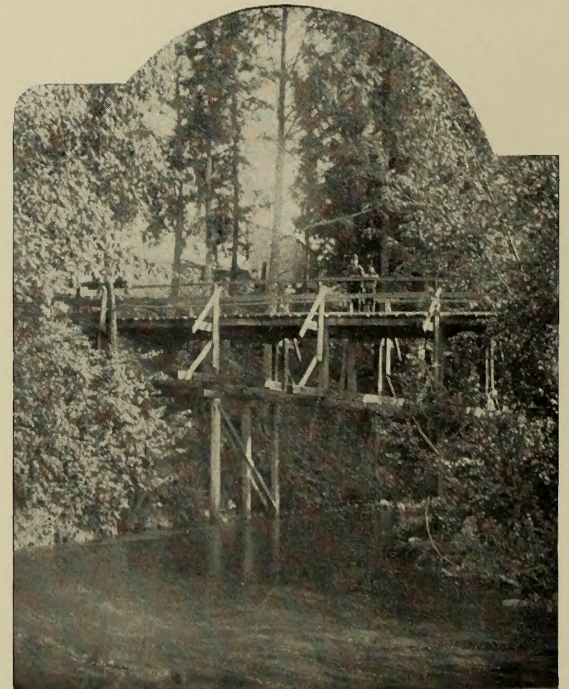
sion of the wilderness. Foote located in the east part of the town under the shelter of the Pelham hills, near the East Congregational church, intending to obtain a subsistence by hunting and fishing. This purpose of Foote's was a palpable relapse from civilization into barbarism. It was an infringement on the imprescriptible habits and rights of Lo, the red



A GROUP AT THE GRAVEL BANK.

man, and was not as successful as Foote anticipated; and presently he broke up his camp and stole back to the precincts of civilized society. But his name and exploits have been perpetuated in "Foote's Folly Swamp," in the vicinity of which his hut or shanty was erected.

In process of time, that is to say, about one hundred and fifty years ago, the number of permanent inhabitants seemed to render the organization of a district and the erection of a house of worship necessary. And the people proceeded to do both. It was voted "to hire a minister half a year," and "build a Meeting House." Noah Webster was to appear some years



BRIDGE—MUDDY BROOK.



GETTING A LOAD OF SAW-DUST.

later with his spelling book, and the idea of such an institution as Amherst college had not even entered into the mind of man. These events, then in dim futurity, may in part account for the uncertain orthography that prevailed in this precinct of infinite promise.

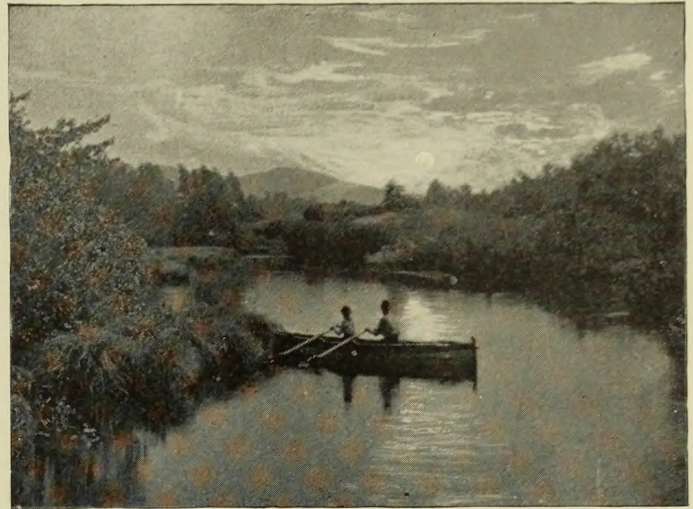
In those days of puritan ascendancy—and



IN THE WARE CEMETERY.

it seems a far-off time—the church, to all intents and purposes, was the town, and the town a component part of the commonwealth. Happily, we have emerged from the theocratic condition in which Massachusetts reposed so long. These good people of Amherst, then a straggling hamlet, having formed a church procured a minister, and built a meeting-house. Then John Nash was hired for a specified sum per annum to blow “ye kunk,” the “kunk” being a conch shell upon which the aforesaid John Nash was to make sufficient noise to notify the inhabitants to repair, without unnecessary delay, to the meeting-house. Thus

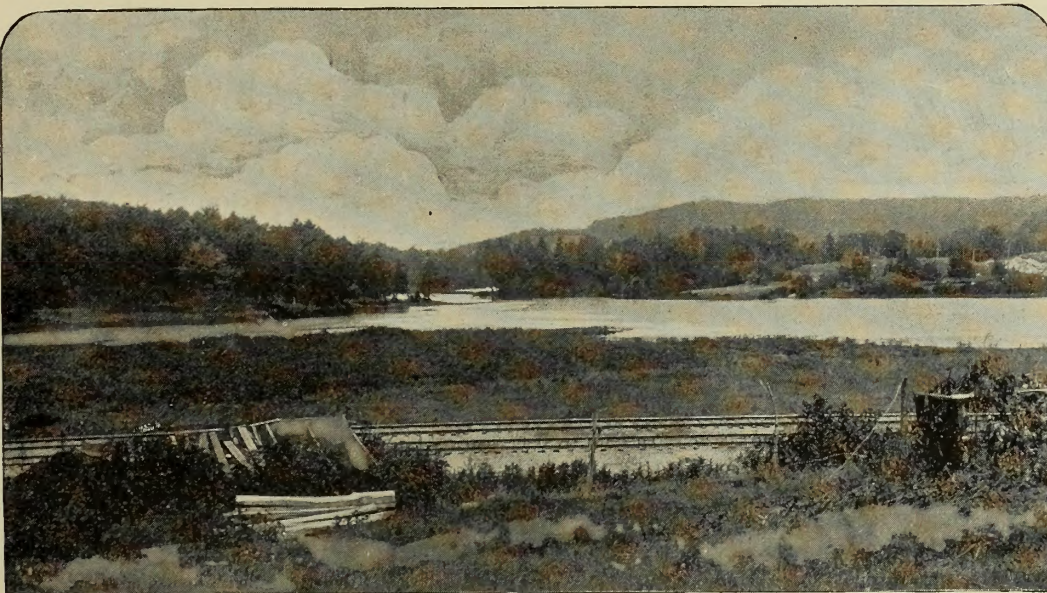
er from leaving town. Some of the incidents attending this “unpleasantness” between the pastor and the people were quite comical and amusing. On one occasion he was confined in the public pound, a receptacle for vicious and turbulent bulls when disposed to ramble over other fields than those of their owners, and obliged to subsist on red herrings, which were kindly tossed over the fence to him. These and other indignities and humiliations were heaped upon him because he failed to observe the sound and wise maxim afterwards enunciated by Mr. Samuel Pickwick, to always shunt with the largest



WARE—MOONLIGHT ON THE RIVER.

and noisiest mob. At one time he refused to pay his taxes to the legally constituted authorities, and was stretched upon the legal rack at Northampton for such contumacy. When he left he surreptitiously carried off the church records and Bible. Really a “bad lot” were these clerical Tories.

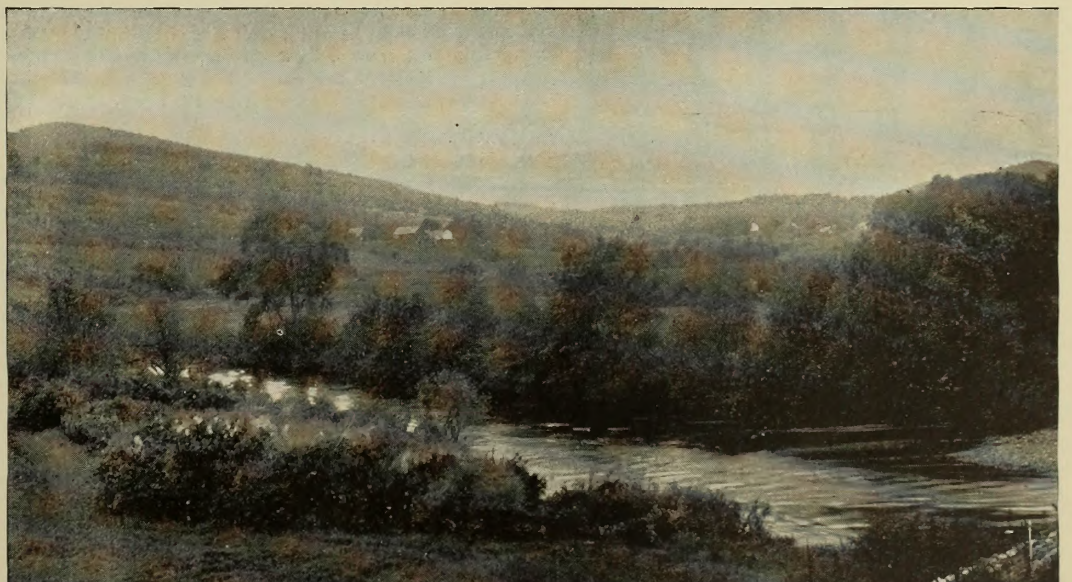
Although Mr. Parsons was probably as firmly grounded in his tory views as his clerical brother, the shepherd of the Shutesbury flock, he was less violent and reckless in expressing them. Still his opinions and language appear to have been very offensive to his people. A committee was appointed by the town to wrestle with him on this subject, and induce him, if possible, to assume an attitude more friendly to the “common cause;” but, as events proved, with little success. In his public ministrations he persisted in praying for the king. If anybody stood in need of the prayers of Christian men in those troublous times, it was certainly that perverse, willful and stupid individual, George Guelph, by courtesy styled king of Great Britain. His usual ejaculation was: “God save the king.” This was more than Nathaniel Dickinson, junior, a zealous whig, and member of the provincial congress, could easily digest, and he would instantly rise in his seat and exclaim: “You say God save the king; but I say God save the commonwealth of Massachusetts.” And doubtless, this utterance of Mr. Dickinson was vocally



WARE RIVER.

spiritually equipped with minister, meeting-house, and “ye kunk,” there is reason to believe that the district, or town, or whatever it may be called, enjoyed for several decades an average degree of religious prosperity.

Eventually there arose a difference of opinion between pastor and people on a political question. It appears strange to us that, in the dispute as to the right of England to tax the colonies while denying them the right of representation, the minister of this Amherst church should incline to the side of the oppressor. Yet such was the fact. As the controversy gradually approached a white heat, the pastor, the Rev. David Parsons, as gradually developed into an incorrigible and pronounced tory. Mr. Parsons, it is said, was in the habit of frequently exchanging with the Rev. Abraham Hill of Shutesbury, another irreclaimable tory, which practice was exceedingly distasteful to the patriotic citizens of Amherst, and they emphatically declared that he should not preach in the town any more. A very justifiable and judicious proceeding on their part. Of this Hill, it may be observed, in passing, that he was a graduate of Harvard college, and the minister of the Shutesbury church. His toryism was of the bitter and malignant type, and he finally became so obnoxious to the people that they invited him to step down and out of the pastorate. To this polite request he refused to accede. Then the whigs of his flock adopted measures to close the meeting-house and prevent the tory preach-



THE STREAM BELOW THE TOWN.



BIG ELM—WARE.

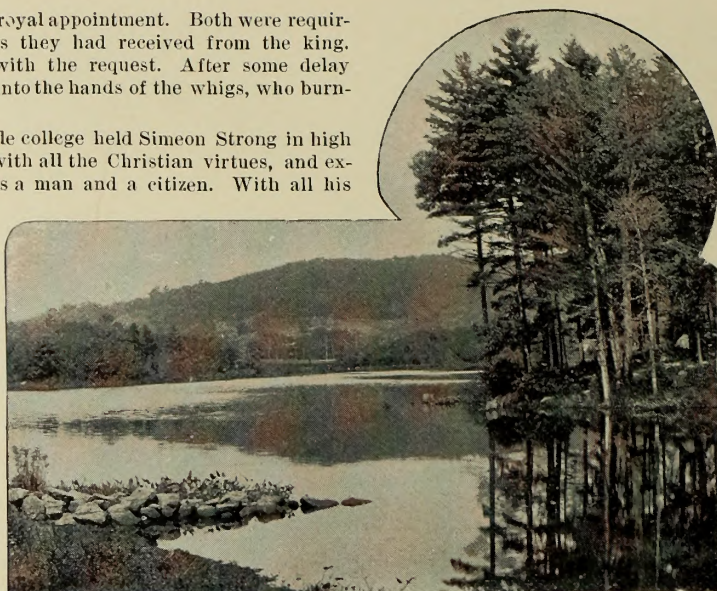
or silently endorsed by the mass of the congregation with a hearty amen.

But this insidious disease called toryism was by no means confined to the aged pastor. It had penetrated to some extent

portance in those days, by royal appointment. Both were required to burn the commissions they had received from the king. Strong readily complied with the request. After some delay Chauncey surrendered his into the hands of the whigs, who burned it in a public bonfire.

President Dwight of Yale college held Simeon Strong in high estimation, investing him with all the Christian virtues, and extolling him without stint as a man and a citizen. With all his piety Simeon Strong, it is quite apparent, possessed a full measure of worldly wisdom, and trimmed his sails so as to move smoothly along in the current of popular favor. He became a state senator, and judge of the supreme judicial court, after his political reconstruction.

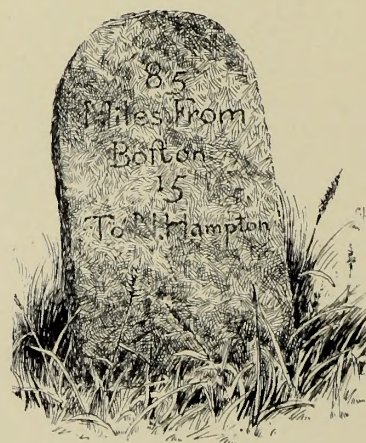
In speaking of the Amherst tories, it may be mentioned that one of the deacons of the church, Simeon Clark, sympathized with the



ON WARE RIVER.



A RELIC OF THE OLDEN TIME IN BELCHERTOWN.



AN OLD STAGE-ROUTE MILE-STONE.

is safe to assume, was in no way infected or tainted with toryism. The discord engendered in the community by these religious animosities did not subside for many years. Religious dissensions invariably tend to promote acrimonious feelings. The old church considered the action of the seceders as irregular, and Mr. Parsons declined to recognize their minister as a valid pastor. Indeed, efforts were made to discipline the members of the new church, and nearly thirty years elapsed, a sort of thirty year war, and a new generation had arisen before any degree of

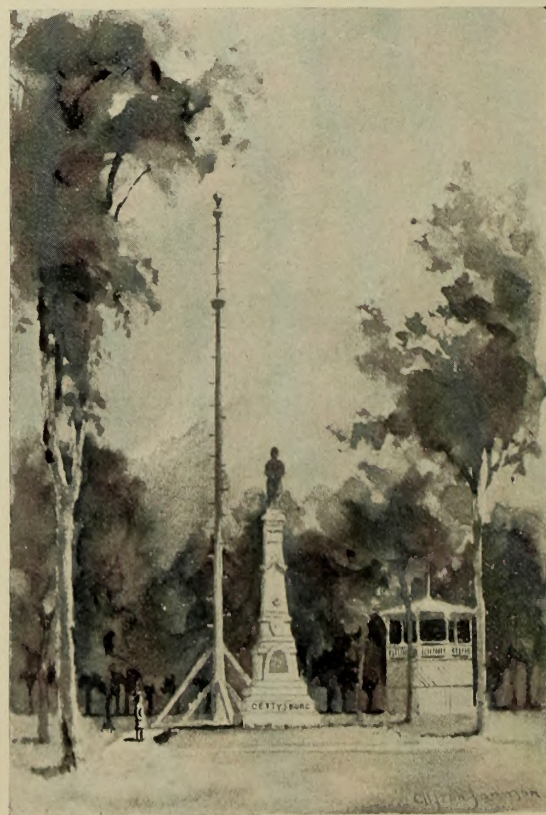
into secular circles, and those infected with it were, in some instances, summarily dealt with. Captain Isaac Chauncey, Lieutenant John Field, and Ensign John Nash had received royal commissions through the tory governor, Tom Hutchinson. Some pressure being brought to bear upon these officers, they renounced all authority to act under them. Josiah Chauncey and Simeon Strong were justices of the peace, a position of considerable im-

pastor in his opposition to the rebels. Some of the members of the Boltwood family were among the political recusants, and one of them, Robert Boltwood, by imprudent and indiscreet utterances, drew upon himself the attentions of the committee of safety, but managed to escape from the town.

Toryism, probably, had some connection with the division of the church. On the death of the pastor, whom the patriots had with singular forbearance, neither impounded nor fed on red herrings, despite his proclivities for royalty, an effort was made to settle his son as his successor. This was before the conclusion of the revolutionary war, and the movement produced great commotion among the people, as the son was supposed to inherit the tory principles of his father, and was, perhaps, in other respects, obnoxious to nearly one-half the population of the town. Several meetings were held to settle this momentous question, which, if all accounts are to be credited, rivalled in liveliness any ward caucus of modern times. But it was finally decided in favor of Mr. Parsons, and the malcontents, headed by General Ebenezer Mattoon, organized a rival church, which, it



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A VIEW ON BELCHERTOWN COMMON.



JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND.

an extremely religious one. To adopt an old saying, it would be much like the play of Hamlet with the character of Hamlet omitted. If the reader wishes to know a great deal about Amherst, he must become a diligent student of the religious history of the town.



A WINTER GLIMPSE OF BELCHERTOWN.

harmony between these brethren of the same religious faith was restored. There is very little to show that the pastor of the new church was in any way disturbed by the grouty behavior and attitude of Mr. Parsons in his assumption of spiritual authority over the competing religious society.

Incidents in the history of the town of Amherst would be somewhat barren of interest, if disconnected entirely from the church, as the town always was, and probably is today, outwardly at least,



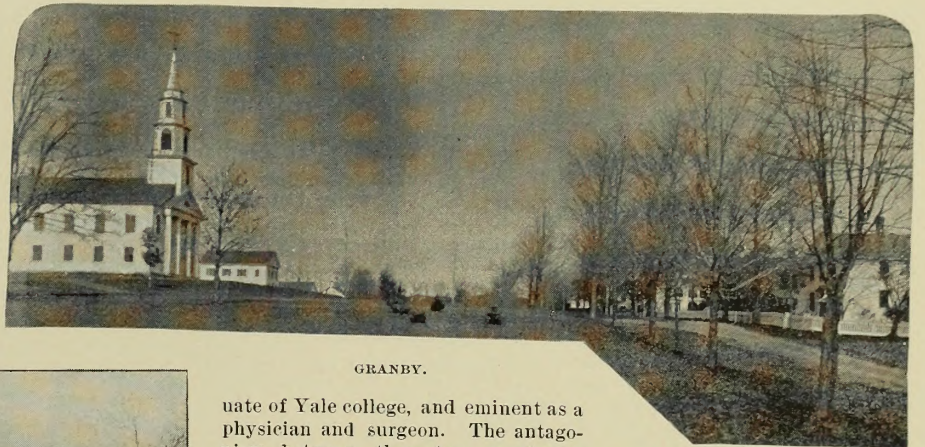
THE POND—BELCHERTOWN.

conspicuous in church and educational affairs. Besides he was a lawyer with a good practice and fair reputation at the bar. As a native of the town he should have commanded much popular support; but for some reason which cannot be readily discerned at this distance of time, he was somewhat weak in this respect. His life-long opponent was Dr. Timothy J. Gridley, a grad-



A GRANBY ROADWAY.

Religious idiosyncrasies often exhibit ludicrous and laughable features. A man may be very pious and still be very eccentric. This seems to have been the case with Mr. Oliver Dickinson of North Amherst, a thriving village in the north part of the township, which, by the way, is quite long and quite narrow. Mr. Dickinson, doubtless a worthy and estimable man, and a devoted Christian, was endowed with an acute perception of color. He was, besides, desirous of building a church or meeting-house, in which laudable purpose he was encouraged by his friends and neighbors; and he proceeded to carry this purpose into effect. The edifice which he caused to be erected is still in existence, although it has undergone some repairs and alterations. He entertained some peculiar notions as to the class of persons to whom should be conceded the privileges of the sanctuary of which he was the principal proprietor. It was unquestionably his intention to fill the



GRANBY.

uate of Yale college, and eminent as a physician and surgeon. The antagonism between these two gentlemen appeared to be irreconcilable. Mr. Dickinson was ambitious; there was a constant buzzing of the congressional bee in his political bonnet. It seemed to be his supreme longing to represent his district in Congress. But Dr. Gridley interposed an effective negative to this aspiration. In a communication in the Hampshire Gazette, some fifty years ago, Dr. Gridley stated at considerable length the reasons for this antagonism between Mr. Dickinson and himself, and, in his judgment, they were deemed sufficient to justify him in the position he had assumed. And in candor it must be said that they appeared equally conclusive to the major part of the people of Amherst. There was hardly a day in the course of his long residence in the town that Dr. Gridley could not feel assured of the hearty support of a



THE COMMON.

house with a very select audience. So in the deeds conveying the pews to the different purchasers, it was stipulated that the right and title should be deemed invalid, in case any of the owners admitted negroes or mulattoes to the "possession or the occupancy" of them; and the right thus forfeited should revert to the other proprietors of pews who had observed the terms of the contract. It is quite evident that Mr. Dickinson did not entertain a very exalted opinion of his colored Christian brethren, and did not intend to have any of them "fooling" around his meeting-house. He would hardly have been considered eligible to membership in an abolition society of the Garrisonian stamp, where white men and women were thought to be as good as negroes if they only behaved as well. In justice to Mr. Dickinson it should be remarked that, before his death, he modified his views materially on the color question. A black man has actually preached in his church.

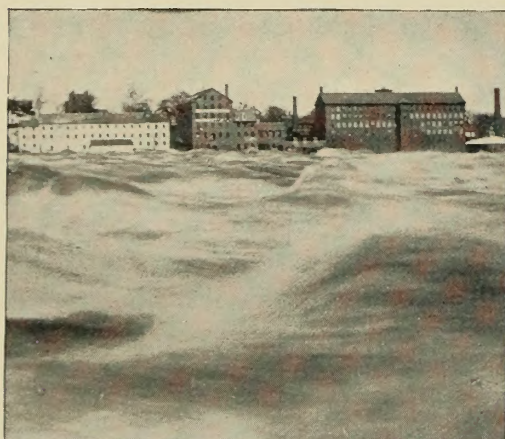
Amherst has furnished to the public some notable men. Ebenezer Mattoon was a major in the revolutionary war, subsequently a general in the state militia, member of Congress, and sheriff of the county of Hampshire. His father was a deacon in Mr. Parsons' church, and the story is told that, when he died, in midwinter, the ground was deeply covered with snow, and it was proposed to convey the remains on a hand sled to the burial ground, some two miles away. To this proposition the pastor emphatically dissented, exclaiming: "Such a saint as Deacon Mattoon to be dragged to his grave like a dead dog! Never!" The bearers were compelled to wade through the snow, with the body of the departed "saint" on their shoulders, to the distant graveyard.



A QUIET LANDSCAPE.



THE ORIGINAL DAM.



THE RAPIDS—HIGH WATER.

remained, and they could not easily be removed, as is easily seen.

In the meantime a new character appeared upon the political stage at Amherst. This was Osmyn Baker, a native of the town, and a lawyer by profession. He was a graduate of Yale, and had pursued his legal studies in the Northampton law school, then conducted by Judge Samuel Howe and Elijah Hunt Mills. Hon. William G. Bates of Westfield, one of the leading lawyers of the Hampden bar, frequently remarked to the writer of this article, that he had known Osmyn Baker from boyhood; that he was one of the most upright and conscientious men with whom he was ever acquainted; and that he pos-

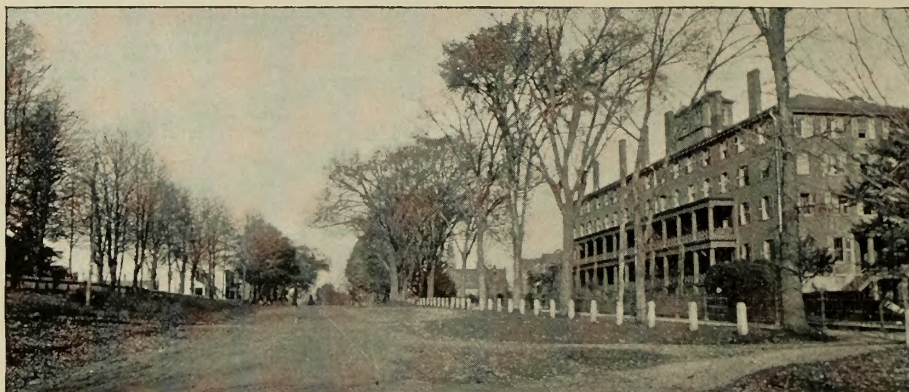
large majority of its citizens. This implied great integrity of character and commanding abilities, moral and mental qualities which are essential to the highest success.

Samuel Fowler Dickinson removed to Ohio, and his death followed soon after. But this old antagonism did not entirely subside; it survived to some extent in the person of his son, Edward Dickinson, who also inherited the aspirations of his father for a seat in Congress. This was



THE DAM—SOUTH HADLEY FALLS, LOOKING TOWARD HOLYOKE.

a laudable ambition, and Mr. Dickinson is to be commended rather than censured for entertaining it. Still, the old obstacles



MOUNT HOLYOKE COLLEGE.



LOOKING TOWARD MT. HOLYOKE COLLEGE FROM THE RIVER.

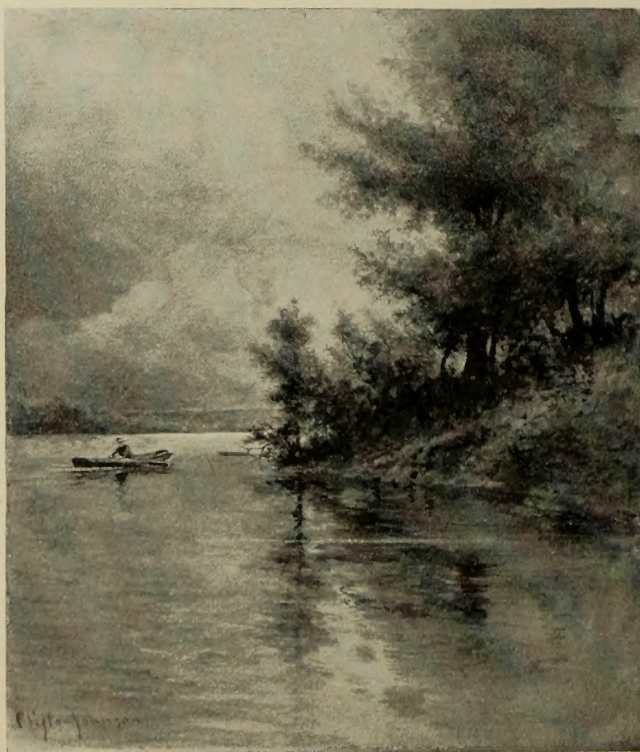


A CELERY PATCH.

sessed superior abilities, and was an excellent lawyer. At forty years of age he was as handsome a man as could be found in Hampshire county—in person tall and well proportioned. As a speaker he was fluent, earnest and impassioned. When the candidate for Congress was finally awarded to Amherst, it was Osmyn Baker, and not Edward Dickinson,



who was selected as the standard bearer of the party in the district. With the election of Mr. Baker these old antagonisms measurably subsided, and in a few years the ambition of Edward Dickinson was gratified in attaining by general consent, to the political



THE MOUTH OF BACHELOR'S BROOK.

position which his father had labored in vain to reach.

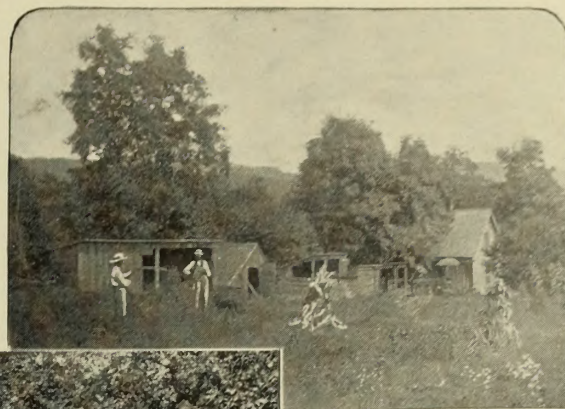
Mr. Bates said to the writer that early in the "forties," in company with Mr. Baker, he visited the west. While at Wheeling they strolled along the bank of the Ohio below the city, and impelled by a sudden fancy, he challenged Mr. Baker to swim across the river with him. The challenge was promptly accepted. Both were in the prime of life, and both possessed about equal muscular development. Divesting themselves of their clothing, side by side, with measured strokes they crossed the Ohio, and then, without touching their feet to the ground, returned to the place of starting. This was a performance which Mr. Bates mentioned with some show of exultation. In all the histories and sketches of Amherst, Osmyn Baker does not occupy that prominence which his great merits richly deserve.

The most distinguished of the sons of Amherst, however, was Silas Wright. He graduated at Middlebury college, and read law with Mr. Martindale of Sandy Hill, a leading lawyer of Washington County, N. Y. Mr. Wright located at Canton, in the county of St. Lawrence, and commenced the practice of his profession. His great ability and sterling integrity were soon discovered and appreciated by the people, and while still a young man he was invited to fill positions of honor and responsibility.

Within the space of twenty-five years he was elected state senator, representative in Congress, comptroller of the state, United States senator, and governor. When a large portion of the democratic party became involved in the meshes of Calhounism and kindred heresies, with Martin Van Buren and Thomas Hart Benton, he remained faithful to the political teachings of Jefferson, and inflexibly opposed the extension of slavery and the insidious movements of the secession politicians. Pure and upright, patriotic and incorruptible, his name was never connected with official jobbery. Although he had filled some of the most important positions in the state and nation, and was simple and unostentatious in his manner of living, his estate at his death hardly reached ten thousand dollars. General Macomb, commander-in-chief of the army, who had made the acquaintance of Mr. Wright in



GETTING READY FOR PASTURE.



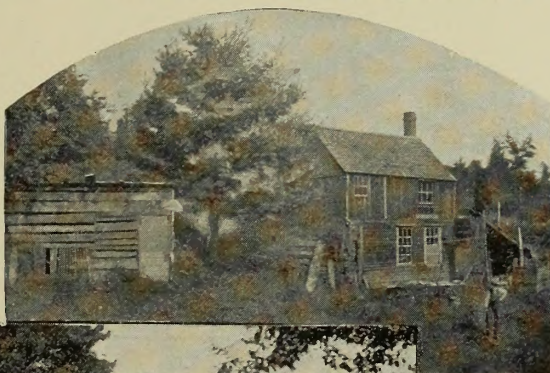
THE HOME OF A MARKET GARDENER.



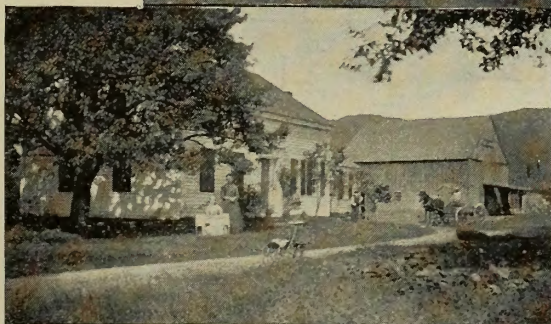
necticut caused the settlement of Hadley, and in 1639 and 1660 the "ox-bow," which the Connecticut river makes just above the present city of Northampton, was occupied by families from Hartford, Weathersfield and Windsor Ct., who were dissatisfied with the tendencies and decisions of their ecclesiastical authorities in Connecticut.



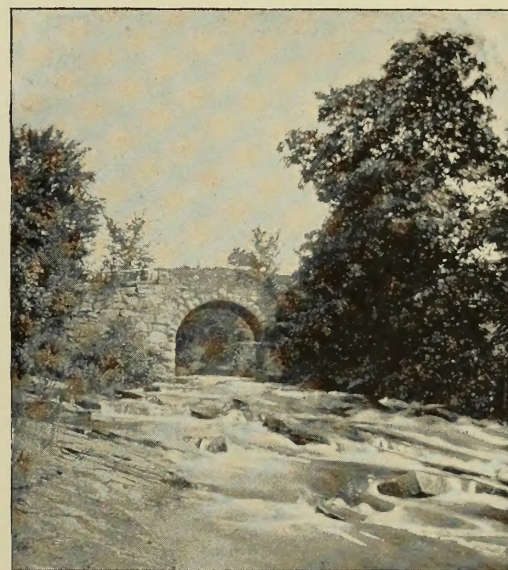
A STREAM IN "PEARL CITY."



Washington, while on an official visit to Northern New York, called on the senator at his Canton home and found him in the garb of a common laborer, busily engaged in harvesting the crops on his fifty-acre farm. During the last year of his life he regularly labored in the field with his hired man in the same manner as the most ordinary farmer. His early death was a national calamity. All honor to the memory of Silas Wright,



HOUSES BY THE WAY.



STONE BRIDGE ACROSS BACHELOR'S BROOK.



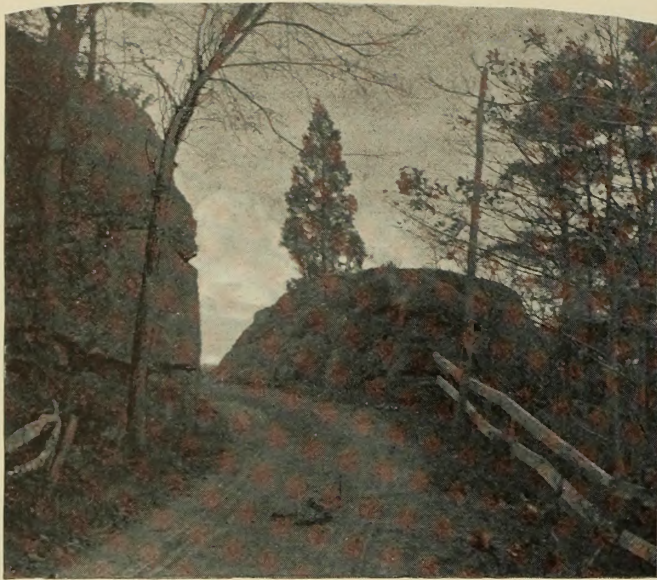
A PORCINE FAMILY.

Amherst's ablest and greatest son.

It may be of interest to know that the territory now known as the town of Amherst was originally the eastern portion of the town of Hadley. Religious dissensions in Con-



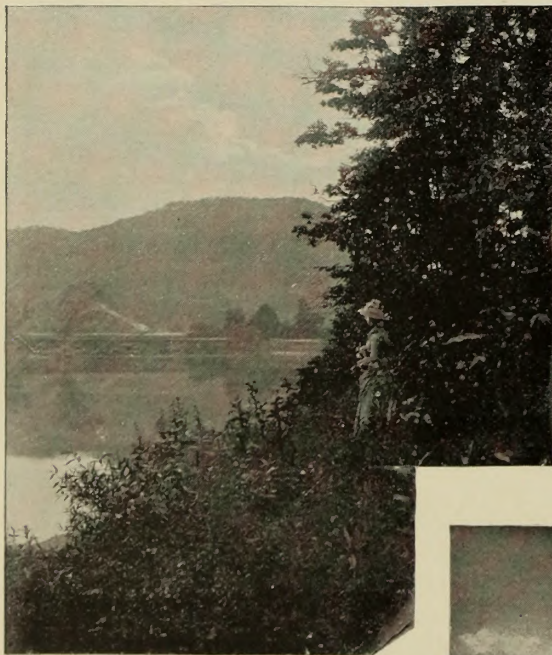
IN THE CORN-FIELD—MT. TOM IN THE DISTANCE.



PASS OF THERMOPYLÆ.

A COUNTRY FIRE.

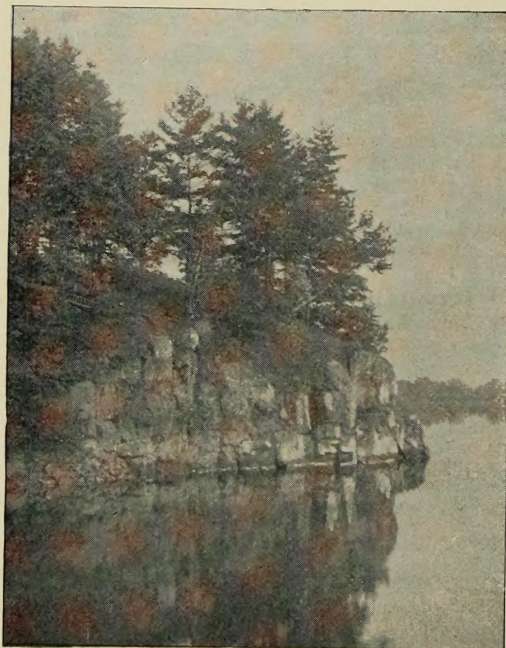
There is a certain fascination and excitement about a fire anywhere. In the large places, however, it is so frequent a happening that it is taken very much as a matter of course and is an affair for the attention of the fire department, and not especially for the general public. In interest and picturesqueness few things equal the burning of a home in a country village. The old tavern at Hockanum, burned Aug. 29th, 1888, furnishes a good example. It was a big, heavy framed structure built just before the beginning of this century. South of it, across the yard, was a large barn. At the time the place was occupied by a Mr. Davis, wife and daughter. The last were alone in the house that evening.



A LOOK ACROSS THE RIVER.

In the country, bed-time comes soon after dark in the long days of summer. So by nine o'clock most of the village houses were quite dark and silent, but about ten the up-street people were aroused by a hurried tramp of cattle running past. Down street a horn was blowing and some one was shouting. "Fire!" cried a girl's voice from the roadway. "Fire! Fire!" she screamed; "the hotel's afire!" Then she ran on, intent on getting the cows out of harm's way to the pasture above. Lights began to appear in the windows along the way. There were hurried movements and excited voices and in a few moments men were on their way armed with pails,

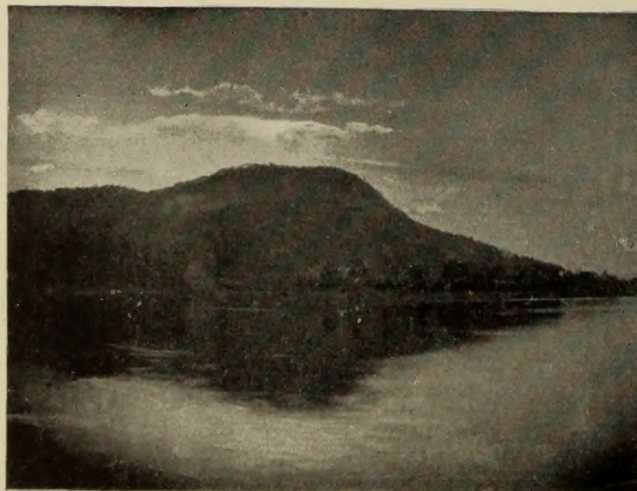
ropes and ladders. The sky was dark, yet clear and sparkling with stars. As they ran they caught glimpses of the blazing building and of the smoke and sparks drifting up. The open space before the hotel was brightly lighted. There Mrs. Davis and her daughter were standing, wringing their hands and crying hysterically. Mrs. Davis had a shawl over her shoulders and their ragged little dog half bundled in it. The dog was inclined to bark, but when he growled the woman stopped her weeping and boxed his ears and commanded him sharply to stop. Then she went on crying "Oh, our home, our home! It'll be all burned! Oh, what shall we do! Oh dear! Oh dear! What shall we do?" The "L" part was all ablaze and the flames were leaping through the roof. Several men were throwing water on the side of the barn next the fire. Some ladders were brought, but none were long enough to reach to the roof. Inside the barn there was little to save, as the carriage and sleigh had already been dragged out. Upstairs was a little scattering of hay and below a few barrels with oats and meal in the bottom and a pile of bags.



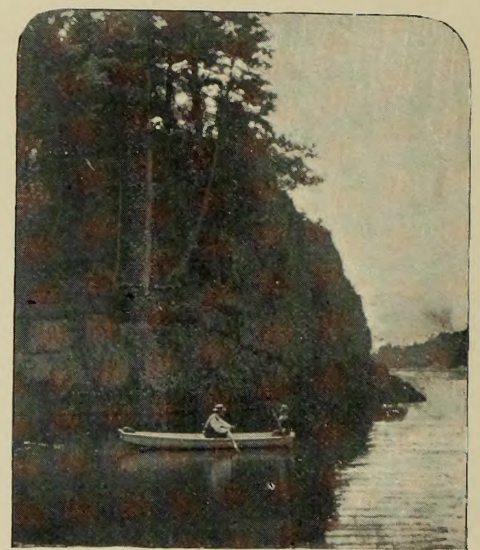
ROCKS AT TITAN'S PIER.

At the house the bar-room door was open and a few bits of furniture and the hotel register were brought out. There was little besides, save a lot of bottles and a spittoon. There was no chance of saving the building. Some one pulled off the hotel sign and unsuccessful attempts were made to get the piano out of the

(CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE.)



MT. NONOTUCK AT SUNSET.



TITAN'S PIER.

ON CONNECTICUT RIVER.

From that lone lake, the sweetest of the chain
That links the mountain to the mighty main,
Fresh from the rock and swelling by the tree,
Rushing to meet, and dare, and breast the sea—
Fair, noble, glorious river! in thy wave
The sunniest slopes and sweetest pastures lave;
The mountain torrent, with its wintry roar,
Springs from its home and leaps upon thy shore:—
The promontories love thee, and for this
Turn their rough cheeks and stay thee for thy kiss.
Stern, at thy source, thy northern guardians stand,
Rude rulers of the solitary land,
Wild dwellers by thy cold, sequestered springs,
Of earth the feather and of air the wings;
Their blasts have rock'd thy cradle, and in storm
Cover'd thy couch and swathed in snow thy form—
Yet, bless'd by all the elements that sweep
The clouds above, or the unfathom'd deep,
The purest breezes scent thy blooming hills,
The gentlest dews drop on the eddying rills,
By the moss'd bank, and by the aged tree,
The silver streamlet smoothest glides to thee.
The young oak greets thee at the water's edge,
Wet by the wave, though anchor'd in the ledge.
—'Tis there the otter dives, the beaver feeds,
Where pensive osiers dip their willowy weeds,
And there the wild-cat purrs amid her brood,
And trams them in the sylvan solitude.
To watch the squirrel's leap, or mark the mink
Paddling the water by the quiet brink:—
Or to out-gaze the gray owl in the dark,
Or hear the young fox practising to bark.
Dark as the frost-nipp'd leaves that strew'd the ground,
The Indian hunter here his shelter found;
Here cut his bow and shaped his arrows true,
Here built his wigwam and his bark canoe,
Spear'd the quiet salmon leaping up the fall,
And slew the deer without the rifle-ball;
Here his young squaw her cradling tree would choose,
Singing her chant to hush her smart papoose;
Here stain her quills and string her trinkets rude,
And weave her warrior's wampum in the wood.
—No more shall they thy welcome water bless,
No more their forms thy moon-lit banks shall press,
No more be heard, from mountain or from grove,
His whoop of slaughter, or her song of love.
Thou didst not shake, thou didst not shrink when, late,
The mountain top shut down its ponderous gate,
Tumbling its tree-grown ruins to thy side,
An avalanche of acres at a slide.
Nor dost thou stay when winter's coldest breath
Howls through the woods and sweeps along the heath—
One mighty sigh relieves thy icy breast,
And wakes thee from the calmness of thy rest.
Down sweeps the torrent ice—it may not stay
By rock or bridge, in narrow or in bay—
Swift, swifter to the heaving sea it goes
And leaves thee dimpling in thy sweet repose.
—Yet as the unharmed swallow skims his way
And lightly droops his pinions in thy spray,
So the swift sail shall seek thy inland seas,
And swell and whiten in thy purer breeze,
New paddles dip thy waters, and strange oars
Feather thy waves and touch thy noble shores.
Thy noble shores! where the tall steeple shines,
At mid-day, higher than thy mountain pines;
Where the white school-house with its daily drill
Of sunburn'd children, smiles upon the hill,
Where the neat village grows upon the eye,
Deck'd forth in nature's sweet simplicity—
Where hard-won competence, the farmer's wealth,
Gains merit, honour, and gives labor health;
Where Goldsmith's self might send his exiled band
To find a new "Sweet Auburn" in our land.
What Art can execute, or Taste devise,
Decks thy fair course and gladdens in thy eyes—
As broader sweep the bendings of thy stream,
To meet the southern sun's more constant beam.
Here cities rise, and sea-washed commerce hails
Thy shores and winds with all her flapping sails,
From tropic isles, or from torrid main—
Where grows the grape, or sprouts the sugar-cane
Or from the haunts where the striped haddock ply,
By each cold, northern bank and frozen bay.
Here, safe return'd from every stormy sea,
Waves the striped flag, the mantle of the free,
—That star-lit flag, by all the breezes curl'd
Of yon vast deep whose waters grasp the world,
In what Arcadian, what Utopian ground
Are warmer hearts or manlier feelings found,

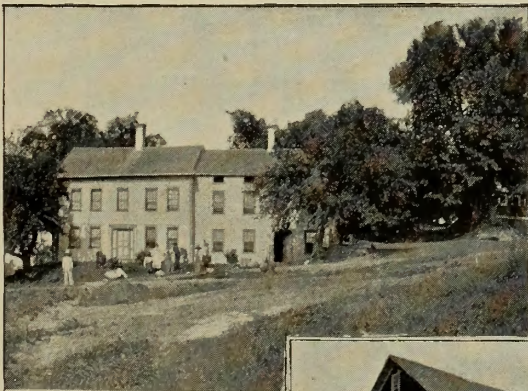
More hospitable welcome, or more zeal
To make the curious "tarrying" stranger feel
That, next to home, here best may he abide,
To rest and cheer him by the chimney-side;
Drink the hale farmer's cider, as he hears
From the gray dame the tales of other years.
Cracking his shag barks, as the aged crone
—Mixing the true and doubtful into one—
Tells how the Indian scalped the helpless child,
And bore its shrieking mother to the wild,
Butcher'd the father hastening to his home,
Seeking his cottage—finding but his tomb.
How drums, and flags, and troops were seen on high,
Wheeling and charging in the northern sky,
And that she knew what these wild tokens meant,
When to the Old French War her husband went.
How, by the thunder-blasted tree, was hid
The golden spoils of far-famed Robert Kidd;
And then the chubby grandchild wants to know
About the ghosts and witches, long ago;
That haunted the old swamp.

The clock strikes ten—
The prayer is said, nor forgotten then
The stranger in their gates. A decent rule
Of elders in thy puritanic school.
When the fresh morning wakes him from his dreams,
And daylight smiles on rock, and slope, and stream,
Are there not glossy curls and sunny eyes,
As brightly lit and bluer than thy skies,
Voices as gentle as an echo'd call,
And sweeter than the soften'd waterfall
That smiles and dimples in its whispering spray,
Keeping in sportive innocence away—
And lovely forms as graceful and as gay
As wild-brier, budding in an April day;
How like the leaves—the fragrant leaves it bears,
Their smilss purposes and simple cares.
Stream of my sleeping fathers! when the sound
Of coming war echoed thy hills around,
How did thy sons start forth from every glade,
Snatching the musket where they left the spade.
How did their mothers urge them to the fight,
Their sisters tell them to defend the right,—
How bravely did they stand, how nobly fall,
The earth their coffin and the turf their pall:
How did the aged pastor light his eye,
When, to his flock, he read the purpose high
And stern resolve, whate'er the toil may be,
To pledge life, name, fame, all—for liberty.
—Cold is the hand that penned that glorious page
Still in the grave the body of that sage
Whose lip of eloquence and heart of zeal
Made patriots act and listening statesmen feel—
Brought thy green mountains down upon their foes—
And thy white summits melted of their snows,
While every vale to which his voice could come,
Rang with the life and echoed to the drum.
Bold river! better suited are thy waves
To nurse the laurels clustering 'round thy graves,
Than many a distant stream, that soaks the mud
Where thy brave sons have shed their gallant blood,
And felt beyond all other pain,
They ne'er should see their happy home again.
Thou hadst a poet once,—and he could tell,
Most tunelessly whate'er to thee befell;
Could fill each pastoral reed upon thy shore—
But we shall hear his classic lays no more;
He loved thee, but betook his aged way,
By Erie's shore, and Perry's glorious day,
To where Detroit looks out amidst the wood,
Remote beside the dreary solitude.
Yet for his brow thy ivy leaf shall spread,
Thy freshest myrtle lift its berried head,
And our gnarl'd charter-oak put forth a bough,
Whose leaves shall grace thy Trumbull's honour'd brow.

John G. C. Brainard, about 1800.

A COUNTRY FIRE.—Concluded.

parlor. A light wind was blowing from the south and Mr. Eliot Johnson's buildings were in con-



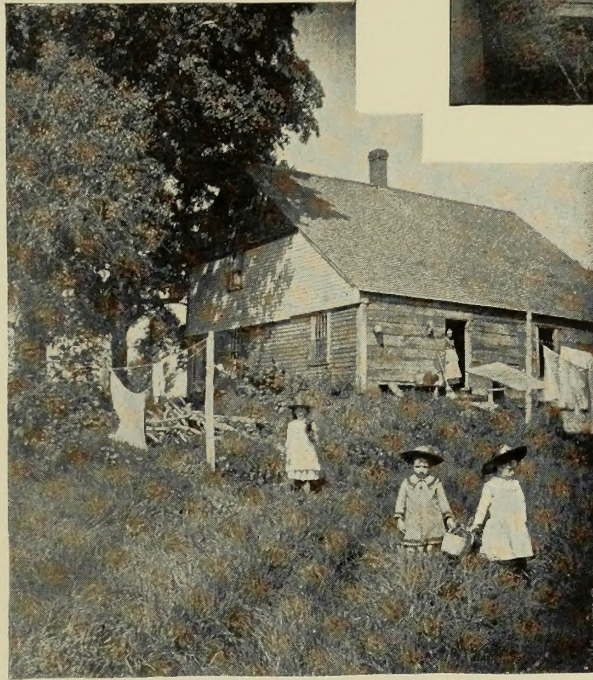
A FARM-HOUSE AND BIG BARN

siderable danger. Quite a crowd gathered there. Some pumped water, some carried others were scattered about on the various roofs, to keep them wet, or make a dash at the sparks which fell. It is not an easy thing to climb a steep roof, especially a wet one. Therefore in some cases the men took off their shoes and went stocking-foot or an



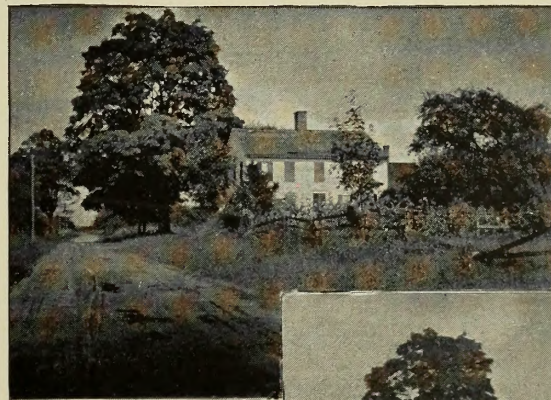
old carpet was thrown over the shingles to serve as a foot-hold. The hotel was now all ablaze; the shingles were gone and the rafters and ridge-pole glowed red in the flames. A big cloud of smoke rolled up, filled with sparks and cinders, which the veering wind often sent down in a shower over the guarded buildings. Most of the sparks would roll off the roofs of their own accord, or would be swept off by the breeze, or else glow a moment and then die out. Others were more tenacious and waited for a dash of water. Every roof had its man, and in the yard and house were other groups, all talking or shouting back and forth. The pump was being steadily worked in the back kitchen, where pails, cans and tubs were kept ready filled.

By this time, at the hotel, the upper part



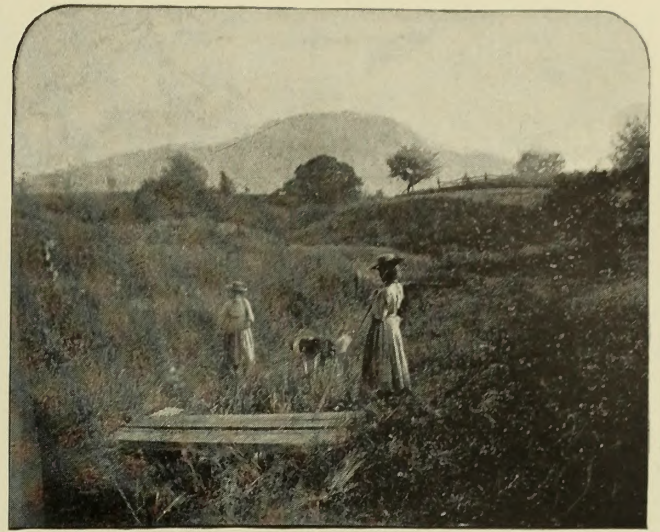
THE OLDEST HOUSE IN HOCKANUM

had fallen in and the sides were ragged and pierced by the flames, and the framework was fast crumbling. Ground and trees about were brightly lighted and even the mountain side was lit and faintly glowed against the blackness of the sky. In front, in the roadway, was gathered half the village, standing in groups, some talking, but mainly looking in silence at the flames fast licking up the fallen fragments of the old building. Some of the timbers, now turned to living coals, were still erect. Two chimneys had broken, but a third stood gauntly erect amid the flames and ruins. Against the side of the barn was two



ALONG THE VILLAGE STREET.

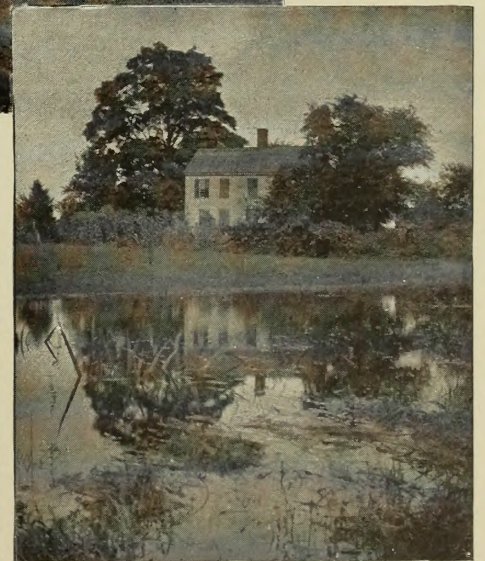
ladders which had been tied together. There was little to do and the crowd simply gazed, half awed by this sudden destruction, and the weird leaping of the flames and the ghostly smoke cloud, gemmed with sparks, rolling up into the overhanging blackness. The leaves of the trees were withered and browned and the apples were roasted on their exposed sides by the heat. Tree trunks were scorched, the bark crisped and turned to ash, looking as if a light snow had fallen on trunk and twigs. Mrs. Davis was



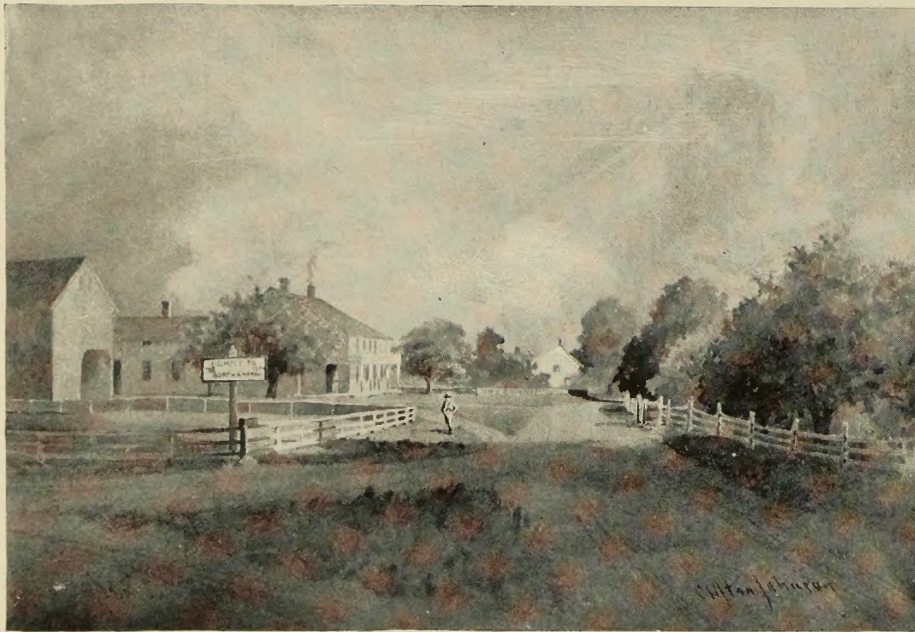
LOOKING TOWARD MT. TOM FROM THE NORTH-EAST.

asked how the fire started. "We were in the parlor," she said, "and Lucy was playing on the piano and making a good deal of noise, and she heard a crackling in the kitchen and went out and found the room full of smoke and then we ran into the street. I don't know how it caught. We had a lamp burning in the kitchen. I suppose it exploded." The fire bell had rung in Northampton, and presently the hose carts came up from the ferry. There was nothing for them to do and after growling a little and cracking a few jokes and inquiring for cider the driver turned about and went home. Quite a number of villagers gathered at Mr. Johnson's. One man of the group in the yard said "things looked pretty sick" when he got on to the barn roof. Another seemed to think the sparks wouldn't have caught anyhow, water or no water. The man who had been on the corn-house roof said that got afire once, also that a live cinder dropped down his back and he had found it very inconvenient getting at it. So the various experiences were told and the mystery of the fire's start was discussed. Meanwhile the pot was steaming in the kitchen and all were invited in to have a cup of coffee.

The crowd at the hotel was pretty well thinned out. One or two of the men were smoking. A couple of pigs were running about, somewhat alarmed, but still able to root



A VIEW FROM THE FIELDS.

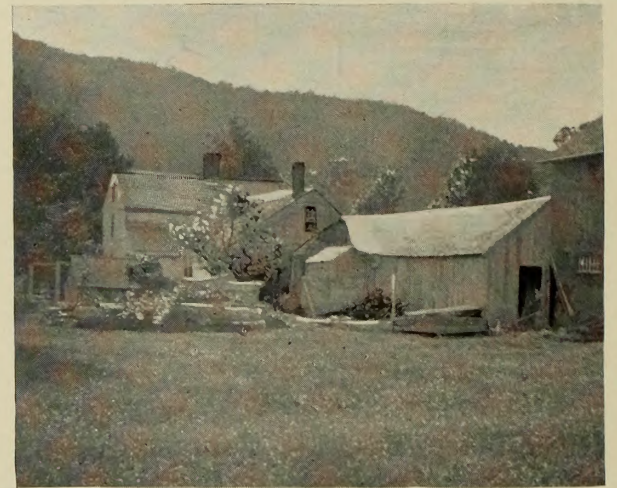


THE OLD HOCKANUM TAVERN.

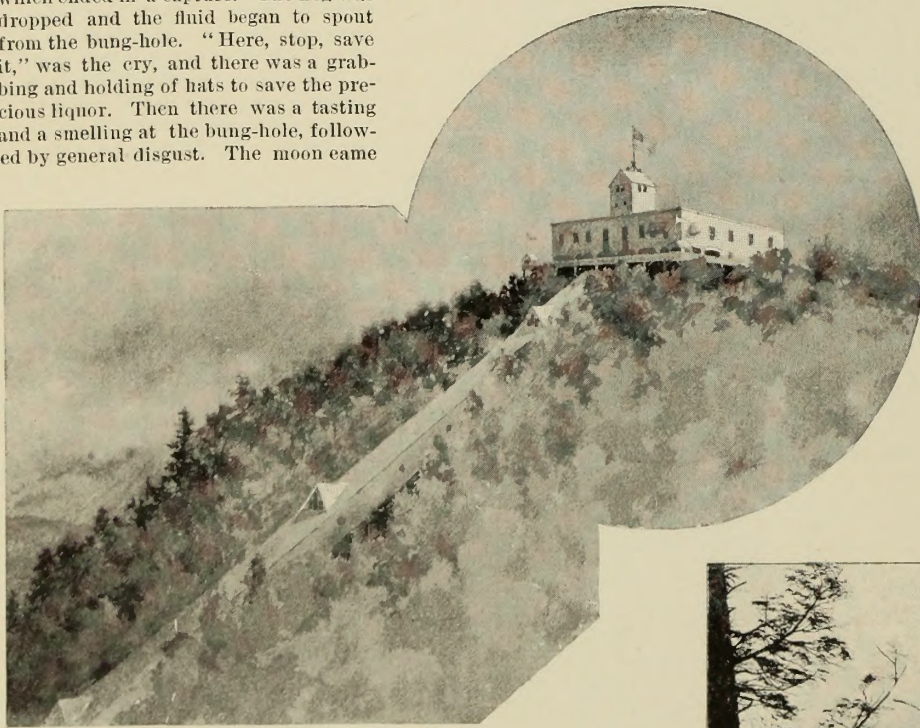
and eat. Some of the young fellows sampled the roasted apples and finding them good ate several. Next some green corn and tomatoes were procured and put to roast over the coals. While these were cooking they pushed over the chimneys. Lastly, two of the boys found an empty beer keg, filled it half full at the river and lugged it back. The others caught sight of them and there was a chase, which ended in a capture. The keg was dropped and the fluid began to spout from the bung-hole. "Here, stop, save it," was the cry, and there was a grabbing and holding of hats to save the precious liquor. Then there was a tasting and a smelling at the bung-hole, followed by general disgust. The moon came



IN VACATION.



A GROUP OF FARM BUILDINGS.



PROSPECT HOUSE—MT. HOLYOKE.

up over the mountain about midnight. It was in its last quarter and behind a light veil of misty cloud looked strange and mystic. And now the last lingerer plodded homeward.

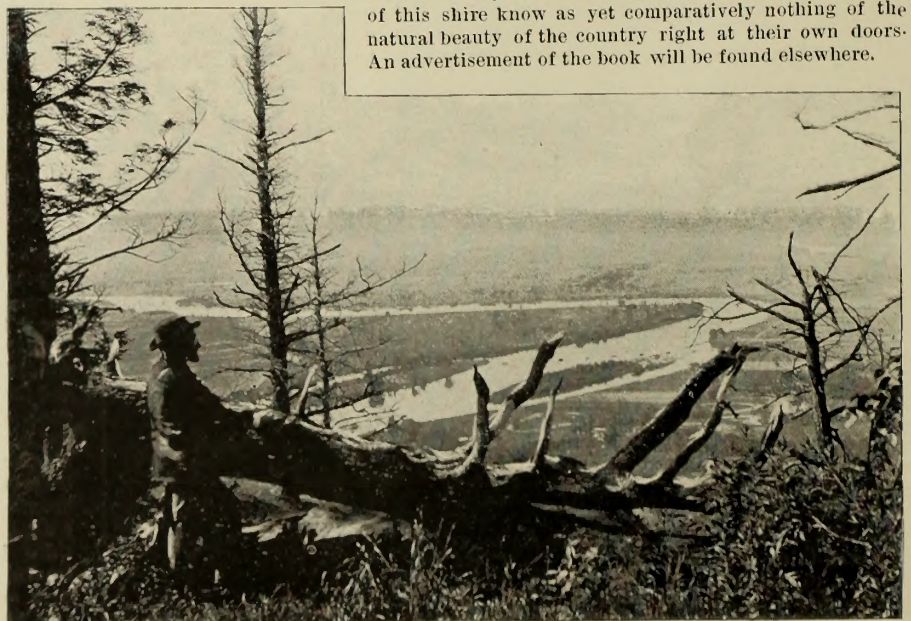
Quite a crowd of people came to view the ruins during the next day. The flames had made a pretty clean sweep. Here lay a few blackened timbers, heaps of brick and plaster, a stove broken and overturned, the remains of the piano amid the ashes in the cellar hole, and the half melted fragments of a lot of bottles. CLIFTON JOHNSON.

A LAST LOOK OVER THE VALLEY.

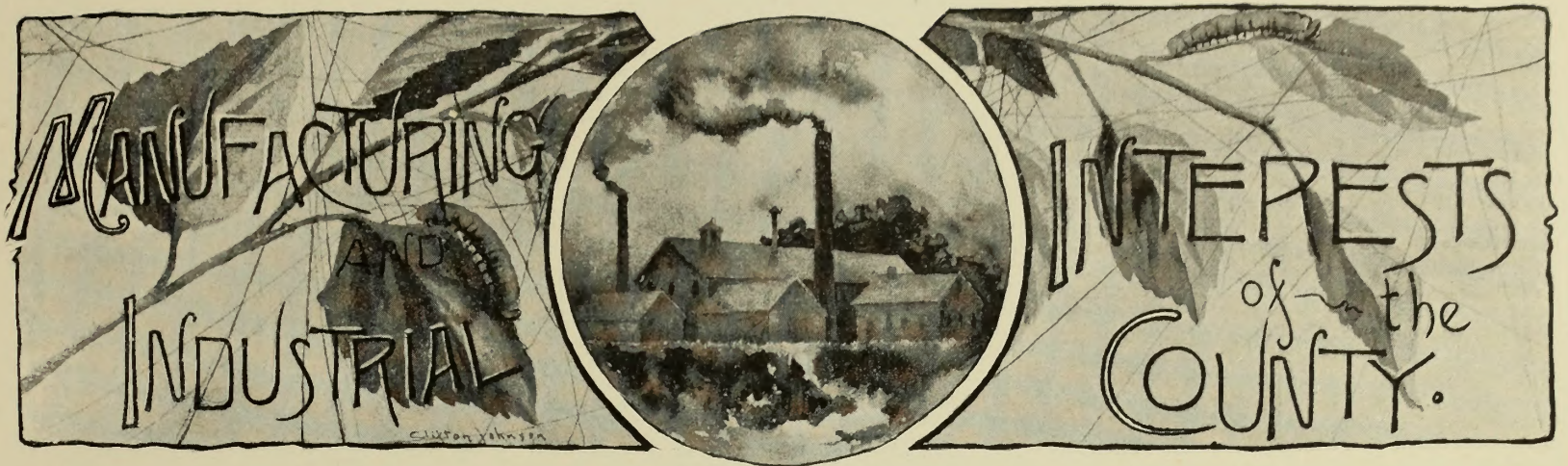
A fitting title it is, chosen for the last illustration of the towns in "Picturesque Hampshire." Will any one now deny that we have gazed upon the "counterfeit presentment" of the fairest shire in the old Bay State? Berkshire has been praised by the writers of all time, but she has no such diversity of scenery as Hampshire. Her mountains are grand, but she has not the Connecticut river and the broad expanse of meadow that Hampshire has, while from our own Mt. Holyoke one looks upon the finest cultivated view in all New England. Taken altogether, the readers of "Picturesque" have been privileged with a rare treat and those who live in Hampshire are to be envied the beauty of their

surroundings. With railroads running the whole length of her territory, as has Berkshire, Hampshire county would soon be her peer in interest among those seeking summer recreation, and this must soon be, as stage-drivers to the hill towns already report increasing patronage, which will, we predict, be beyond their means to meet comfortably.

It is with more than ordinary pleasure that we recommend to the readers of "Picturesque Hampshire" so valuable an aid to their future explorations as Kneeland's "Drives in Northampton and Vicinity" may be. Mr. Kneeland is an ardent lover of his native county and feels with us that the inhabitant of this shire know as yet comparatively nothing of the natural beauty of the country right at their own doors. An advertisement of the book will be found elsewhere.



A LAST LOOK OVER THE VALLEY, FROM MT. HOLYOKE.



THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF MANUFACTURES.

This department is born of the exigencies of the work. It was necessary, in order to prevent a heavy pecuniary loss from this enterprise, to enlist the co-operation of our good friends the manufacturers. They are, as a rule, public-spirited, progressive men, and appreciate the fact that whatever makes the country they live in more prosperous and attractive and interesting to humanity at large, makes the general public burden lighter and their operatives happier and more contented.

It is not our fault that every manufacturer in Hampshire county is not represented in the following pages. Numberless advertising schemes of the simplest sort have gulled all of them at one time or another, and some of them, who had no comprehension of what we were trying to do, have persisted in punishing the publishers of "Picturesque Hampshire" by withholding their sanction to this enterprise, but those sagacious men who "know a good thing when they see it," and are represented in succeeding pages, will, we are confident, not be sorry they are with us. We thank them for their co-operation, without which our book would not be a success, and hope they will share with us the satisfaction we feel.

The above heading is simply symbolic of manufactures and industry in general—the silk-worms at work typical of industry and the mill buildings aiding the design.

Now it should be noted that the project of giving individual portraits of manufacturers, in some of the ensuing pages, is wholly an editorial idea, and is done entirely without expense to the subjects of the portraits, and of course only where they permitted us to take the liberty. Thus the distinction is unsought by them.

We have chosen as the subject for illustration on this page a picture of the old Carew paper-mill, as it stood on the banks of the South Hadley Falls canal in 1848, with the peculiar costumes of the men and women of that time showing in the foreground. The opening of this canal was really the genesis of paper manufacturing in this county, and excepting perhaps the woolen mills at Northampton, is the oldest manufacturing enterprise of importance in the county.

So much by way of introduction. Now let us consider the rise and progress of manufactures in the county.

The great development of manufacturing interests in Hampshire county may, perhaps, be limited to the last fifty years. Under the colonial system manufactures

of all descriptions were discouraged by the mother country. Indeed, all the impediments which ingenuity could suggest, were thrown in the way of the people, avowedly to prevent them from engaging in diversified industrial pursuits, and confine them, as far as possible, to that of agriculture. The consequence was that those who had not the means to purchase imported goods—those of British manufacture—were dependent upon their own resources, or those of their neighbors, for the thousand things that constitute the necessities of life. For nearly forty years after the attainment of independence, it is quite certain that most of the families in this county were self-sustaining; that is, upon

family possessed one or more. It was then woven into cloth in the family loom; then sent to the fulling mill, where it underwent the process of thickening and compacting; and finally it was dyed and dressed. From the cloth thus prepared, commonly called homespun, the garments of the family were made for use in winter. It was the cloth that formed the coats of the minister, the deacon, and the squire, in the rural towns as well as those of the farmers and their sons, the only difference being that the cloth which covered the backs of the minister and the squire, was made from the finest wool. This domestic flannel, colored or uncolored, dressed or undressed, was made into sheets, shirts, trousers and coats for the men and boys, and dresses for the girls.

Many interesting stories could now be told, doubtless, concerning these matters. And we have some, told us, in mind, but this is not the place for their repetition.

Flax was grown upon nearly every farm. In the winter it was prepared for spinning and weaving in the family looms. Doubtless some families in the hill towns still preserve some articles composed entirely of linen of domestic manufacture. Many of these specimens of female handiwork were of exquisite fineness and texture. No young woman was supposed to be qualified to enter into the matrimonial condition until she had made with her own hands a supply of linen sufficient for all domestic purposes. And they often showed commendable pride in exhibiting these treasures of their taste and skill. The coarser and shorter fibre of the flax was called tow.

This tow was never wasted. By bleaching it could be made nearly as white as the longer fibre from which the best linen cloth was woven. Tow was an exceedingly useful article. From tow the shirts and trousers were made for summer wear, and garments were strong and durable, and produced sufficient friction upon the surface of the body to preserve it in a healthful condition.

The saw-mill, the grist-mill and the tannery usually were the accompaniments of civilization. The tannery, as it existed in the early history of the county, has disappeared. The scarcity of hemlock bark, and the cost of transportation over hilly roads, have banished this form of industry. But there was a period within the memory of some of our oldest citizens when almost every town had its tan yard. Gideon Lee was a tanner



THE ORIGINAL CAREW PAPER MILL AT SOUTH HADLEY FALLS.

their farms and in their homes they produced most of the articles they used or consumed. Of food they usually had an abundance. It is true that their flour was not made after Pillsbury's new process, but it was nutritious and wholesome, and when compounded in varying quantities of wheat, rye and corn, their bread was palatable, and made strong and robust men and women.

The garments with which the people were clothed, were almost invariably of domestic manufacture. They were produced upon the farm. Wool was obtained from the sheep that grazed in the pastures. It was deftly corded into rolls by the industrious wife and mother and her daughters; then it was spun upon the spinning wheel, of which useful implements every

in Worthington. He removed to the city of New York, engaged in the same business in the locality known as the "Swamp," accumulated a large property for the times, and was elected mayor of the city. The saw-mill still exists, but the grist-mills, the primitive New England grist-mills, are rapidly diminishing in number.

There was a time when manufacturing, in many of its varied forms, existed to some extent in most of the towns. There were several woolen mills in Cummington. In Chesterfield, half a century ago, an iron foundry was in active operation. In this foundry stoves and plows were made. The first stoves used in the farm houses in Western Massachusetts, were made in Chesterfield. The plows, although not so highly finished as those now found in the market, were fashioned after President Jefferson's theory of the true curve of the mold-board, and performed good work on hundreds of farms among the hills. At the beginning of the present century wooden plows were commonly used by the farmers. When a piece of timber could be found sufficiently curved to form the outline of a mold-board, it was wrought into proper shape with such simple tools as the ax, the adze, and the drawing knife. Then the village blacksmith riveted thin plates of iron upon the concave side of this wooden slab. It was firmly attached to a wooden beam, and, with a narrow strip of iron for a landside, a point rudely formed by the same son of Vulcan, handles—or stilt—as the Scotch call them—hewn from crooked saplings by the farmer himself, it assumed in some degree the shape and proportions of the modern plow.

Thus much for the first things that necessity invents in the early stages of settlements and civilization. At the period alluded to there was no startling disparity in the population of the several towns of the county. Now conditions are changed. Some towns are known as strictly agricultural in their industry, while others are as distinctly classed as manufacturing ones.

When the first manufacturing enterprise was started in Ware, the town contained a little over one thousand inhabitants, and was in every sense of the term an obscure hamlet. But the fine water power attracted the attention of capitalists from the eastern part of the state, and works were projected on a somewhat extensive scale. Some of them were unsuccessful. The dams and spacious buildings, however, remained, and when the country began to recover from the financial crash of 1837, they found occupants, and, as business increased, others were built. The Otis manufacturing company, employing over one thousand hands, dates its existence from 1839. Its career has been one of uninterrupted prosperity. It is confined mainly, if not entirely, to the production of cotton fabrics. Charles A. Stevens and George H. Gilbert came to Ware from North Andover two or three years after the organization of the Otis company, and commenced the manufacture of woolen goods. Subsequently the firm of Gilbert & Stevens was dissolved and a division was made of the property. Mr. Stevens still survives, and, in connection with his son, is actively engaged in the production of woolen fabrics of various descriptions. On the dissolution of the firm of Gilbert & Stevens, a new company was organized by Mr. Gilbert, styled the George H. Gilbert manufacturing company. The business of this firm has gradually expanded until it has assumed mammoth proportions. To these large industrial establishments Ware is indebted for all her prosperity. From a small and insignificant collection of rural dwellings, Ware has become a large and prosperous town, and only second to the city of Northampton in wealth and population.

The fulling and cloth dressing mill, and the machine for carding rolls from wool, primitive institutions, dating back more than one hundred years, were the germs from which have grown the present woolen manufactures of Enfield. The Swift River company have existed, with slight changes for nearly seventy years. It commenced under the firm name of D. & A. Smith, the manufacture of cotton goods in a small way. From time to time the business was enlarged until it obtained its present dimensions. No cotton goods of any description are now made, the mill being used for the production of fine cassimeres.

The Minot Manufacturing Company was the successor of two or three business enterprises in Enfield which proved unsuccessful. This company was organized in 1837 and was engaged in making flannels and

light weight cassimeres until recently, when it failed and closed its doors.

Another establishment devoted to the manufacture of woolen goods is the Highland mills at Huntington. There are now partly occupied and working mills in Cummington, where no cloth is made, but occasionally some yarn is woven.

The present prosperity of the town of Easthampton must be attributed mainly to the rare business capacity and energy of Samuel Williston. At a very early period he engaged in the manufacture of covered buttons, in a limited way at first, but as success attended his efforts the business was enlarged until it became the most important establishment for the manufacture of this description of goods, in the United States. The button factory which had been located in Haydenville, was moved to Easthampton about fifty years ago. Hon. and ex-Lieut. Gov. Horatio G. Knight, who now manages and controls the business, has been connected with this enterprise almost from its inception by Mr. Williston.

Other manufacturing establishments were projected by Mr. Williston. Among them were the Nashawannuck company for the production of elastic fabrics, and the Williston mills, for the manufacture of fine cotton goods. Another company was formed in 1862, for the production of elastic fabrics, styled the Glendale company. It was subsequently reorganized. The machinery was purchased in England, and the goods manufactured by this company will bear comparison with any produced in Europe. The Easthampton Rubber Thread company confines itself solely to the manufacture of rubber thread of every size and description for which there is any demand in the market. The Valley Machine company is also located in this town. Steam pumps are made by this company, and its business is constantly increasing in volume. But for the foresight and sagacity of Samuel Williston and his associates, in projecting and locating these industrial establishments in Easthampton, the little town would now probably contain a population of a few hundred, principally engaged in agricultural pursuits, instead of several thousand who find profitable employment in diversified forms of labor.

The first paper mill erected in Hampshire county, was at the village of North Amherst, nearly one hundred years ago. The work was principally done by hand, and the finished goods were carted over the mountains to Albany. Amherst is entitled to the honor of being the pioneer paper town of the county, and the business is still carried on there in a moderate way. But the construction of the canal around the Falls at South Hadley, rendered the immense water power at the village available on account of economy in transportation, and large manufacturing establishments were speedily erected. The Carew Company was the first in the field, and dates its existence from 1848. The site of the present city of Holyoke then consisted of pastures and cultivated fields. The same year the Glasgow company was incorporated for the manufacture of gingham and dress goods. A few years later this company built the mills now occupied by the Hampshire Paper company.

There are paper mills in several towns in the county, notably, the L. L. Brown company in Cummington, the Cushman mill in Amherst, the Chester company in Huntington, the West Ware Co. at Ware, a tissue paper mill in South Hadley, the Bulkley and Duntun Co. in Middlefield, and two establishments in Loudville. But in the magnitude of the business transacted, the paper mills at South Hadley Falls surpass all the others unless we except the soon to be opened paper pulp mills at Mt. Tom, pictured elsewhere, but these will only furnish part of the raw material.

As far back as 1835, Samuel Whitmarsh, a prominent citizen of Northampton, in connection with two or three other persons, began the manufacture of silk in that part of the old town commonly known as Florence. Mr. Whitmarsh was deeply interested in the development of the silk industry in all its stages, from the rearing of the worms, the winding of the fine, glossy fibre into cocoons, until it issued from the mill in such forms as utility and taste might suggest. But the experiment was at first unsuccessful. Then the property passed into the possession of the Community Association, which was dissolved at the expiration of five years. But during its existence it had been proved that sewing silk could be successfully manufactured. Samuel L. Hill and Samuel L. Hinckley, on the dissolution of the

Association, engaged in the manufacture of sewing silk; but the business was soon merged in that of the silk company, which appears to have been formed at nearly the same time. This company was incorporated under the laws of the state in 1865 with a capital of \$360,000. When sewing machines were invented it was found impracticable to use the silk thread which the machinery then produced. After many experiments the company was able to overcome all difficulties, and furnish for the machines a thread which answered all requirements. The business has expanded probably far beyond the expectations of those who established it and besides their mills, the Belding brothers, John N. Leonard and Luther J. Warner have built up a great business in Northampton and elsewhere. Had it not been for this silk company, it is reasonable to suppose that the locality now known as Florence, with its varied industry, churches, institutions of learning and elegant residences, would still be known as "Warner District," with its ten or fifteen plain farm-houses.

The Williams Manufacturing company was formed under another name, in the village of Huntington, as far back as 1850. A few years later the business was removed to Northampton.

The manufacture of hats from straw and palm leaf is now carried on in Amherst by two factories, and had its origin in Enfield, as facts elsewhere given show.

It has been the purpose of this article to notice particularly the introduction of diversified industry into the County of Hampshire, and, consequently, any extended mention of those companies and firms of comparatively recent organization, would transcend the limits assigned it. But an allusion may be made to some of them, such for example, as the wood-working mills of the Stevens, at Chesterfield and Cummington and at Northampton the Florence Manufacturing company, the Northampton Cutlery company, the Florence Tack company, the Florence Machine company and the Northampton Emery Wheel company; at Haydenville the Brass Mfg. Co. Besides the above there are many others which are mentioned elsewhere.

Probably the largest early manufacturing enterprise in the county was the woolen mills of James Shepherd. He started the manufacture of broadcloths and woolens about the year 1810, in what is now the village of Leeds, then and for nearly fifty years afterward known as "Shepherd's Hollow." More men were employed at this mill than at any other factory in the county and Mr. Shepherd was unhampered by tariffs on raw material, as he raised great flocks of sheep himself and thus obtained his wool. But Mr. Shepherd failed about 1826, and was succeeded in ownership by Edward Hutchinson Robbins of Milton, who sold the goods manufactured by the mill at his wholesale house in Boston. Stephen Brewer of Maine became the home agent of the mills here and they flourished greatly under his management. At the great fair in Baltimore, about 1835, the mills carried off the first prize for broadcloths, in competition with foreign manufacturers, and about this time, Henry Clay passed through Northampton, by private carriage, on his way to Pittsfield. Clay was, as is well known, an ardent advocate of a protective tariff, and when he reached "Shepherd's Hollow," Mr. Brewer came out with a whole piece of broadcloth and threw it into his carriage.

Stephen Brewer was a very popular manufacturer, energetic and enterprising, and was accidentally drowned in the Connecticut river, about 1843. Thomas Musgrave succeeded Mr. Brewer in management and the mill continued to prosper until about 1857, when the financial crash came.

Among other defunct manufacturing enterprises in Northampton are mentioned the Wm. Clark paper-mills, Arns & Bardwell's hoop skirt factory, Littlefield & Parsons' ambrotype and daguerreotype-case manufactory, A. P. Critchlow's button factory, the Florence sewing machine works, etc.

But paying manufacturing enterprise is on the increase in Hampshire county, and if any one doubts it he has but to scan the following pages.

It remains for us to speak of one more manufacturing enterprise, and that is the manufacture of palm leaf and straw hats, which began at Enfield, but is now carried on by three factories at Amherst. Alonzo Cutler, a native of Enfield, but now of Richmond, Ind., has furnished us with the following account of the foundation of this industry:

"I presume it is not generally known that I was the first person in the United States to begin the manufac-

ture of palm leaf hats, in Enfield. A gentleman in Boston went to Cuba for his health in 1830. He was absent about three years and while on the island noticed that the men and women wore hats of palm leaf, which grows abundantly there. He said to himself that if the hats could be made there the Yankee could make them and of a superior quality. He brought some palm leaf home, and after his arrival in Boston went to see a friend by the name of Holbrook, a wholesale dry goods merchant there, to interest him. Mr. Holbrook named

me as a man who might like to take hold of the work, and the next time I passed by his store he called me in. I remained with the friend (I forget the name) for about two hours, when I was satisfied that a large business might be made out of it. We agreed that when my man came for my goods I would order him to call for a few hundred of palm leaf, and I took the simple hat with me to Enfield. After arriving home I set my wits to work to find some girl to make the undertaking. I finally concluded to go to a poor widow woman who

lived about two miles from the village, and who had grown-up daughters. They were only too willing to attempt the work of making the hats, and as soon as the palm leaf arrived I took about one hundred leaves to the house, together with a machine which Ambrose Packard made for me at his gunshop, to split the leaf to suitable size. After the girls had finished the first hat they brought it to the store and I found it far superior to the sample, and from that small beginning arose one of the greatest industries of the age."

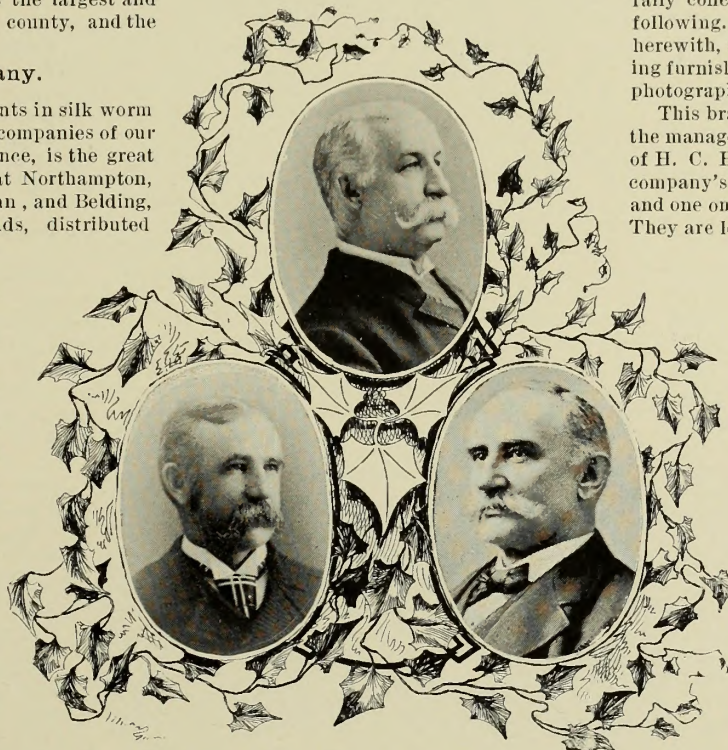
THE SILK INTEREST.

As already intimated, the silk business is the largest and most important manufacturing interest in the county, and the leading house in this line is the

Belding Brothers & Company.

From the small beginnings of the experiments in silk worm culture at Florence have grown the great silk companies of our time, and towering above them all, in importance, is the great firm of the Belding Bros. & Co., with mills at Northampton, Montreal, Can., San Francisco, Rockville, Conn., and Belding, Mich. These mills employ over 1800 hands, distributed as follows: At Northampton, 550; Rockville, 500; Montreal, 400; San Francisco, 250; Belding, 150. The principal product is machine silk, sewing silk, knitting and embroidery silks, but at the Northampton mill one hundred and seventy-five looms are employed in weaving silk fabrics, such as sleeve linings, and all silk coat linings, for tailors' use. Here there are also in operation twenty-five hosiery machines, now making one hundred and seventy-five dozen of silk hose a week. The total product of all the mills during the year 1889 was valued at \$5,000,000. Over 2000 pounds of raw silk are consumed in the five mills, and some idea of the value of the raw material item may be inferred from the fact that it costs from four to six dollars a pound

Our purpose in this review is to speak with special reference to the company's interests in Hampshire county and Northampton, where are manufactured the goods we have already described. Mention of the general enterprise of such an important concern and and illustrations of all their mills are natu-

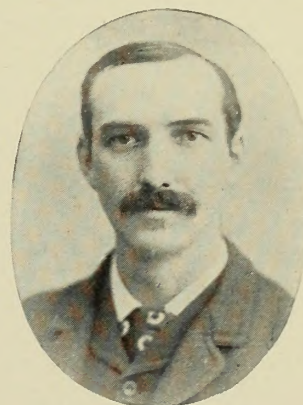


THE BELDING BROS.

M. M. Belding, New York; A. N. Belding, Rockville, Ct.; D. W. Belding, Cincinnati, O.
PRES. AND TREAS. SEC. AND ASS'T TREAS. VICE-PRESIDENT.

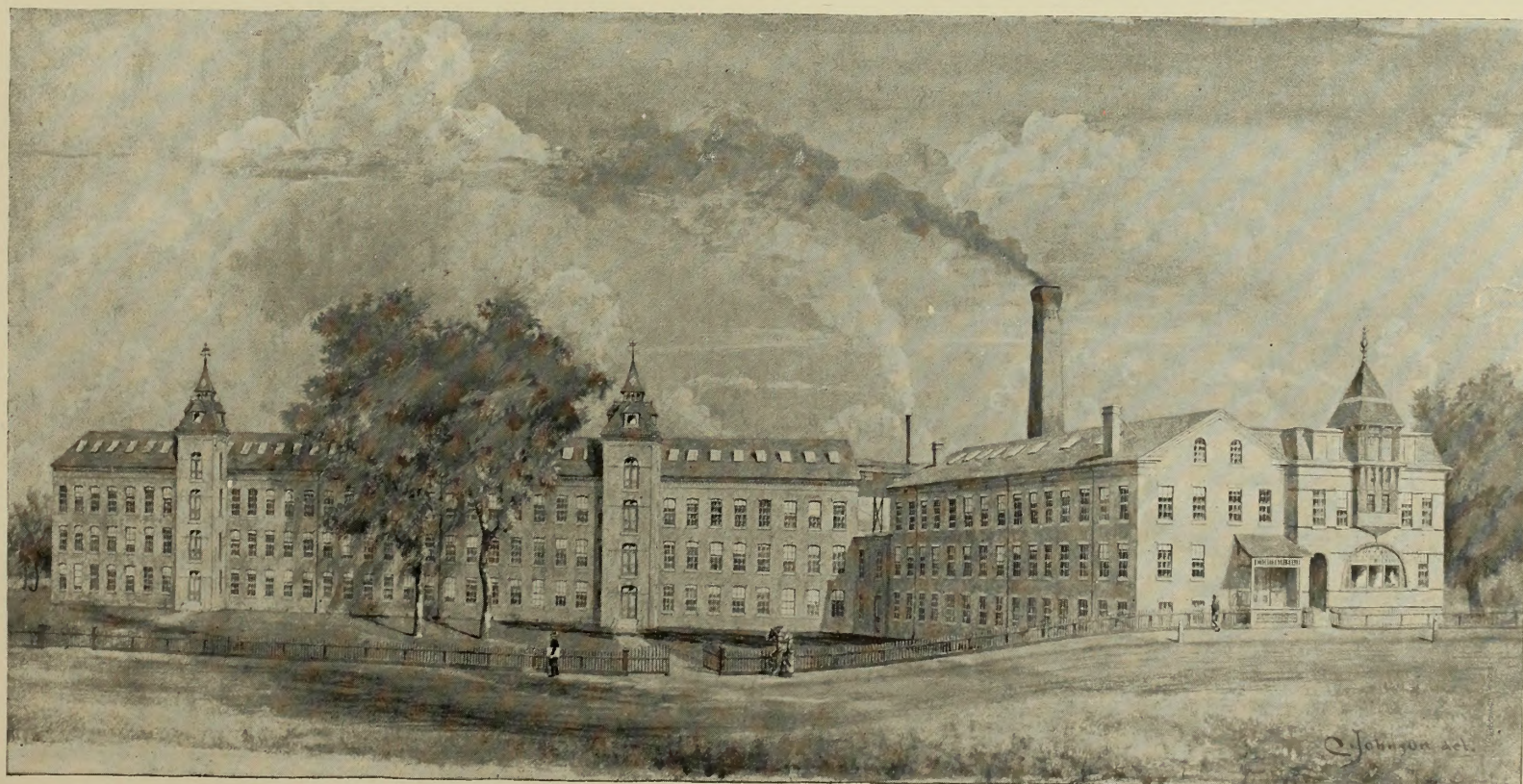
rally concomitant to such an article, and will be found following. The engraving of the Northampton mill, given herewith, is a very accurate one, made from a wash drawing furnished by Artist Clifton Johnson of Hockanum, and photographed by Kurtz of New York.

This branch of the Beldings' interests, which is under the management of E. F. Crooks and the superintendence of H. C. Hallett, has become the most important of the company's works. The buildings comprise two four-story and one one-story brick structure, all of large dimensions. They are located near the Connecticut river railroad and

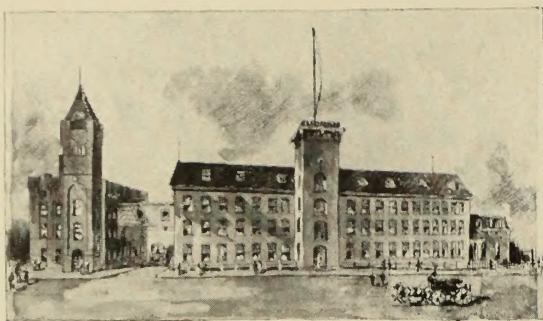


EDGAR F. CROOKS,
Manager of Northampton Mill.

the New Haven & Northampton road, and are equipped with the best mechanical appliances, including one hundred and seventy-five looms and twenty thousand spindles, the driving



THE BELDINGS' MILL AT NORTHAMPTON.



MILLS AT ROCKVILLE, CONN.

force being supplied by a Corliss engine of 200 horse power and three compound Coghlan boilers of one hundred and twenty-five horse power each. The mills are illuminated by electricity and everywhere there is manifested the most recent improvements and facilities that skill can suggest or capital provide, among which we should not omit to mention those life protecting and fire-preventive appliances which the laws of the state demand. In all the rooms there are automatic sprinklers and fire extinguishers.

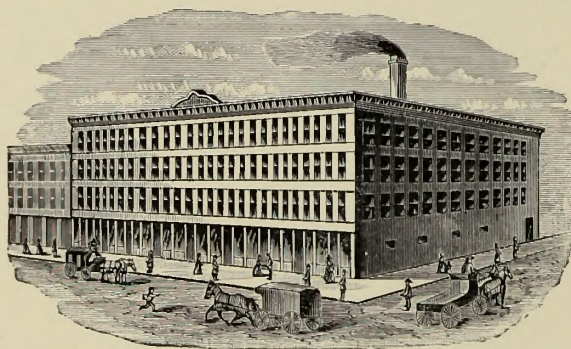
In the counting-room there is of course instant communication, by telegraph, telephone and messenger service, with all parts of the country, and the long distance telephone service is connected for five hours each day. F. W. Bement is cashier and presides over the office-work. James R. Gillfillan is assistant book-keeper and H. W. Hillman stenographer. At the other mills of the company good men are in charge; at Rockville, Conn., Halsey L. Allen is the popular and capable superintendent. The works at Belding, Mich., are in charge of F. W. Howard superintendent, formerly of Northampton; at Montreal Frank Paul is the alert and wide awake manager, and Robert McNally the efficient superintendent. At San Francisco the interests of the company are in the hands of Messrs. Carlson & Currier. At the salesroom of the company only men of push and energy are employed. At New York, C. W. Darling is in charge of the general sales department, while John R. Emery, the efficient and courteous cashier, has general charge of the accounts of the entire business. At Boston, Messrs. Adams & Curtis are the selling agents for most of New England; at Philadelphia Geo. W. Ellis, who has been with the company over twenty years, is the vigilant and capable manager; at Cincinnati the large business of the company is managed by D. W. Belding, with Albert Diss as chief lieutenant, and at St. Louis, Col. James F. Coyle and C. W. Sargent are the vigorous and pushing managers; at St. Paul, Messrs. Woodworth and Howes are the selling agents and at Chicago the interests of the company, formerly under the direct supervision of H. H. Belding, are now managed by W. A. Stanton, a director in the company and E. C. Young, who is in charge of the fabric department.

What makes a record of the Belding company's enterprise particularly interesting is the humble way in which it was started. The foundation of it was laid in 1860 by Hiram H. and Alvah N. Belding, who started from their home in Belding, Mich., (the western homestead of the family after they left the east) peddling silk from house to house. This silk was purchased for them by their brother, Milo M., who was then residing at their common birthplace, Ashfield, a few miles from Northampton. This peddling soon assumed the form of a large business, and in a year after starting the Belding Bros. had extended the scope of their trade until it required the services of several teams and wagons and embraced the largest part of the jobbing trade of the section in which they were operating. Three years after their first peddling tour they started a house in Chicago, and in the same year they were joined by their brother, Milo M., who took charge of that agency, afterwards removing to New York, where he has since remained. In 1863 the brothers formed a partnership with E. K. Rose, and taking the first floor of what was then the Glasgow thread company's mill at Rockville, Conn., they began manufacturing. In 1866 the business had attained such proportions that the building had to be enlarged, the partnership with Mr. Rose was dissolved, and soon after he failed. The Rockville mill lay idle two years,

the brothers meanwhile manufacturing elsewhere, but in 1869 they bought it and four years later they built the mill in Northampton, and, subsequently, the others.

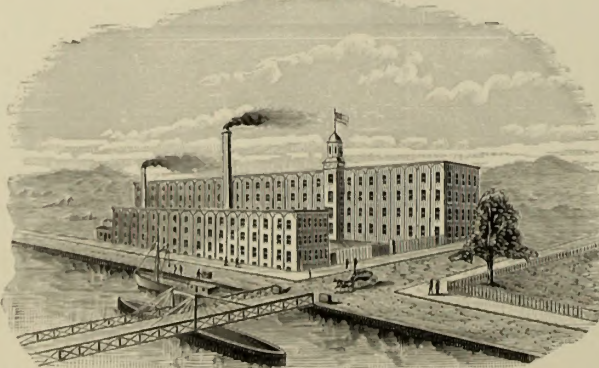
The reputation of the products of the company it is hardly necessary to allude to—they are so well known—and suffice it to say, that from the days of the Rockville mill, when the brothers began making their own silk, their fame as the makers of a reliable article,—which will neither crock, fade nor crack, and which will meet the test of the most rapid running and highest tension sewing-machines—has been fully established.

This great house is, however, not content with being at the head of the silk trade. Their versatility and general enterprise is no less unusual and remarkable than their success in silk manufacturing, and it would be an incomplete record of their work that did not mention their experiment in artesian well boring and their ventures in various other lines of trade. The history of their artesian enterprise alone would, if detailed in all its incidents, make a very interesting story, and what has already been told is a matter worthy of something more than newspaper record. The drilling of the prospective well at Northampton was undertaken for the purpose of securing a better and cheaper supply of water for the mills. The success of similar projects, so near as Holyoke, led to the experiment of the Belding Bros., but it was found that the red sandstone was very different north of Mt. Holyoke from what it was south; seemingly, in Northampton, there was no bottom to the rock formation, which was found one hundred and fifty feet below the surface, and perseveringly

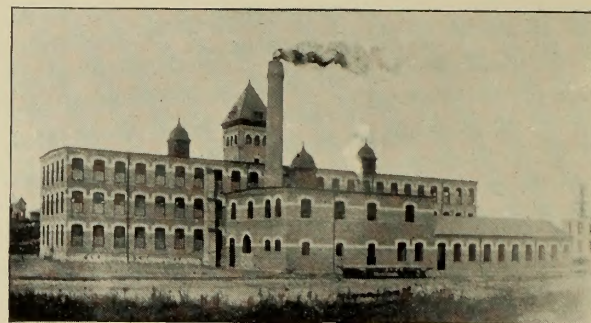


SAN FRANCISCO FACTORY.

followed by the Beldings down to the depth of 3700 feet, where, after drilling for many months and reaching by many hundred feet the lowest point ever reached in similar undertakings, it was abandoned. Operations were suspended only when \$32,000 in hard cash had been expended and when the rope broke off squarely, necessitating the additional expenditure of many hundred dollars had work been proceeded with. More than the ordinary interest attending such enterprises was felt all through the Connecticut valley, because Prof. Hitchcock, the renowned geologist, had expressed his conviction many years ago that the thickness of the red sandstone rock in this vicinity was 2500 feet. When this point was passed by the well-borers, public interest, in Northampton especially, was at its height, and as, day after day, Prof. Hitchcock's figures were left farther behind, popular attention was hardly less



MILLS AT MONTREAL, CANADA.



MILLS AT BELDING, MICH.

noticeable, as it seemed, even if the workmen failed to find water, gas, oil, or something else must be found before many days. But when operations were finally suspended, the public were not surprised, though disappointed, and sincere regrets, the warmest sympathy and highest admiration were expressed for the plucky but baffled firm—thwarted for the first time in any of their undertakings. After repeated torpedo explosions, for the purpose of opening possible fissures thereby, but as it proved in vain, the tools used were withdrawn and the great work abandoned, as already noted.

But, as we have already intimated, it is not alone in the silk business, or in enterprises concomitant with it, that the Beldings are known. The town of Belding, Mich., has been an outgrowth from the homestead of the family, since they removed to the west, from Ashfield. Starting as a small hamlet, it is now a town of 2500 inhabitants, and here the brothers started the first silk mill in the west, in 1877, which they sold to a Chicago syndicate, and it is now run and known as the Richardson silk company's factory. The brothers' own mill at Belding was erected since, and this (not the Richardson's mill) is the subject of one of our illustrations, and their interest in the town of their adoption has been further shown by their building for it an opera-house, hotel and a large business block. The Beldings are also interested in other manufactures than their own, at this place. One company, known as the Belding Mfg. Co., makes a large line of hardwood refrigerators. This establishment has been selling 15,000 refrigerators annually throughout the country. The Miller Casket Co. is another of the Beldings' ventures at Belding, Mich., and a superior line of caskets and coffins are sold by it, through the west. The Belding Bros. are anxious to have other manufacturers locate in their patron-town and offer special inducements to them to go there and establish themselves.

But the versatility and enterprise of the Beldings does not stop even here. They are largely interested in the St. Lawrence Marble company at Gouverneur, N. Y., which turns out a very popular product much resembling the famous Quincy granite. They are also connected with and chief promoters of the work of manufacturing a fibrous paper pulp, from talc. It is used to give weight and body to paper, and the demand for the product is rapidly increasing. The mills of this company are also located at Gouverneur and the corporate name of the concern is the St. Lawrence Fibre Pulp Company.

Milo M. Belding is president of the Livonia salt company, at Livonia, in New York, and this is one of the most important and promising of the Beldings' outside ventures. The salt obtained at Livonia is mined instead of being produced by evaporation, as at Rochester, Syracuse and some other places, and there is but one other region in the country where it is so obtained—in Louisiana. The monopoly there is now broken up, and very effectually, because the Belding Bros. salt mine furnishes a product ninety-eight per cent. pure, and this is a better result, for stock feeding purposes especially, than any which has hitherto been obtained. The salt can be put on the cars at the mines at a very low price, and this also is so unprecedented that the Beldings may be considered as public benefactors, even though they should be such unintentionally.

Finally, the Belding Bros. have large interests in the "New South," consisting of 75,000 acres of land in North Carolina and Tennessee, teeming with almost inexhaustible stores of timber and

mineral wealth. Much of this tract lies on the Tennessee river and a company has already been formed to bring some of its product to market.

All the enterprises of the Belding Bros. have turned out well, unless their artesian venture is excepted, and even this resulted in the lowering, somewhat, of water rates to them by the city of Northampton.

We have outlined, as briefly as possible, the remarkable record of a remarkable family in the manufacturing annals of our country. It remains to be seen whether the story is complete. It seems more likely that it has been but half told, and that the future achievements of the brothers and their coadjutors in the various enterprises in which they are engaged are yet to be recorded. Yankee pluck and ingenuity has, seemingly, no limitation but that drawn for it by the mutations of time and the embarrassments of mortality which are felt by one and all, and which have been experienced by the Belding family in common with others. Since the Quarter-Centennial edition of the Hampshire County Journal—of which this book is a supplement—Hiram H. Belding, one of the members of the firm, has died. He was the manager of the Chicago department of the business, and his loss is a great one to the firm and severely felt, but the work which he performed, with his brothers, lives after him, and imperatively demands their constant attention, as their best tribute to his memory.

The best wishes we can express for the Belding Bros. & Co.—now conceded to be the largest silk manufacturers in the world—is that, in behalf of the citizens of Northampton and Hampshire county, at least, their sagacity, enterprise and energy may outlast the envy and malice of all rivals, as we have no doubt it will, and complete the monument already begun to their pre-eminence, head and shoulders, above their strongest competitors.

John N. Leonard & Co.

Among the New England silk manufacturers of prominence the house of John N. Leonard & Co. of Northampton is rapidly coming to the front. It has for some time held eminence for quality of goods, and improvements lately made and to be made have enabled the firm to many times double the product of the old mill. The engraving on this page pictures the mill buildings



now occupied by the firm on the road to the village of Florence, about a mile and a half from the center of the city. The boarding-house of the company, and residences of the proprietors are closely contiguous, but do not show, for obvious reasons, and the whole area of the company's property is over five acres in extent, in one of the most sightly and convenient parts of the city. The mill property is of brick and wood, and the long building on the right of the engraving was erected the past summer, and dedicated by the proprietors and employes with a dance.

The genesis of the silk business on this spot dates from the establishment of manufacturing here by Joseph Warner, about 1838. After his death, Luther J. Warner, his son, took up the work and continued it successfully, joining in partnership, in 1882, with the present senior member of the firm of John N. Leonard & Co., the two gentlemen now uniting their forces with equal success in carrying on an enormously enlarged

business. Very few people in Hampshire county have any conception of the great amount of work carried on

in the buildings on the Florence road, and an inspection would astonish them, as it did the writer. To one accustomed to seeing so much unoccupied space in the large, roomy modern factories, the scene here is suggestive. Every spare inch of room is utilized; nothing is wasted. From cellar to attic the raw and finished material and the busy workers over it are found and the system with which everything is managed finds frequent illustration. Mr. Warner is a vigorous and active member of the firm, is a director of the First national bank and has been president of the "three-counties" agricultural society; educated in the business of silk manufacture from a youth up, and Mr. Leonard came here fresh from his well known triumphs at Ware-

house Point, Conn., where, as is generally known, he had the name of making a full honest weight of silk to the spool, and the very best in the market at that.

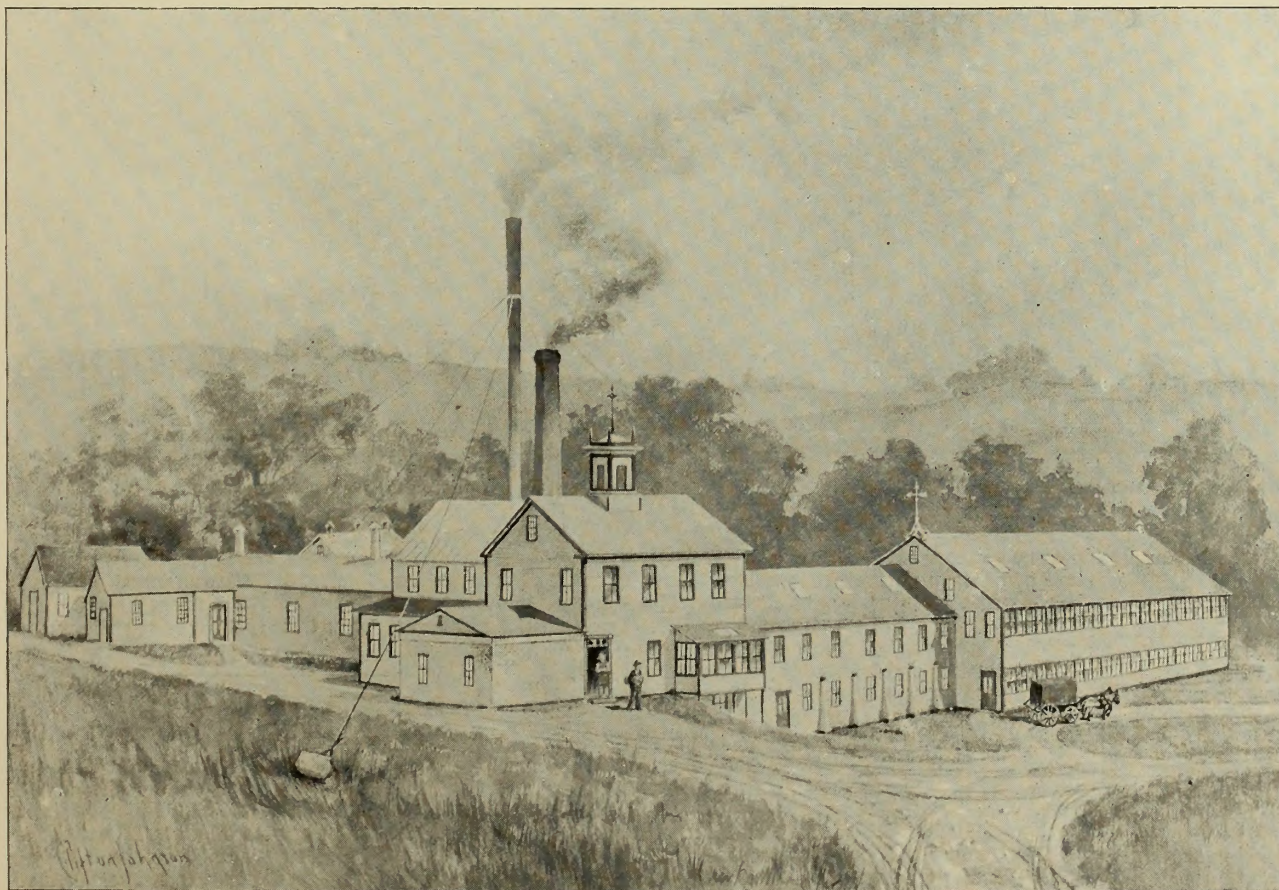
Mr. Leonard has brought to Northampton the same spirit of intense application and painstaking attention which distinguished him in Connecticut and he and his partner both give their personal attention to the details of business and know exactly what is going on in their mill, at all hours of the day. "I believe," said Mr. Leonard to the writer, "in concentrating my business under one head. Our mill, office and sales-rooms are all in Northampton, and I think we can deal to better advantage with our customers and save them money by thus simplifying our operations."

The firm have more than doubled the capacity of the works by the erection of their new mill, 50x150 feet in dimensions, of three stories. The whole is operated by a large steam engine and equipped with everything of

the latest in the way of improved labor saving machinery, with the addition mentioned, greater facilities than before being afforded. In the new part mechanics would notice with much pleasure the ingenious shafting and counter-shafting, Mr. Leonard's own arrangement, the most compact and frictionless work of the kind we have ever seen. Wood pulleys only are used and the amount expended for repairs in this department reduced to a minimum.

The products of the mill are full lines of sewing silk and machine thread, of a superior quality, and the firm employ no selling agents, but dispose of their own goods through traveling salesmen to the trade all over the country.

The new accommodations of J. N. Leonard & Co. allow of the employment of two hundred hands, and a ramble through the different rooms will convince one that every employe has his proper place and fills it, and that every inch of space is made to tell. Fire proof room is provided for the choicest silk and Messrs. Leonard & Co. dye their own skeins. A few words as to the handling of silk in their mill may be of interest. After being sorted, the silk goes to the machine to be "thrown" and made of the requisite strength.



MILL OF J. N. LEONARD & COMPANY.

After being re-reeled it is put in the hands of the dyer, who boils it for two or three hours in soap and water, and then rinses it in clear water, and drying it proceeds to give it the required color. By this boiling good silk loses about 25 per cent. of its weight, and just here comes the opportunity for deception or fraud, which J. N. Leonard & Co. have been particularly careful to guard against—indeed, this is where Mr. Leonard earned his reputation in the business. If the silk receives what is called a pure dye, only a fraction of an ounce in every pound of the loss from the boiling which removed the gum and impurities of the silk is restored, but the silk remains soft, will not crack or fade, is stronger, though somewhat finer, than before it was dyed. If, on the contrary, the dyer is so disposed, he can cause the silk to absorb the dye-stuff and swell with it until its weight has been increased one-fourth, one-half, three-fourths, double, triple, and even quadruple its original weight. The silk thus treated has a good lustre, but is stiff and brittle; if a dress silk it is liable to crack and fray and does very little service; while the silks of pure dye are soft, bear any amount of folding and crumpling, will not crock, break or crack, and are very durable, points which Messrs. Leonard & Co. have been careful to follow in the example of the senior member of the firm.

The minute details of the manufacture of silk have been many times explained and need not be repeated here; suffice it to say that the conscientiousness shown by the firm in that stage of manufacture already described is also carried out in every department of the factory, and when John N. Leonard & Co. stamp a spool of silk as such a fraction of an ounce in weight, their customers know that they are paying for that weight of silk, and not half silk and half dyes, or other pigments.

Every part of the mill is an interesting study, in more than the ordinary sense of the word, because the ingenuity of arrangement is simply surprising to one unfamiliar with the place and one could hardly believe such an amount of finished and unfinished stock could be accumulated in the old and new structure. The attic even is utilized, in every foot of space, and here are barrels upon barrels of different sizes of spools, and the machine for printing upon them—Mr. Leonard's own invention.

The new counting-room of the firm is a model of convenience; a sky-light throws kindly assistance upon the book-keeper's desk and Messrs. Leonard's and Warner's private office commands a view of nearly the whole length of the mill, in the second story. An American

watchman's clock records the movements of that now indispensable adjunct of every mill—the night watchman—and telephone, telegraph and messenger call are at the instant service of the firm. With its new and greatly improved quarters, and the old-time sagacity, conscientiousness and energy of both members of the firm still continued, it seems evident enough that the house of John N. Leonard & Co. has not yet seen its best days.

Regarding the characteristic quality of the senior member of the firm for compact and convenient arrangement of material in a comparatively small compass, we think no higher compliment could be paid than that given by the senior of those well-known pioneers of the trade, the Beldings, when he said, "It is the most ingenious mill arrangement in our line that I have seen yet, and no man in America but Leonard could have done it, in such a space."

The fact is that in the mill of John N. Leonard & Co., although the quarters are now much enlarged, the machinery, material, stock and employes are so compactly arranged that many concerns with twice the amount of room do not turn out any more, and some times not so much work, as do Messrs. Leonard & Co. The firm evidently has a brilliant prospect before it.

THE PAPER INTEREST.

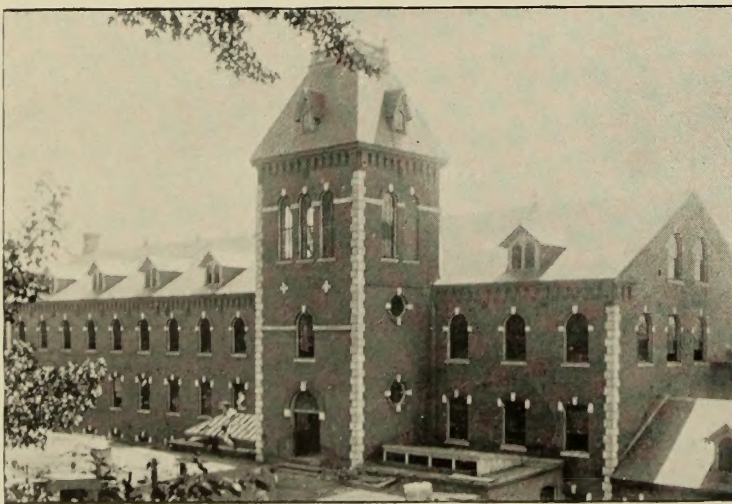
Next in importance to silk, the manufacture of paper is the most important of Hampshire's industries, and the mills at South Hadley Falls are entitled to first mention, and in this connection it seems in order to state that the canal around the falls at South Hadley was begun and completed during the last eight years of the last century, and was long used for purposes of navigation by boats and other craft ascending and descending. Its later use, however, and that which has stimulated the growth of the Carew and Hampshire paper

rop built a small mill and a general store, which Mr. Carew entered. He took entire charge of the mill and store until 1848, when this property and that of D. & J. Ames adjoining (the first paper-makers in this part of New England) was burned. Howard & Lathrop thus sustained such a severe loss as to cause their failure and terminate their business at the Falls, which was the occasion of Mr. Carew organizing the Carew Mfg. Company the following year, with a capital of \$35,000. Mr. Carew died in 1882, and C. W. Gardner was treasu-

high grade papers, such as bond, linen and commercial papers. Hampshire bond paper has a fine reputation in the market, and the demand for it is constant. The officers of this mill are:

President—J. H. Southworth; Treasurer—C. H. Southworth; Secretary—E. C. Southworth.

It is pleasant to note that the labor troubles which afflict most manufacturing concerns have been conspicuously absent from the history of the two South Had-



MILL OF CAREW MANUFACTURING COMPANY, SOUTH HADLEY FALLS.



MILL OF HAMPSHIRE PAPER COMPANY, SOUTH HADLEY FALLS.

companies and the village of South Hadley Falls, has been to supply water for the manufacturing purposes of these and the Glasgow mills.

The Carew Manufacturing Company.

Probably the oldest paper mills in the county are those at South Hadley Falls. The engraving which shows at the head of our manufacturing and industrial department is of the first mill of the Carew company. It was established in 1848, and Dea. Joseph Carew was the projector, as will be explained. Mr. Carew also built the Congregational church in that village and contributed greatly to the prosperity of the village and the church.

But the manufacture of paper really began at South Hadley long before this, in 1824, when Howard & Lath-

rop and manager until 1886, when Mr. Southworth took charge. There are four 500 lb. and one 700 lb. engines; and one 80-inch Fourdrinier machine. The "Carew" trade mark, or name, on writing-papers has become famous all over the country, and now the company manufactures excellent bond and ledger papers.

One hundred and twenty-five hands are employed, in turning out three tons or more of paper every day. The officers of the company are:

President—J. H. Southworth; Treasurer—E. C. Southworth; Secretary—C. H. Southworth.

Hampshire Paper Company.

The Hampshire Paper Company was established in 1865. The capital was made \$200,000 and has so remained, but the buildings have been largely added to and the product increased, numbering four tons daily of

ley paper companies. The employes make good wages, seem happy and contented, and the proprietors evidently take the same interest in their welfare and the prosperity of the village that the founder of the mills did and seem determined to leave as good a name behind them.

L. L. Brown Paper Company.

Many a sojourner among the Hampshire hills, happening along in the quaint little village of West Cummington, is surprised when he sees a cluster of mill buildings on the bank of the brawling little river, and is told that here is a paper mill. These buildings are the subject of our first illustration, on the succeeding page, and for picturesqueness of surroundings alone deserve a place in these pages. Here, apparently shut in by the hills on all sides, is a paper mill which has quite a

history. It is now the property of the L. L. Brown paper company of Adams, a picture of whose main mill, at that place, is also given on the same page.

A mill privilege is known to have existed on the site of the present mill in West Cummington, as long ago as 1805, when it was used by Wm. Hubbard, and by his son and other parties, after his death, as a tannery and saw-mill. It was burned down finally and rebuilt by the people of the village, afterwards passing into the hands of Spencer and Charles Shaw. Then J. D. Nelson bought a share and in 1856 the Shaws, Nelson and Noble Whitman built the present mill and put in the machinery for making paper. They failed in 1861 and Jonathan R. Smith held the place on a mortgage. In 1863 James Crumby leased the mill, with Amos Eddy as agent. They ran it for three months, and then it was idle until April, 1864, when Crumby took a deed from Smith and gave Eddy a bond for a half interest. Crumby gave a deed to S. D. Hollister in November, 1866; the latter failed in 1869 and L. L. Brown then took possession as principal creditor.

Writing papers were made at the West Cummington mill—at one time a full line of them—and after Mr. Brown took possession the paper, before being finished, was carried over the hills to Adams, to be sized and ruled. Ledger and blank book paper of excellent quality and paper for the Zylonite mills was made here. Now bond and ledger paper is made to order.

Amos Eddy, however, who is yet living in the village, made an attempt to manufacture photograph paper, claims to now possess the secret of its manufacture, and says he would have succeeded years ago but for the hindrances maliciously thrown in his way. Mr. Eddy says there is no necessity for American photographers paying the present high price for their paper, as it can be as well made in this country and his peculiar process of sizing, he claims, would give them what they want.

There are a few facts of general interest in relation to the mill. Included in the property appertaining to it are about 400 acres of land, which when Wm. Hubbard started here consisted of only about fifty acres.

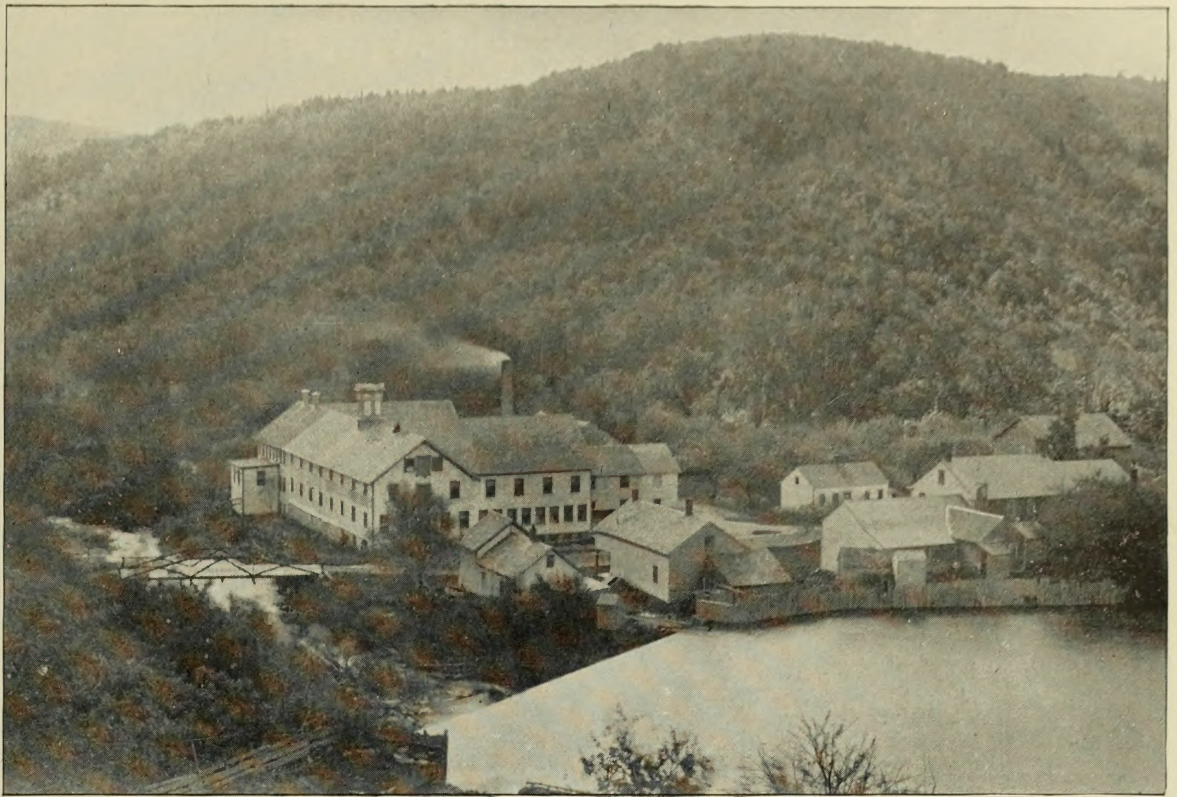
But it has gradually enlarged since to the area stated and is now let on shares to farmers in the vicinity. This paper mill farm furnishes one of the best pastures in all the hill country, somewhat stony, but still excellent pasturage for cattle, and largely availed of. John Wiethauper is superintendent of the company's interests at this place and has been since 1882.

Very few casualties have occurred about this mill property, though it has been so long in existence. In 1860 a man from Poughkeepsie lost his life from being carried over a shafting by a belt, while putting in a new cut-off, and a man fell from a guy rope while Mr. Hollister had the mill, but was not seriously disabled. The mill, of course, has plenty of power and has some-

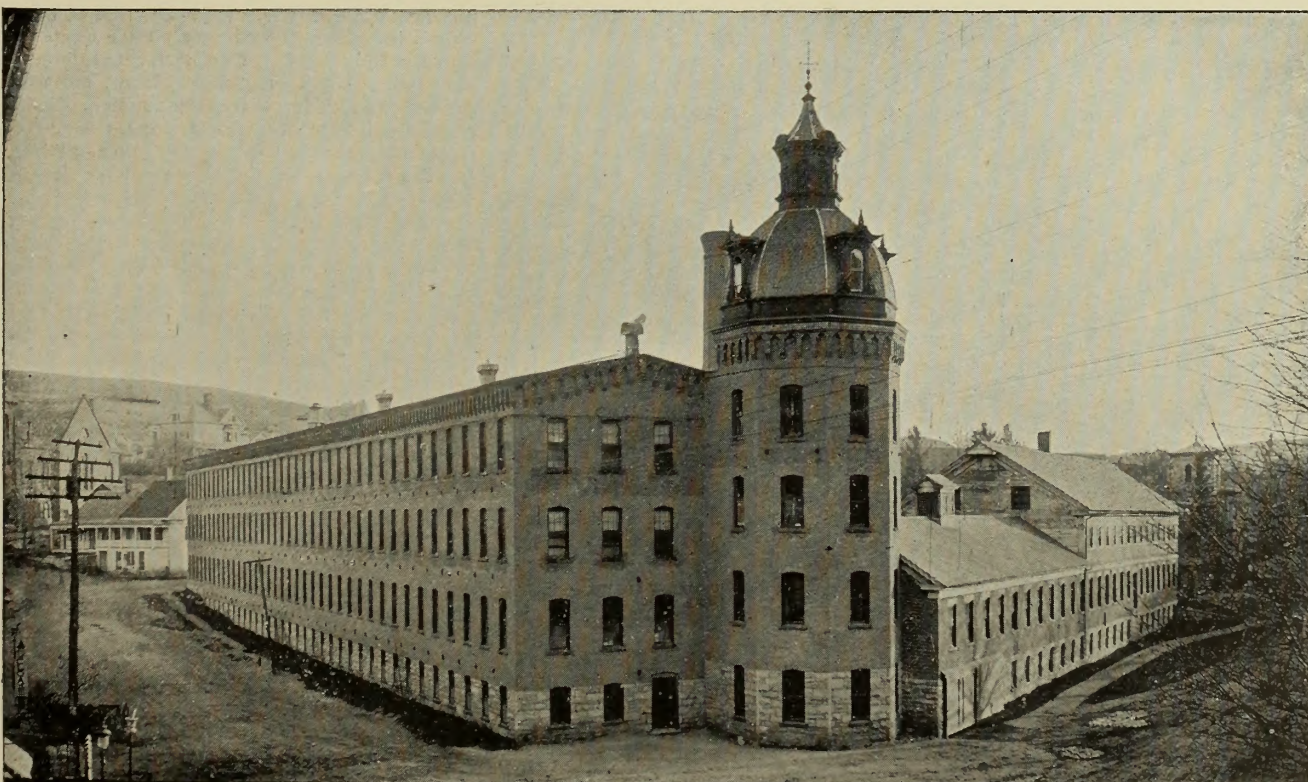
times employed a large number of hands. If a railroad is ever brought up this way, the golden days of this little mill privilege will return again.

But to speak of the paper mill at Cummington, without a word concerning the works of the L. L. Brown paper company in general would be like giving the play of "Hamlet" with Hamlet left out. This company has achieved a world-wide reputation as manufacturer of first-class, bond, linen, ledger and record papers, and we use the phrase "world-wide" advisedly, as we were told, with pride, by a citizen of the town of Cummington, that Miss Julia Bryant, daughter of the poet, who now resides in Paris, recently asked her Paris stationer for the best linen paper made, and was handed out paper of the L. L. Brown make from her own native hills.

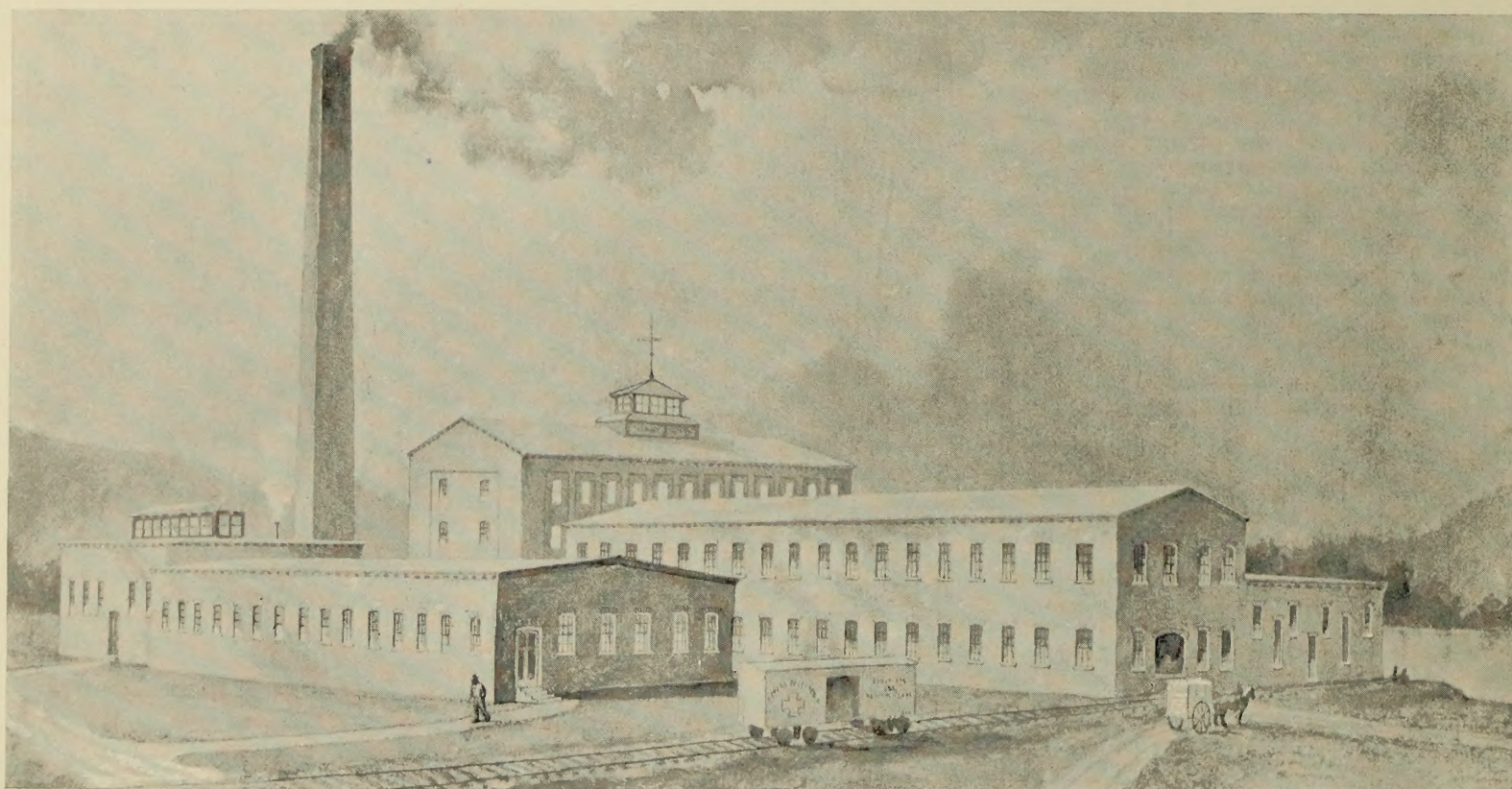
The L. L. Brown company have a high reputation for the excellence of their papers, not only with the trade, but also with the United States government, which has awarded them numerous contracts. Their brand of ledger papers is so well known to the trade that we need not describe it; suffice it to say, that for county or state records, for merchants', bankers', and manufacturers' ledgers it is very popular with officials and accountants, by reason of its durability in daily use and unequalled writing and erasing qualities. The papers are sized to resist climatic changes and have proved their superiority in North America and other tropical climates.



MILL PROPERTY OF L. L. BROWN PAPER COMPANY AT CUMMINGTON.



MAIN MILL AND OFFICE OF L. L. BROWN COMPANY AT ADAMS.



MILLS OF THE MOUNT TOM SULPHITE PULP COMPANY.

The Mount Tom Sulphite Pulp Co.

As the mills of the Sulphite Pulp company are not yet in operation at Mount Tom, the managers

do not care to make any statement concerning the business of manufacturing paper pulp from wood, shortly to be begun there, but kindly permit us to print the above engraving of the works and the

following names of the officers of the company:

Directors—W. A. Russell, president; A. N. Burbank, treasurer; William Whiting, Hales W. Suter, George Van Dyke and C. C. Springer.

THE LUMBER INTEREST.

The following article will show the justice of according the lumber business the third place in importance among the manufacturing interests of the county which have a place in this work. No amplification of our own is needed; the figures and facts presented are important and of great interest to every citizen, especially to those who desire homes of their own and appreciate the means which facilitate their possession of them.

The Connecticut River Lumber Co.

[CONTRIBUTED.]

The lumber business on the Connecticut river, as now represented by the Connecticut River Lumber company fills so large a space in the public interests, that a sketch of the several branches of their work will probably be read, by all business men, with satisfaction.

The present Connecticut River Lumber company owns the mills at McIndoes Falls, Vt., and at Holyoke and Mt. Tom. This company is the successor of three

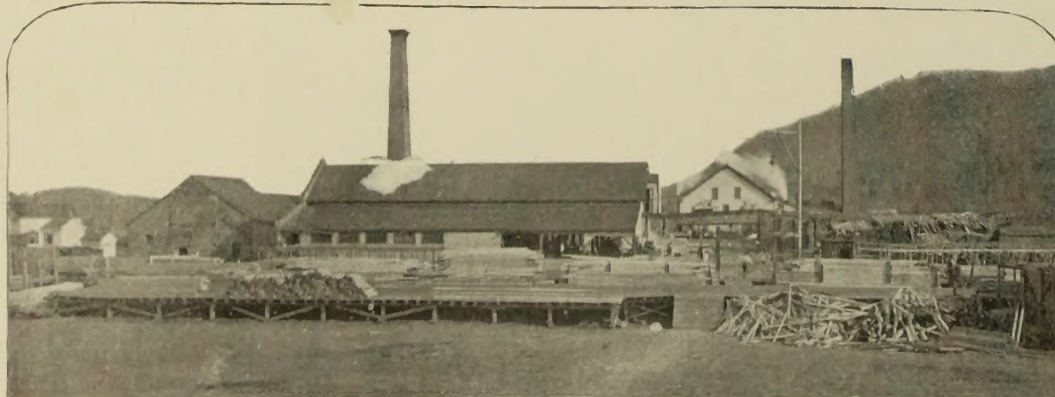
older large companies, and its origin dates at the year 1876. Some New York men owned much the largest tract of timber lands around the sources of this river, and being ready to begin bringing their lumber to market, in 1876 they bought and improved an old saw mill at Dutch Point, Hartford, and cut and drove a lot of timber to that place.

But the distance from the woods to Hartford, and the dams at Holyoke and Windsor Locks, besides the trouble made by logs with so many inhabitants in Holyoke, Springfield and Hartford, (as the logs floated without protection, for many weeks, past these places) soon convinced these men that Holyoke is the lowest place on the river to which logs can be profitably driven. In 1879 this company bought the Mt. Tom mill, and all the business interests connected with it, from the McIndoes lumber company. They also leased the Holyoke mill from the Holyoke lumber company. In 1884 they united all their timber lands and mill interests with those owned by George Van Dyke, who had built

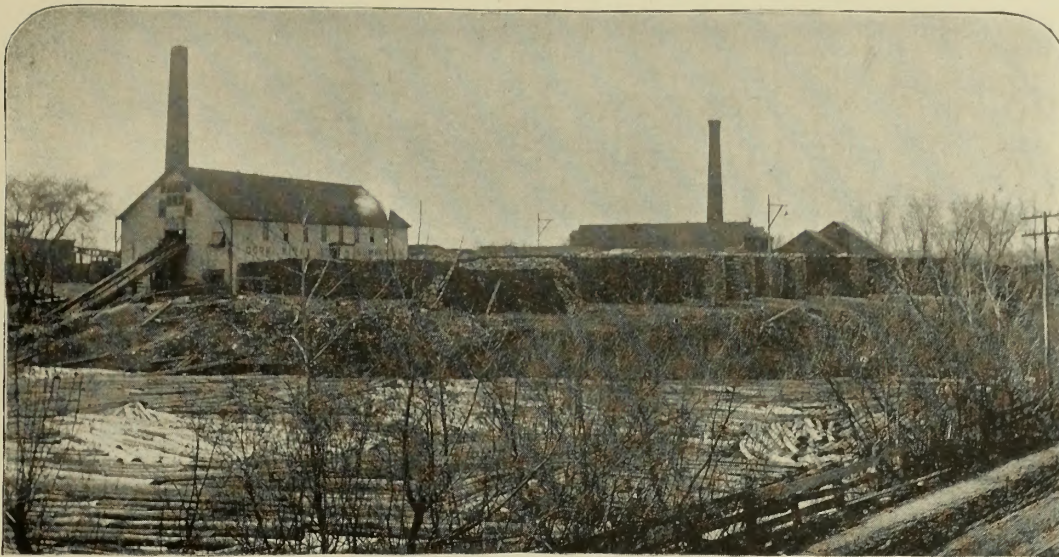
and carried on a mill at McIndoes Falls, after the old mill, owned by the McIndoes lumber company was burned in December, 1875.

Mr. Van Dyke is a native of that part of Canada near which the lands of this company lie. He was made president of the company when they united their properties with his, and he manages all the company business in cutting timber and delivering it at the saw mills. They buy logs of other owners of lands, to the amount of nearly half their annual consumption. The extent of this logging business may be vaguely imagined from these facts about the men, camps and teams which were needed; say in the winter of 1889 and '90: There must have been nearly fifteen hundred men and five hundred horses at work to produce the sixty millions feet of timber cut during this last season. At the three mills, McIndoes Falls, Mt. Tom and Holyoke, about four hundred men find employment fully nine months in a year. The driving requires, to begin, about 1000 men. These are discharged gradually, until about three hundred come as far as Turners Falls.

The sum paid for labor by this company amounted in 1889, for log-driving and the manufacture of lumber to the sum of \$685,000, and over \$100,000 for railroad freights. About thirty cars are loaded daily at these three saw mills. Having given a summary of the operations of this business, it may now be interesting to the readers of this work to know something of each step or process by which our river is filled with logs every summer. Take a map, and look for Connecticut lake and two smaller lakes about it, which may be called the sources of the Connecticut river. Then note all the branches which feed the river as far down as Lancaster, N. H. Some of the largest of these branches entering the river from the west come out of Canada. No branch of much size or importance in contributing timber at this time, now flows into the eastern side of the river, below Lancaster, originally was pine in larger proportion than on the Vermont side, and was mostly



VIEW OF MILL OF CONN. RIVER LUMBER CO. AT MT. TOM—LOOKING EAST.



VIEW OF MILLS OF CONN. RIVER LUMBER CO. AT MT. TOM, LOOKING WEST.

ent before 1860, leaving spruce and hard woods as the principal forests on both sides of the river. Spruce timber is now cut all the way from the upper lake to Guildhall, Vt., and large lots come out of the tributaries of Connecticut river. The whole distance along this logging region is fully seventy-five miles. Now, of course, the getting out of sixty millions feet of timber, which requires about 600,000 trees to be cut and hauled to the river, is such an undertaking as few of us can easily comprehend. The first necessity for logging is to have a road good enough for sleds to run on. In deep snows, a rough surface soon gets filled and hardened so that teams can work, but the best road is none too good, and a thaw will soon make a very rough one unprofitable to work on. The next necessity is a shelter for the choppers and teams. A log house, with low sides and steep roof, with a platform along each side, on which the men sleep in blankets, is such a camp. A long log building for the teams is near. The common method of heating a camp-house has been to leave an open space along the ridge-pole for smoke to escape, and to keep a fire on the ground nearly the whole length of the building, in the middle; then have a door at the end, and draw in logs the full length for fuel. Sleepers would lie on the platforms each side, with their feet towards this fire. An additional room was made for the cook. But camps are now warmed by stoves and the cook has his stove. From twenty-five to forty men live in one of these camps. These are choppers, teamsters and sometimes a sealer, or man who measures the timber. It is impossible to make very long days in the northern woods. Everybody works as early and as late as they can see.

Logs are piled upon sleds and hauled to the river or lake now only by horses and if there is room, they are put on to the ice, so that a thaw will leave them afloat ready to be started on the drive. The longest roads on which spruce timber has been hauled on to Connecticut river are not much over five miles. Since the timber within that distance from the river has become more scarce, a beginning has been made to use a railroad and cars for hauling logs. Doubtless this method will gradually take the place of horses, on such lands as can have a reasonably flat road built upon or near to them.

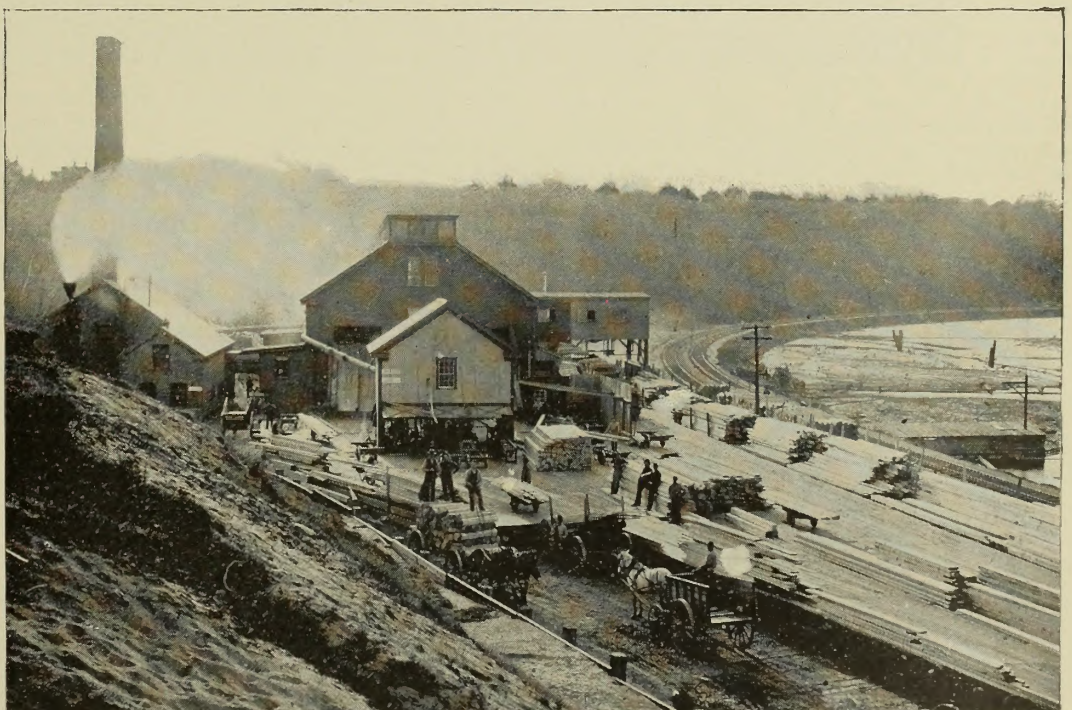
Stations will be made along the tracks, and horses will haul the logs from each side to these. None of the camps on this river are so far from settlements as to be compared to those in Maine, which are often many days' journey from any inhabitants. These Maine camps require all provisions to be carried to them before snows fall, but teams go from camps to some place where provisions can be obtained, every day, in the region which I am describing.

The cutting of timber is kept up as long as snow holds on the roads, and so far north, and with so much shade, the season is good for logging long after we think spring has begun. When the river opens and there is a good height of water, these logs are taken in

hand by drivers. With about twenty batteaux to take men anywhere that logs lodge, and plenty of hands to start the masses, beginning with those down stream, to make way for those behind; these men hurry along the drive; we should say, a "drove," if it were cattle.

A body of cooks go along shore and get meals ready wherever the drivers will be at the hungry hour. No labor that is seen here can be compared to this of the log drivers. They work, often in the water, from daylight to dark, seven days in a week, from one hundred and twenty-five to one hundred and fifty days, until they bring the last logs to the mills. They eat four times a day, and at night they lie down in their clothes, under shelter tents, with fires to dry their feet and clothing. This labor is not as severe as it was twenty years ago. Here is seen the great gain

them, often half a mile from the channel, were formerly the most dreaded of any places. Just above these meadows there always are narrow places where booms can be hung across the river to hold drives. This large company has had means to build booms at six such points, and if the river is rising so fast as to lift the logs over the banks, men are stationed at these booms to close them, and hold the logs until the water falls. A good specimen of this kind of boom may be seen at Shepherd's Island. In former years the breaking of jams, or starting of piles of logs, was a risky and often fatal work. Men went in batteaux below the jam, found some logs which might be cut to let the mass start, and chopped enough to free the movement of the whole. As the body generally started gradually, the choppers almost always had warning, and time to jump into the batteaux, and be rowed ashore or down stream in safety. But sometimes the jam moved suddenly, and every year one or more men would fail to get off the logs, and would be drowned. This danger no longer threatens the drivers. Now the men find the log which bars the passage of the others, bore a hole in it with a long auger, and put a charge of dynamite in, and with a long fuse from the shore blow up the logs which hold the mass. Often it is only necessary to throw the dynamite loosely into the water, let it be sucked under the pile, and exploded so as to lift the whole jam over the stone or other obstruction. We will consider briefly what has been gained by bringing logs down this river to mills here, instead of sawing the lumber nearer the forests and using cars to transport it to market. Many persons here can remember when sawn lumber was floated in rafts down to these markets. Nearly all the pine in New Hampshire and Vermont come in this way. About six weeks time was spent on these journeys. There were half a dozen lock and canal companies on the way to lead rafts around so many falls, and \$3.50 per 1000 feet in tolls was paid to get through these canals, from McIndoes Falls to Middletown, Conn. The man from whom I bought the McIndoes Falls saw mill



VIEW OF MILL OF CONN. RIVER LUMBER COMPANY AT HOLYOKE.

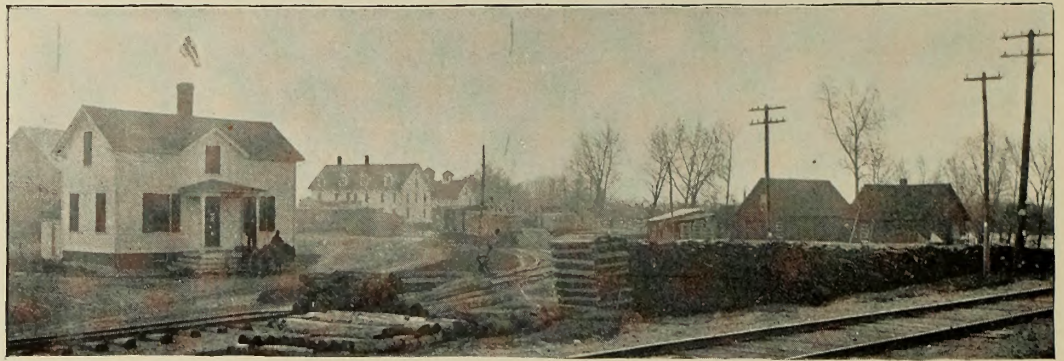
from having combined capital and large operations. A handsome fortune has been spent, within a few years, in clearing the river from obstructions, so that the current does not pile timber into such jams and in so many dangerous places, as we heard so much of years ago. But the jams were not the drivers' worst enemies. The low meadows all along the river, over which a sudden freshet would drift logs, and then, as suddenly falling, would leave

in 1865, told me he happened along at Smith's Ferry with a raft of pine lumber just as Miss Lyon began her first building for the South Hadley school. She bought lumber of him and took it from the raft directly to her ground. This rafting was all ended soon after the railroad was built. For about twenty years the railroads could supply this region with such spruce frames as were needed. But the growth of the cities and towns had been such

that after 1870 they could no longer do it. Again the slab and other waste wood was worthless at the Vermont mills. It cost us a large sum daily to burn, and otherwise destroy, such wood there. From three to five thousand cords of good fuel was wasted every summer. It may be said now that the cost of driving logs down to these mills, is so little that no railroad can bring sawed lumber two hundred miles for that sum. These logs come from 200 to 250 miles. But a new use for the waste wood of saw mills has grown up so fast as to add another gain to this business.

The Mount Tom Sulphite Pulp company will soon begin to turn all the clean pieces of spruce, of much size, into paper stock. They will probably use all the wood from both the Mount Tom and Holyoke saw mills after their full operation begins. Mr. Russell of Lawrence has taken large lots of this wood from Mount Tom, and also from McIndoes Falls, to his paper mills in Lawrence for two years past. It will readily be understood that all this wood floats down to these mills without paying railroad freights, and also brings all the slabs, which are cut into laths.

If it were not for this use of the Connecticut river, to bring timber down to these mills, every house frame and all spruce building timber in this vicinity would cost builders at least one-third more than they now pay, and their boards and laths would cost a larger percentage. Those facts may reconcile many to seeing the noble stream used as it was before the railroad came, to convey the products of northern forests to the very doors of people who live near its banks, in Massachusetts and Connecticut.



OFFICE, BOARDING-HOUSE AND OUT-BUILDINGS OF LUMBER COMPANY AT MOUNT TOM.

Some annoyance to individuals, some offense to the tastes of artists and scenery admirers may well be endured, for the sake of this incalculable advantage to every man or woman who is striving to secure a home here, and to every property owner who begins to build a business block or factory to increase our local trade or manufacturing.

Looking back to the year 1866, and considering the state of this spruce lumber business in comparison with what I have written about the Connecticut river lumber company, I find no other staple product of New England which seems to have met with a more noted increase in output and use than has this spruce timber on the Connecticut river during these last twenty-five years. In 1866 I

manufactured, at McIndoes Falls, Vt., less than two million feet of timber. This was all that was brought down the river that year from the region which I have been describing; it was all that the Connecticut river valley, in Vermont and New Hampshire, furnished to the markets from Brattleboro to Hartford that year. It was not possible to get enough cars to deliver that amount of lumber when builders were anxiously waiting for it.

The use of the river as a carrier, and the increased energy of the railroads, now bring, from the same regions, and into nearly the same markets, probably more than twenty-five times as much lumber as I manufactured in 1866.

S. B.

Other Manufacturing Interests.

A. Kingsbury & Son—Box Manufacturers.

In no business has manufacturing made greater strides in the last few years than in that of paper-box making. Where a few thousand boxes were turned out wholly and laboriously by hand, a few years ago, they are now manufactured by the million in a single factory, through the aid of machinery. Such is the case with the business of A. Kingsbury & Son, the senior member of which firm himself designed the machine which cuts the blanks for the boxes. The

firm now have five factories, at South Coventry, Rockville, New London and Willimantic, Conn., and this city.

The business was started by A. Kingsbury at South Coventry, Conn., in the spring of 1868 and at first only one girl was employed, the cutting and preparing of the work being done by himself and the box-making by the one girl, but soon a demand sprang up that called for more help and more room which was supplied by a new building 24x38 feet, with two stories and an attic. After a year or two of the box business a need was felt

for better facilities for getting box labels and Mr. Kingsbury made his first trip to Boston, to buy a small job printing press, the press and material costing a little over \$100. The business continued to grow, but only very gradually for the first five or six years, then a box manufacturer at Rockville, Conn., failed, and left the town and his machinery and stock was offered for sale and bought and a man from Coventry sent to take charge. At that time Mr. Kingsbury began to make boxes for the firm of Belding Bros. & Co., and by this addition their business was largely increased, not only by the addition of new customers, but by increase of the volume of business done by them all. This continued until 1876, when the amount of business called for more room, which was supplied by an addition of twenty-seven feet to the length of the shop and again in 1879 by still another addition, 26x40. In the fall of 1879, Mr. Kingsbury came to Northampton, upon the solicitation of business men residing here, but not finding suitable rooms nothing was done until the following spring, the request being renewed, when he found suitable rooms in Union block, hiring two small rooms, intending only to supply one or two customers that had before been supplied from the South Coventry factory, but as soon as located thus the demand increased so rapidly that more room was demanded and supplied by gradually taking room after room, until the whole upper floor had been taken, and that no injustice should be done any one an offer was made and accepted for the machinery, stock and good will of F. A. Rust. This machinery and stock was moved to Union block and the business continued to grow and in 1883 Arthur L. Kingsbury admitted to the firm. About 1885 Mr. Kingsbury invented a glueing machine, which is still in use and also the machine for cutting box blanks, which machines have contributed much to the firm's success, especially the machines for cutting blanks, which are capable of turning out from forty to fifty thousand a day and do it perfectly. As the demand for paper boxes has increased and that rapidly, so has the business grown, until the firm were obliged to have more room and have it in the new factory, and now the combined production of their shops amounts to upwards of ten million boxes a year, giving employment to over 150 hands and doing over \$100,000 business annually. One of the specialties by which Messrs. Kingsbury achieved their success is the furnishing of printed labels with the boxes.



MANUFACTORY OF A. KINGSBURY & SON, NORTHAMPTON.

Ordinarily there is considerable delay with box-makers because of being obliged to wait for labels, but Messrs. Kingsbury avoid this by printing labels for those who wish thus to avoid delays.

Mr. A. Kingsbury is interested also in the Kingsbury & Davis machine company, of Contoocook, N. H., which turns out the machine he invented for cutting blanks, as well as other paper box machinery.

The Hill Machine Works.

If the village of Florence ever regains the manufacturing supremacy it held in this region in the old sewing-machine days, it will be largely because one man has put his shoulder to the wheel, and is doing the best he can towards it. And to make his work of the best effect, he has wisely chosen, probably, the distribution of his interest among several promising industries, believing that a diversity of manufactures

is more likely to insure permanently beneficial results to a community, and that the fluctuations and varying fortunes of trade will be less apt to bring all to misfortune than one or two.

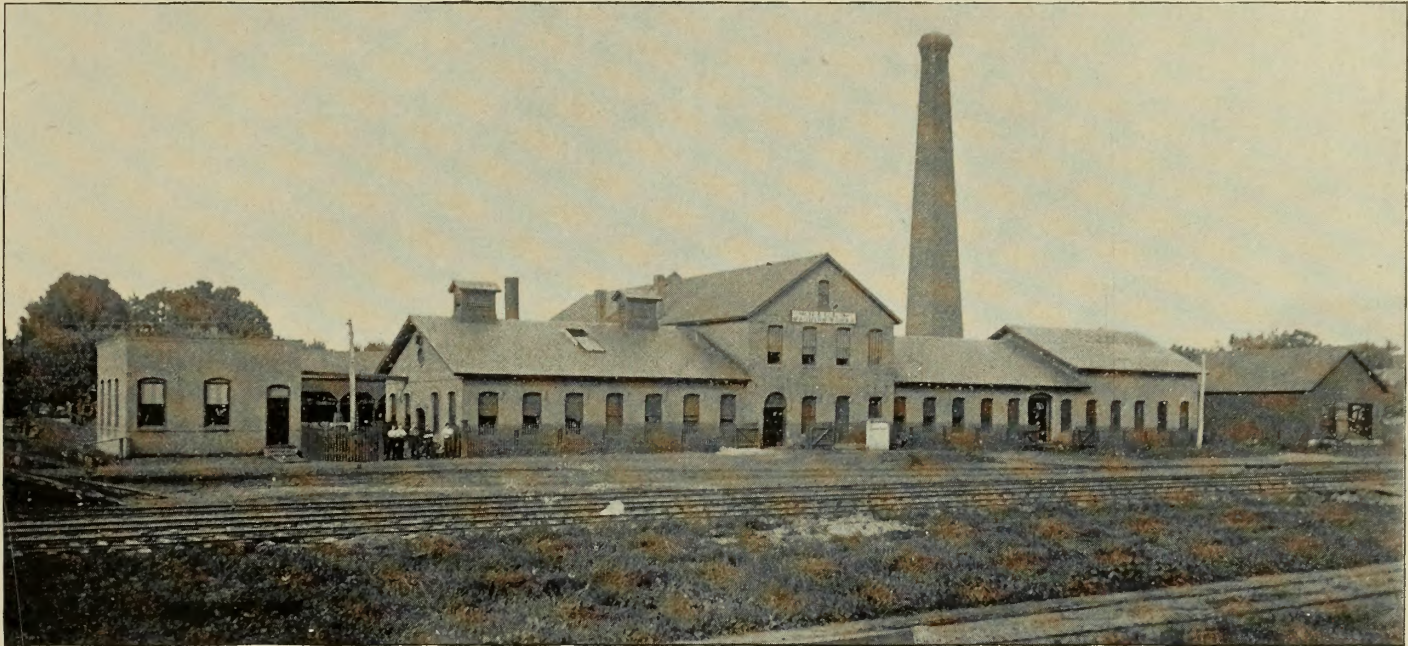
Among the most promising of Mr. Hill's ventures are the machine works and foundry, near the Consolidated road depot at Florence, where not only the new Ulrich oscillating engine is made, but a large quantity of general mill work is turned out.

Much attention is given to cutlery machinery, in which the works are achieving a wide reputation for the excellence of everything they make. All this class of machinery, as here manufactured, possesses many points of superiority, that will readily be appreciated by the practical mechanic, and everything built is thoroughly tested and warranted first-class in every particular. The works contain all the latest and most improved trade appliances for successfully carrying on the industry. Steam supplies the power to operate,

As the steam valve enclosing the named chest is connected firmly to the steam cylinder by bolts, it must take part in the oscillating motion of the latter, thereby opening or closing the ports respectively and leading the steam to or from the cylinder.

It may be noticed that by the construction of the steam chest and valve herein set forth, several advantages are attained, among which are the reduction of "waste room" in the ports, also the absence of lateral pressure against the steam cylinder, because the valve-operating parts are in a cylindrical surface, concentric with the axis of oscillation; also a complete balancing of steam pressure so far as the valve operation is concerned, and facility in securing and maintaining steam-tight joints in the wearing parts.

The engine-rod is one single casting, to which all the several parts, as the boxes for front and back trunnions, shaft-boxes and governor-valve are attached in such a manner as to render them independent of any other



THE HILL MACHINE WORKS, AT FLORENCE.

and a large number of skilled hands are employed, building both this class of machinery and full lines of paper machinery. Engine building enters largely into the industry, and we wish, in this article, to call attention to the latest, styled

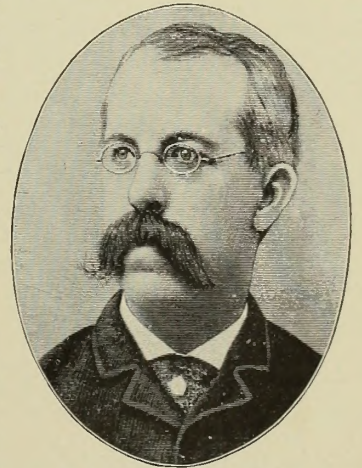
THE ULRICH ENGINE,

Which is calculated to meet the demands of users and consumers of small power, especially of those who are not skilled mechanics or not accustomed to run engines. One will readily see that in order to meet such a demand the engine must be of an exceedingly simple design; hence the number of moving parts must be reduced to a minimum, and that this has been accomplished at the Hill Machine Works, all unite in testifying. A few facts in relation to the special engine will be of interest. It consists of a moving steam cylinder and moving valve and a stationary steam chest, thereby dispensing entirely with the following mechanical arrangements usually found on engines: the eccentric valve-rod, complicated connecting-rods, slide, rockers, etc. So it will be seen that this kind of an engine, if properly constructed, is the only one that can be so simplified in its design and still gain the advantages which are expected from a good working motor.

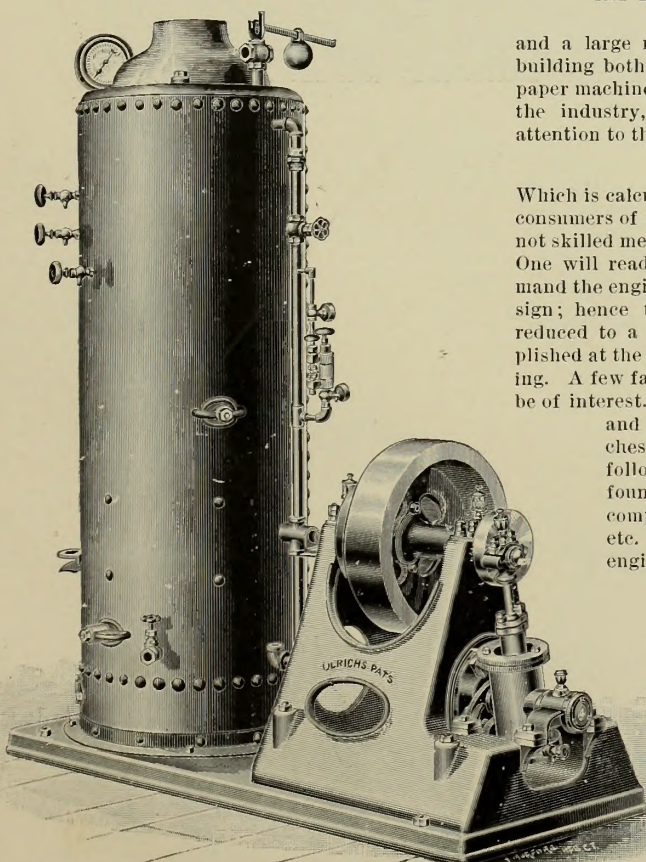
The steam after passing the governor valve enters a cylindrical shaped stationary chest, which is held in place by a bracket. A solid partition running in a vertical line from one end to the other, divides this chest in two separate chambers, one for the live steam, the other for the exhaust.

support, thus making the engine self-contained. A parts are easily accessible and always in sight of the operator. Between the two shaft-boxes are placed the combined belt and fly-wheel, thereby equalizing the wear on the said boxes. Inside the belt-wheel an improved shaft governor is secured, moving its valve positively by a stem (not belt). The danger of the governor becoming detached from the engine and possibly destroying the latter, is entirely obviated. By this method the governor is well protected from outside accidents. The governor itself is of simple construction and as all parts are perfectly balanced the action of it results in a high degree of sensitiveness. The fact that the engine is self-contained enables its makers to test and adjust it at their own works, and during shipment this adjustment is maintained so that any person of intelligence can set and start the machine without the aid of an expert, for after connecting the steam pipe with the boiler the engine is ready to run.

It may be stated that this motor has been in use for the last four years, giving perfect satisfaction. The works are prepared to furnish boilers of any



A. G. HILL, ESQ., FLORENCE.



THE ULRICH ENGINE, WITH BOILER.

size, capacity and style, but for moderate power the manager recommends the upright tubular boiler as the safest and most effective steam generator on the market.

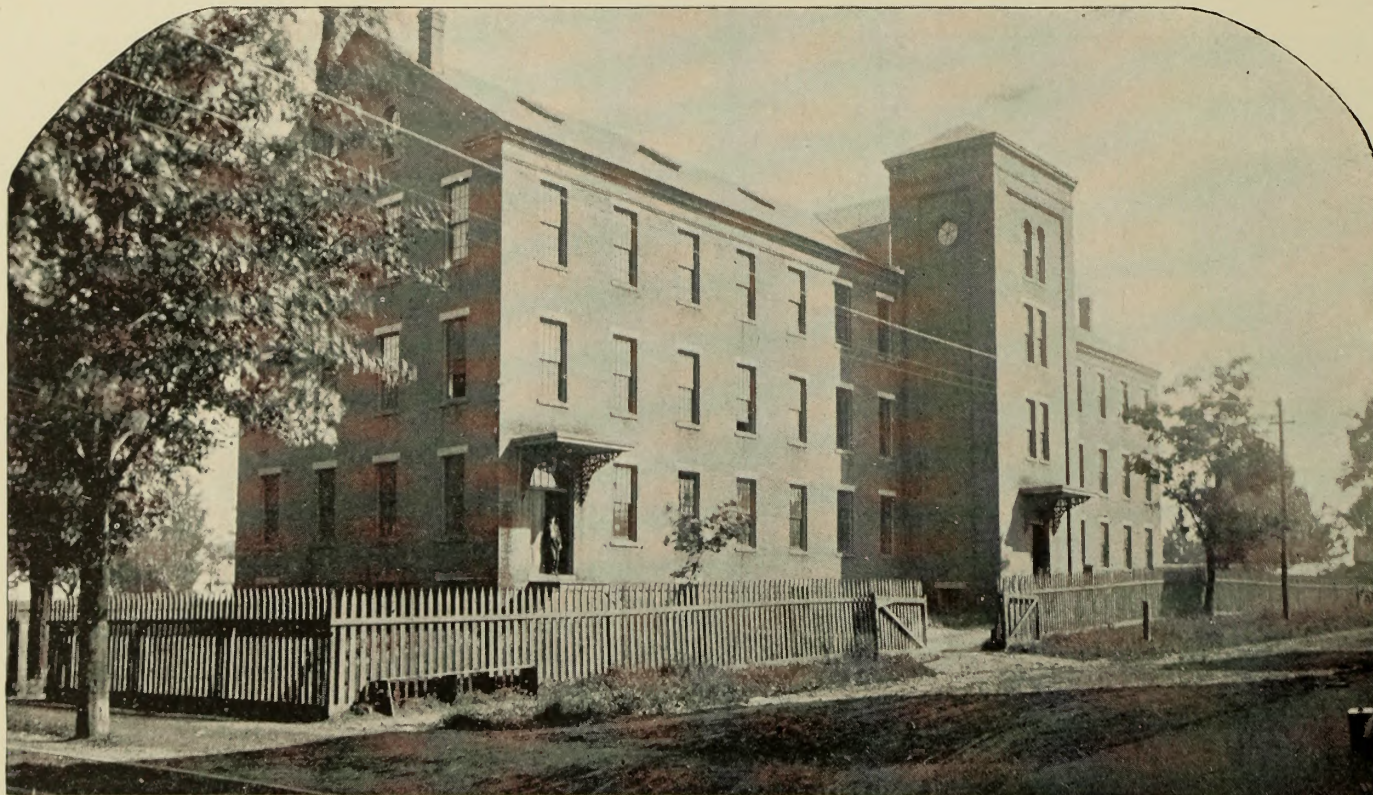
Besides the simpler engine showing in the engraving the company manufacture a duplex reversible hoisting engine, particulars concerning which can be obtained upon application.

It is impossible, in a brief notice such as this must be, to describe in detail everything here produced, but handsome catalogues may be had showing the different engines, and as the latter have been sold in this vicinity they can be seen in working order and inquiry made of the owners concerning their practical operation. One can be seen in operation daily at the Hampshire Gazette office in Northampton and one was placed on Mt. Holyoke this last summer, to furnish motive power for the cars which draw passengers to the summit. One bought by a farmer at Westhampton, to saw his wood, cut

Upon releasing the lever after firing, the hammers automatically resume their former position and remain there until the lever is again pressed home and the trigger pulled. In case the gun is not fired it is only necessary to release the lever by opening the hand when the springs are at once passive, making the gun absolutely safe from accidental discharge from any cause whatever.

The simplicity of the gun is something that will at once commend itself to the sportsman, as he will not need a small gun repair shop to take the gun apart when he wishes to clean it. The engravings given on the following page show the gun with and without the stock and reveals its simplicity. All the handler has to do to take the gun to pieces is to take out the tang screw and two trigger-plate screws, when the entire action slips from the stock. In safety the gun has no equal; there is no possible reason now for the poor and idiotic excuse, "I

very rarely adopted. The muzzles are not contracted by pressure, as is the case with a great many guns, but the stock is all taken from the breech ends with tools peculiar to the company, after the actions and stocks are fitted; the barrels are fine bored when they are ready to test and target, each gun being targeted before it leaves the factory, and also well tested for its strength. The targets are all preserved, and are made of paper disks of 30 inches. The number of pellets in the circle is recorded and some targets we were shown were notably marked, one made by 10 guage at 35 yds, 1-4 oz., No. 8 shot, showing 498; one a 12 guage, same distance, using same load of shot having 501 pellets in the magic circle. The 10 guage gun was for one of the crack trap shots of Chicago and the 12 guage for Col. Geo. D. Alexander of Louisiana, who is one of the best authorities on guns in the country and who is a regular correspondent of such sportsmen's papers as the



FACTORY BUILDING OF THE WHITNEY SAFETY FIRE-ARMS CO.

fodder and make cider, has given the best of satisfaction, the cost of running it being very little.

An exhibit was made last month at the fair of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanics' Association in Boston, and there the machine attracted great attention. With proper introduction to the public, there can be no doubt about the success of the inventor and a large sale for his engine.

The Whitney Safety Fire Arms Co.

The works of this company are in the building pictured on this page, formerly occupied by the Lamson Cash Carrier company, at Florence, occupying the entire first floor. Mr. Whitney, the inventor, here gives his personal attention to the work of manufacture.

The perfect hammerless fire-arm has long been the sportsman's desideratum, and it is claimed by Mr. Whitney and his backers that he has supplied the long sought-for weapon. The only criticism of the Whitney gun, is the necessity of holding the tension-lever when the gun is held in firing position; but this seems wholly immaterial, inasmuch as this lever comes directly under the natural hand-hold when in such a position and is held there with no more effort than would accompany the holding of a naked gun-stock.

A few facts in regard to the gun and reasons of its superiority over all others may not be amiss. First, the hammers always being at cock except at the moment of firing, the main springs have no tension whatever on them until the tension lever is pressed home by the shooter's hand when the gun is brought to the shoulder.

did not know that the gun was loaded." The tension lever is the safety; when that is down as in the position shown, it is simply impossible to fire the gun, for there is not the least tension on the main springs. The triggers if pulled have no effect whatever on the hammers, they remaining always at cock except at the moment of firing.

The process of manufacture was shown to the writer from the time the tubes arrive from Europe until the gun is finished and sent into the inspecting room, after which the gun is shipped.

As the manufacture of fine guns in this part of the state is a new industry we give a few of the practical working features. The tubes are all made in Europe, and the company recently received a shipment of 800 pairs, among them some of the finest Damasens barrels money can buy. These extra fine barrels are for some very fancy guns ordered. The ribs, which are soft soldered to the barrels, are now being made in this country, although the finest figured ribs are still imported, for no one seems to understand in this country, the method of making fine gun barrels and ribs. All the forgings used in the construction of the Whitney safety are made in Worcester, from the finest steel, this steel being made specially for gun parts. The different modes of manufacture were shown and fully explained. The different operations that each part is put through before it is ready to be connected would surprise one who has never been in a gun factory. The parts are all fitted to gauges and are interchangeable. The method of "choke-boring" the gun is one that is

"English and American Field," the "Asian" of Calcutta, India, "Forest and Stream," and others. It would seem that a gun which has the endorsement of such men must be about right.

The machinery and tools used in the manufacture of the gun are the best that money can buy and the most improved. The plant for brazing the gun barrels is entirely new and no other gun company in the country has its equal. The workmen who have charge of the different departments are artists in their different branches and have been brought up in the gun business from their infancy. There are seventeen men in all, six of them experienced English workmen. The company purpose to establish a reputation for fine work and to keep up that reputation.

Letters from experimenters and well known sportsmen are constantly coming in, commendatory of the gun and its work and several such testimonials were shown us.

W. P. Jones of the General Land office at Washington says in a letter that the fitting and finish of the 20-guage gun would fully meet the requirements of the most exacting critic, and for safety and convenience is unequalled by any hammerless gun made.

Maj. W. A. Hinkle of Galveston, Tex., in writing, says: "I am satisfied with its shooting qualities, and in my judgment it is the safest gun made. I do not think a man could kill himself accidentally with one of these guns."

Col. George D. Alexander of Louisiana, who is considered one of the best authorities on shot-guns, says

that he witnessed the best shooting with one of these guns that it has ever been his privilege to attend, and expresses himself delighted with it. He concludes by saying, "Of one thing you may be assured, that I never saw a gun which I considered perfectly safe until I witnessed the workings of yours."

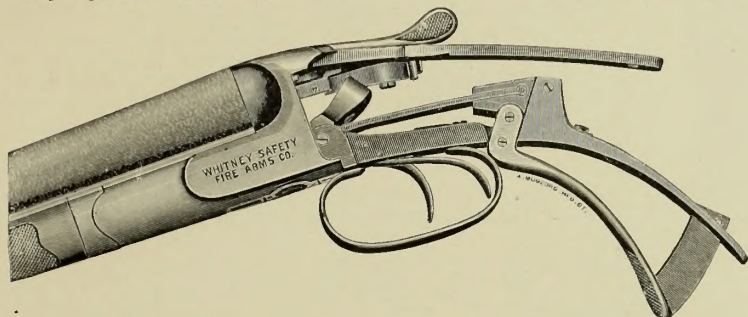
A letter from President Diaz of Mexico, on his return from his late hunting expedition, during which the Whitney safety gun was used, in speaking of its merits expresses himself in most delighted terms. He says: "I have fully tested its qualities and recommend it to every one as the most perfect gun ever placed on the market."

Other testimonials could be given, but the above are selected as coming from the best authority and most likely to prove of value to sports-men.

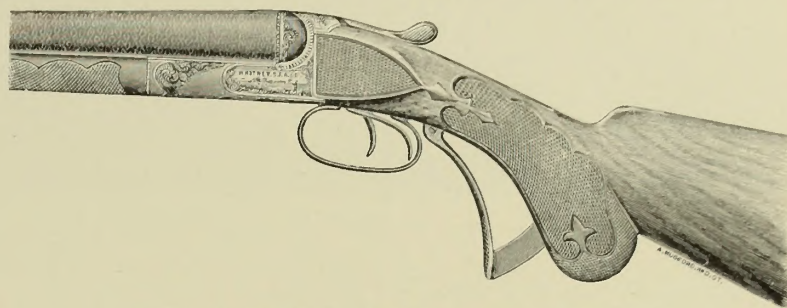
As much time has been lost heretofore in locating the home signal, the Kelsey signals are stationed 300 feet in advance of the home signal, so one can readily hear it. When an engineer is running through a tunnel, feeling his way for the home signal, either on account of fog or smoke, it is often so dense that he can scarcely see twelve inches ahead. On arriving at or coming on to the indicator signal, by hearing one blow of the gong, he knows that he is 300 feet from the home signal. Its superiority over all others lies in the audible part, which is the gong attachment.

It has been fully tested, and the company placed an order last summer in New York tunnel from 50th to 86th street, on the south bound rapid transit tracks. Three of these are special signals, and they only obtain one below for each and every train.

locomotive or of the train may successively strike track instrument, and depress it so as to raise post end and perpendicular rod with projection, the rod with projection falling between each wheel, so that successive wheels impart an up and down reciprocating movement to the rod. The gong hammer is fulcrumed so that inner end of hammer stands in path of projection on rod and as rod descends projection will strike inner end of hammer, and throw hammer against gong; then as the rod rises the hammer falls, and so continuing each descent of the rod will produce one stroke on the hammer. When the signal is pulled down, the rod is raised up, raising with it the gong hammer lever the lever raises the hammer against the gong so that the inner end of the hammer stands out of the path of projection on the rod and projection



THE WHITNEY HAMMERLESS GUN—LOCK EXPOSED.



THE FINISHED WHITNEY GUN.

Customers can be suited, practically, as to price, as the guns range in price from \$35 upwards, according to the quality of material and finish desired. Some of the weapons have elaborately engraved gun barrels, and the ordinary grades have a pair of birds on each side of the action—woodcock and prairie chicken—and the figure of a bird dog above. Then the metal work near the stock is handsomely colored or mottled, by tempering, in no two cases alike. The stocks are made in costly woods, if desired, and to complete one's idea of the care taken to secure perfect adjustment and exact alignment of all parts, one should look into the large safe in the company's office, where are tools occasionally required for use which are worth more than their weight in gold.

The company had recently in the works a small 20-gauge gun which only weighed 5 lbs., 4 oz. This gun was made for a lady in Mexico and was a perfect beauty. The lady's husband had ordered a very fine gun for his own use, and his wife was so much pleased with the safety mechanism that she ordered one for herself.

To conclude: the need of a model safety hammerless gun requires no enforcement. But we noticed, in a recent issue of the American Field, within the brief space of a score or so of lines, reports of at least half as many serious accidents which had befallen sportsmen and general users of guns, and the constantly recurring cases of "didn't know it was loaded" are always with us. Many lives are lost every year through the careless use of fire-arms, and if Mr. Hill and the inventor, Mr. Whitney, had done nothing else than forward this valuable life-saving invention, they would deserve the thanks of humanity for all time.

The officers of the Whitney Safety Arms Co. are President, A. G. Hill; Treas., Wm. H. Whitney.

The Kelsey Railway Signal Co.

The Kelsey Railway Signal Co. also occupy the building used by the Whitney Safety Fire-Arms Co. and they make mechanical railway appliances for draw-bridges, switches, cross-overs, station and block signals. They are now engaged also in making a highway grade crossing signal, which being of a mechanical nature, they claim is more reliable than electrical appliances, which have been found to fail repeatedly.

The engraving on this page shows the distant signal with the Kelsey gong attachment and the three-lever Kelsey interlocking ground machine for draw-bridges and cross-overs, and a description of them will doubtless be interesting to the public, now that they have been tested and put in use on two of the busiest railway lines in the world—the Harlem branch of the New York Central and the air line division of the N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R.

A description of the signal machinery in detail will undoubtedly be of interest to mechanics, as follows:

The audible signal is provided in case engineers should fail to see the visual signal and run by it at danger, then by wheels of engine and train running on to track instrument, their attention would be called to

cannot come in contact with inner end of hammer before its downward motion is checked by stop, so there is no sound of gong; a slot is provided in case down rod should require more travel after gong hammer had stopped against gong. In case wire breaks both visual and audible signals go to danger.

THE INTER-LOCKING MACHINE FOR DRAWBRIDGES.

The other machine made by the Kelsey company is fully as important an invention as the gong signal; it will be found in the engraving on the next page, and may be thus described:

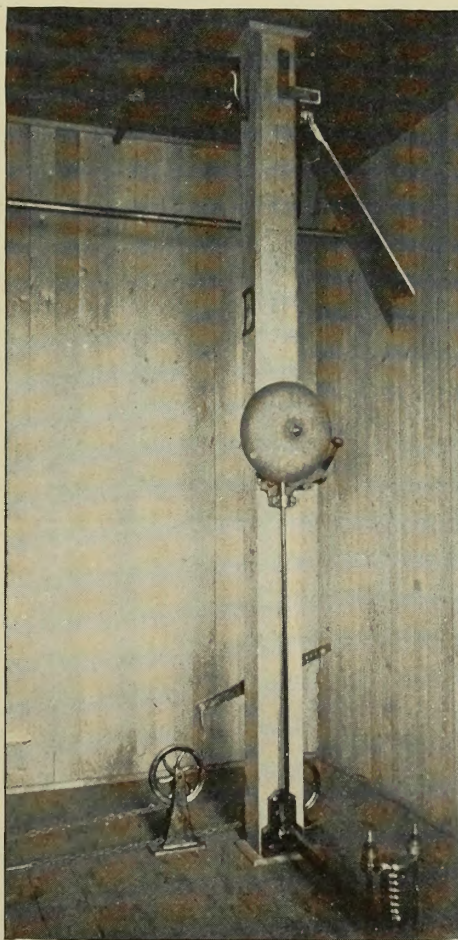
The distant signal is connected to one lever, and the home signal is connected to another lever, derail switch, switch lock detector bar and drawbridge; lock is connected to another lever.

In throwing lever 3 to its reversed position, you set distant signal to danger and release lever 2; lever 2 is not released, however, until full stroke of lever 3 is made and the latch block drops into the notch lever 3, locked in its reversed position before any movement can be made with lever 2. In throwing lever 2 to its reversed position, you set home signal to danger and release lever 1. In throwing lever 1, which is connected to derail switch, switch lock detector bar and drawbridge lock bolt to its reversed position by a combined lock and switch movement; we unlock and throw out derail switch before lock bolt is fully retracted from the socket, which prevents any possibility of opening draw before home, distant and audible signals are set to danger, and derail switch open.

Contraction and expansion of wire running to signal is taken up by chain passing over sprocket wheels with weights attached to end of chain. When levers 1-2-3 are in their home positions and signals normal at safety, sprocket wheels are free to turn in either direction; then weights will raise and lower to meet contraction and expansion of wire. In pulling levers 1-2-3 to their reversed position you grasp latch handle to draw latch block out of the notch; in so doing you engage a pawl with ratchet in traveling over segment to notch to hold lever in its reversed position, then hold pawl in engagement with ratchet until lever is returned to its home position.

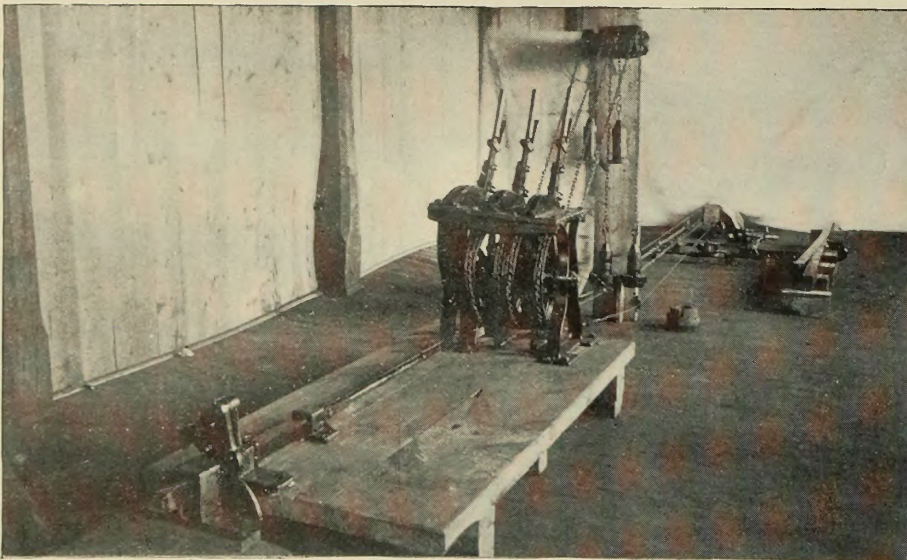
This machine is furnished in same design from 1 to 10 levers, with single or double wire compensator. The various wearing parts of this machine are of cold rolled steel. All parts are interchangeable. As regards the latch actuation from a 2 to 10 lever machine, it is claimed that this machine is the most compact, has the least number of parts, is the simplest and most durable movement extant. Dimension, height of machine from floor to top of segments, 27 in.; width over all, 19 1/2 in.

The 1 lever machine locks draw and operates distant signal with gong attachment. The 2 lever machine interlocks each lever and locks draw, operates home and distant signal with gong attachment. Signals



KELSEY DISTANT SIGNAL, WITH GONG ATTACHMENT.

the fact that the visual signal was at danger by hearing the sound of the gong. The normal position of signal is at danger and the gong is free to ring. Track instrument carrying perpendicular rod with projection is fulcrumed at post end standing one quarter inch above level of track, so that the wheels of a passing



THREE-LEVER KELSEY INTERLOCKING GROUND MACHINE FOR DRAWBRIDGES AND CROSS-OVERS.

and switches worked from center of draw if preferred.

This machine is especially adapted for drawbridge locks, home and distant signals, derailing switch, and rail switch lock, and is most complete in all its workings. In fact, all these are among the greatest inventions of modern times, and must be acknowledged to be great strides toward averting any calamity that might otherwise occur. Mr. W. A. Waterbury, Supt. Air Line Div. N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R. Co., says, in speaking in relation to the latter:

"I had two of them placed at our drawbridge at Middletown, Conn., one at each end; they were placed there last April and work to a charm. They are the best I have yet had experience with, and I can see no reason why they should not be universally adopted. They have been but very little care to us, and do not easily get out of order. I think the tension to take up lost motion caused by expansion and contraction cannot be beaten. The gong attachment I consider very valuable in foggy weather, especially when the drawers and signals cannot be seen."

E. M. Reed, vice president of the New York, New Haven and Hartford railroad company, says:

"One of Mr. Frank N. Kelsey's bridge signals has been in use on this line of road during the past eighteen months, and its operation has proved satisfactory during all of that time, and so far has required no alterations or repairs."

W. H. Haywood, railroad commissioner, says:

"I have examined the Kelsey signal, as applied to the drawbridge on Air Line at Middletown, and have watched its operation since put in, and it has filled the bill in every particular. Mr. Kelsey has in my judgment thus far the cheapest and best automatic signal that has ever been brought to my attention."

Frank N. Kelsey, the inventor, is the general superintendent at the works and exercises that care which insures satisfaction. Arthur G. Hill is the secretary and general manager, to whom all inquiries of a business nature should be directed.

The Knapp Dovetailing Machine Co.

An engraving is given herewith of the Clement dovetailing machine, an invention of long-tried and approved use among cabinet-makers and furniture manufacturers throughout the country, the shops of which are in the Whitney fire-arms building at Florence.

It can hardly be necessary for us to describe this invention. Every one who has a piece of furniture has noticed at one time or another, the ingenious manner in which the parts of drawers, etc., are fitted together, as snugly and closely as if they had grown there. The mortises and entering pieces of wood were made by a dovetailing machine, and the Clement and Knapp dovetailing machines are the best of their kind. There are now and have been for several years, many of these machines in use in different parts of the country, and the tools for them have to be constantly renewed, so the work of making them is quite a business of itself. Mr. Hill is the proprietor of the Knapp Dovetailing machine and he is now pushing forward the Clement dovetailer, invented by Nathan S. Clement,

which in its new form is far ahead of anything heretofore placed on the market for the use for which it was designed.

A few of the most important advantages of this over the "Knapp machine are: 1, The stock to be cut is all placed horizontally upon a stationary table, enabling the operator to work stock of any length and of any width up to 16 inches; 2, After setting the gauges for any line of work, the only attention required from the operator is to take out the finished stock, push back the tool carriage, put in fresh stock and start the machine.

The Florence Furniture Company

Was organized in 1873 with a capital of \$20,000, and is the result of an effort of a number of good mechanics to improve their condition and establish a business in which their own capital supplemented by their own labor would enable them to become masters of their business and receive any benefits that might accrue from the enterprise, and in the first years all the employes were owners of stock. The production is almost exclusively burial cases of numerous designs and qualities, ranging in price from the very cheapest to the best, and are finished in different kinds of woods, and also covered with cloths of suitable kinds, as broadcloth, plush, velvets, crape, pique, etc., and in variety of colors, as black, white, purple, drab, blue, etc.

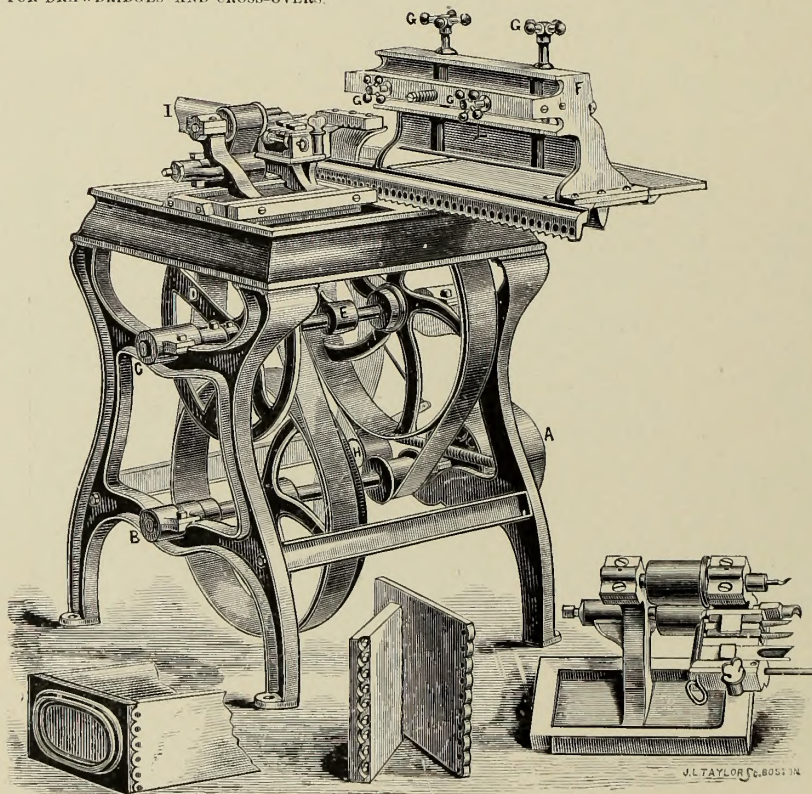
The goods are sold and shipped direct from the factory, the market for which is almost exclusively in New England. The business has steadily increased, requiring additions to the buildings and manufacturing capacity in 1880 and after wards in 1888, until the establishment has a production of about three times its original size.

In addition to goods of their own manufacture, they carry a stock of handles, linings, robes, hardware, etc., for the trade incidental to their business. The company employ about thirty hands, nearly all men, and the business is now considered one of the permanent and successful enterprises of Florence.

From the first organization of the company H. B. Haven, has been treasurer and manager.

Its present officers are: President, A. G. Hill; treasurer, H. B. Haven; directors, A. G. Hill, H. F. Cutler, W. L. Wilcox, W. J. Warner, and H. B. Haven.

The building occupied by the works will be found pictured at the foot of this page.



THE CLEMENT DOVETAILED MACHINE.



WORKS OF THE FLORENCE FURNITURE COMPANY.

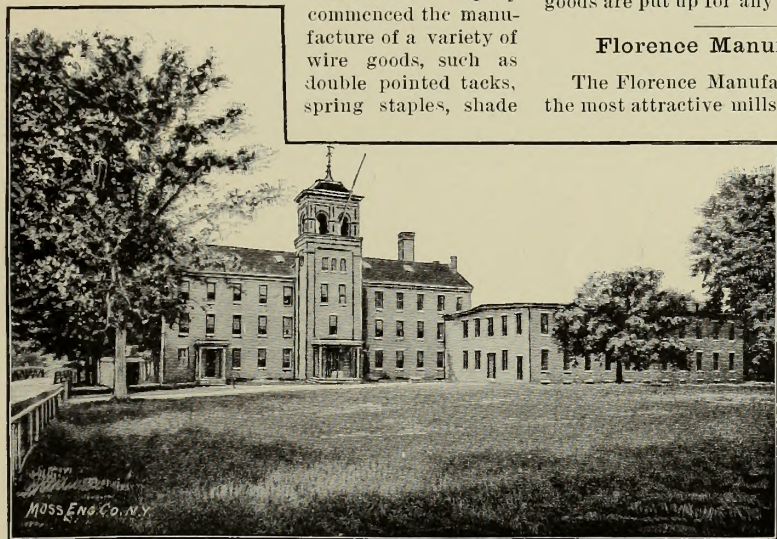
Florence Tack Company.

The manufacture of tacks and small nails by machinery is in every respect a Massachusetts industry; the first machines for this purpose were made by Massachusetts men; the first tack factories were in Massachusetts; the factories now in operation in other states are the outgrowth of the industry in this state; three-fourths of the tacks and small nails now made in the United States are made in Massachusetts.

In 1874 a small factory was started by the Florence Tack company, in Florence, Northampton, which has steadily grown until it has become an important industry.

A large variety of goods are made by this company, such as cigar-box nails, trunk and clout nails, chair and basket nails, finishing nails, Hungarian nails, shoe nails, and all the small sizes of common board nails. Of tacks there are made a variety of upholstery, carpet, card, trimmers, gimp, brush, looking glass, miners and shoe tacks, picture frame and glaziers' points. These goods are made of copper, brass, zinc, steel, American, Swedes and Norway iron. Some are tinned, others blued, and some are polished. Some are made with oval heads and others with flat heads. There are over five hundred different sizes and kinds of tacks and nails made by this company.

In 1884 the company commenced the manufacture of a variety of wire goods, such as double pointed tacks, spring staples, shade

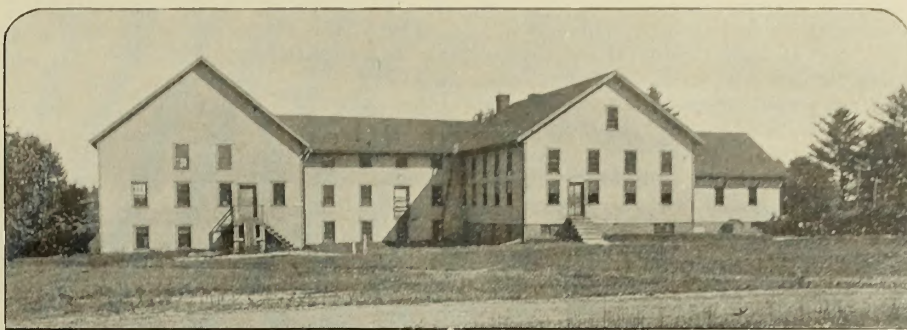


WORKS OF THE FLORENCE MANUFACTURING COMPANY.

staples, basket staples, barrel and keg staples, clinch staples, pipe staples, wire fence staples, electrician staples, wagon bow staples, pail ears, clamps and grape basket fasteners, barbed blind staples and barbed spring staples. This company is now the largest manufacturer of this class of goods in this country. There are as many sizes and kinds of staples as of tacks, making over one thousand sizes and kinds of tacks, nails and staples manufactured by this company.

In 1887 the company commenced the manufacture of small rivets. The trade in this line of goods has gradually increased until now it forms an important part of the business of this company. All the tack, staple and rivet machines used by this company were built at its factory from drawings prepared by George W. Bond, the superintendent and agent of the company. Some of the machines are entirely Mr. Bond's invention, to whose business ability and skill in the adaptation of machinery to the manufacture of the goods made at its factory the company is indebted for its success.

During the year 1889 Mr. Bond commenced to build a machine to roll wire. The amount of wire used at this factory for the manufacture of wire goods is very large, and the effort to reduce the cost of such goods led to the invention of a wire rolling mill. By means of this machine wire rods, placed upon a reel in the same condition they come from the wire rod mill, are passed through the machine and reduced to the various sizes of merchantable wire. No labor is expended on the rods to prepare them for rolling. The machine has been in operation several months; wire manufacturers have visited the factory and witnessed its operation; it has been subjected to a variety of tests and its work pronounced by wire manufacturers entirely satisfactory and a great improvement over the old process, both as to the cost of manufacture and as to the quality of the wire. It will be protected by patents



WORKS OF THE FLORENCE TACK COMPANY.

in the United States and foreign countries. Arrangements have been made to build the machine for use by wire manufacturers. It is destined to bring about an entire change in the process of manufacturing wire, as the cost of making wire by this process is much less than by the old method.

D. W. Bond is the president of the company, and Edward S. Bottum its traveling salesman. They have both been connected with the company since its organization. The goods manufactured by it are sent into every state in the union. No poor goods are allowed to leave the factory. Its motto is "Honest weight and honest count." No short weight or short count goods are put up for any one under any circumstances.

Florence Manufacturing Company.

The Florence Manufacturing company have one of the most attractive mills in the vicinity, the lawn and flower beds being a pleasing contrast to the old time factory surroundings.

The main factory is a brick building of three stories, with attic, 40x120, with a prominent tower containing a steam elevator. A few years since another brick building, 40x100, of two stories was added, making about 27,000 surface feet of floor space, in addition to basements, all of which is fully utilized.

The company was organized in 1866 with a capital of \$100,000. The principal portion of their manufacture has ever been of brushes and mirrors, though at various times many articles, such as lockets, buttons, etc., have been made in very large quantities. They have always stood at the head for variety of styles and elegance of designs, many of the latest being very artistic. The largest output of tooth brushes made in this country is here produced. These are made of heavy thigh bones brought from the west, the entire process being carried on in the manufactory. The pure white ivory finish secured from the special process of bleaching carried on quickly mark these goods wherever seen. Especially have they made themselves known by the reputation of the Prophylactic tooth brush and Florence

dental plate brush. The company have a large machine shop, making all their own dies and machines, and employ help ranging from 100 to 175. Mr. A. C. Estabrook has been superintendent of the factory for twenty years and much of the success is due to his inventive ability and hearty co-operation in the management of the business. They have in New York, Chicago and San Francisco stores for distribution of the products.

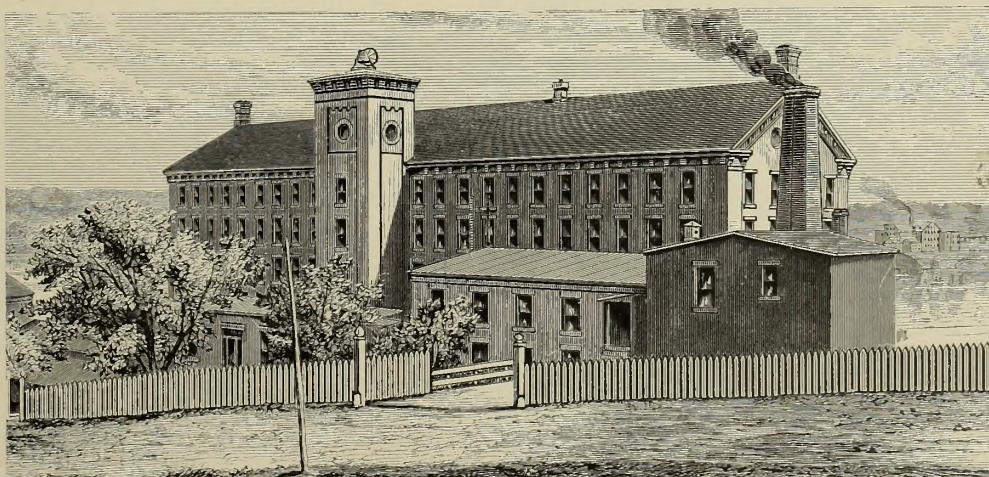
Mr. Frank N. Look is the general manager of its business, giving his exclusive time to its interests, the president of the company being Mr. D. G. Littlefield of Pawtucket, R. I. A very complete catalogue is issued annually by the company.

The Glasgow Company—Gingham Manufacturers.

The Glasgow company, which occupies the lower privilege at South Hadley Falls, was created February 16, 1848, by an act of the legislature, incorporating Geo. M. Atwater, Chas. Peck, William Bowdoin and their associates and successors, for the manufacture of cotton woolen, worsted or silk goods, severally or unitedly. The capital stock was originally placed at \$200,000, which was paid in cash. In 1854 it was increased to \$250,000, in 1860 to \$300,000, and in 1863 to \$350,000, at which point it now stands, the increase in each case being presented to the stockholders as stock dividends. Good dividends in cash have also been paid from the large earnings of the company.

The main structure is 200x50 feet in size, six stories high. In addition there are six other large buildings, used for dye-house, cloth room, storage and office purposes. A disastrous fire July 3d, 1855, destroyed the two upper floors of the main mill and severely damaged the remainder of the property, but it was promptly rebuilt and filled with new and improved machinery. The mill now contains 13,000 spindles and 425 looms, turning out a weekly product of 75,000 yards of fine ginghams and fancy dress goods. Power is taken from a turbine wheel 72 inches in diameter under a head and fall of 30 feet, the water coming by canal from the South Hadley end of the Holyoke dam.

Geo. M. Atwater was the first president and William R. Gould, Jr., the first clerk and treasurer. Among the presidents since have been Erastus Hopkins, Homer Foot, John H. Southworth and Oscar Edwards, who now holds the office. Mr. Edwards is also president of



THE GLASGOW GINGHAM MILLS, SOUTH HADLEY FALLS.

the Northampton National bank, a director in the Conn. river railroad company and is interested in numerous other successful enterprises. Geo. M. Atwater was treasurer of the company for nearly forty years and carried the concern safely through many financial storms. John Cumnock, the present treasurer and agent, became associated with the company in 1886 and has proven himself worthy of the name. The other agents have been Chas. Peck, Theo. W. Ellis and B. C. Brainerd, each of whom was with the company for long terms of years and contributed much to its success. The present clerk and paymaster, William R. Hill, has been with the company for fourteen years. The present directors are Oscar Edwards, Henry R. Hinckley of Northampton, Geo. M. Atwater, Homer Foot and Chas. H. Southworth of Springfield; James C. Atwater of New York, and James W. Cumnock of Chicopee.

The Glasgow company in 1860 purchased the land adjoining the gingham mills on the west and erected the paper mill now known as the Hampshire Paper company. They continued to operate the paper mill in connection with the gingham mill until 1866, when the business was separated, a new company known as the Hampshire Paper company being formed. One half the capital stock was purchased by Messrs. J. H. Southworth, Edward Southworth and Wells Southworth, the balance being distributed pro rata to the stockholders of the Glasgow company.

This company own and rent to the operatives at reduced prices about one hundred tenements, mostly pleasantly located and conveniently arranged double cottages situated near the mill but upon little higher ground.

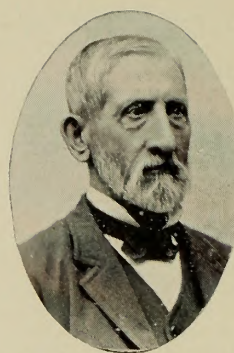
Smith Carr Baking Company.

A prominent and prosperous concern is that of the Smith Carr Baking company, manufacturers and wholesale dealers in biscuit, crackers and confectionery, and whose products maintain a uniformly high standard of excellence, and as a consequence are in steady and extensive demand throughout this and adjoining states, the trade being very large. This flourishing business was established in 1863 by Smith Carr, who conducted it up to March 1886, when he was succeeded by the present proprietors, who have since continued it with eminent success, still retaining the name of the founder in the style of firm.

The business has continued to expand until at the

present writing a trade has been established extending all over the New England states. Some of the specialties are Carr's double extra, extra milk, farina dot, oyster and graham crackers. The bakery occupies a two-story and basement brick structure, 60x65 feet in dimensions, operated by steam and thoroughly equipped with all the most improved machinery and trade appliances. Employment is furnished to some 12 skilled hands, and from 15 to 25 barrels of flour consumed in the manufacture. The bakery is a model of cleanliness and every department is conducted equally with that of the other. The resources of the house are adequate to all demands brought to bear upon it, and the names of the proprietors, viz., John

trade count for anything. He was for many years superintendent of the Northampton cutlery company's works and his practical knowledge of the business now serves him well. He has one of the best equipped cutlery shops in New England; his forge-room wheel-room and finishing department are all on one floor, only the grind-



WEBSTER HERRICK, ESQ.



MACHINE SHOP OF WEBSTER HERRICK.

E. Bates, A. M. Locke and E. C. Lyman, are a sufficient guarantee for the satisfactory fulfillment of all orders. The trade has constantly increased under their able management and extends nearly all over the New England states.

Webster Herrick—Machinist.

Webster Herrick is the oldest machinist now in the business at Northampton. As such, his portrait on this page will be noticed with interest. In attending to the building and remodelling of special machines, Mr. Herrick is a veteran pioneer in the business, having been engaged in this branch of industry nearly half a century, and through all these years, and the vicissitudes of trade, has always maintained the honorable position of the house. The premises occupied and utilized in the industry are as convenient as could be desired. The shop is located on the line of the Connecticut river railroad, and is thoroughly equipped with all the latest and most improved machinery. Mr. Herrick makes a specialty of mill work, water wheels and saws, steam stretchers for stretching silk, and a circular saw mill of his own patent, which has been used all over the country and given universal satisfaction. Within the past year Mr. Herrick has built five oil engines, to run by oil instead of steam.

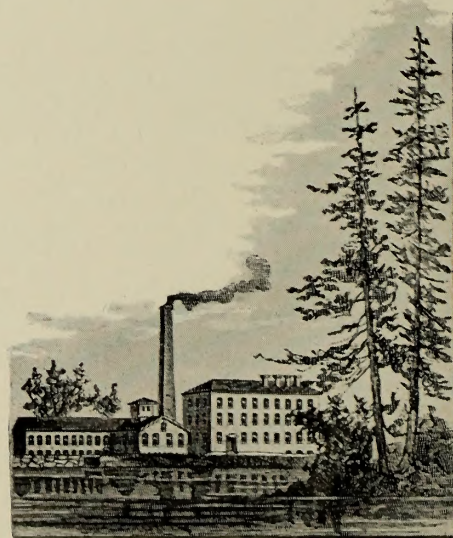
Mr. Herrick started in business for himself in the spring of 1842, making patterns in the building now known as Lamb's wire factory. In 1854 he began the business of furnishing the circular saw-mills, before spoken of. In 1862 he made a machine for making guns and took a government contract, and the same year, his son, Charles E., came into the business and has been with him ever since.

E. E. Wood Cutlery Co.

E. E. Wood of this city began the manufacture of table cutlery on Federal street in this city something over a year and a half ago, and being born and bred in the business, so to speak, he will undoubtedly make a success of it, if experience and thorough acquaintance with the

ing stones below, and all the rooms are well lighted and ventilated. There are four water-wheels, any one of which can be shut off and one department run at a time. One hundred horse power of water is furnished the year round, and if more is wanted a 200 horse Corliss engine, costing \$5000, can be utilized. Two boilers and a 100-foot chimney contribute to the

moving of the drive wheel with its 36-inch belt. Mr. Wood manufactures only table cutlery and has a force of about sixty men working for him, though he has been established so short a time. His success is almost unprecedented and is likely to continue for the reasons we have given.



CUTLERY WORKS OF E. E. WOOD, NORTHAMPTON.

The Northampton Emery Wheel Co.

Solid emery and corundum wheels, although first made and used in Europe, have never been developed there, either in the perfection of manufacture or the diversity of employment, to anything like the extent that they have in this country. There are manufacturers of this class of goods in England, Scotland, France, Germany and other parts of Europe, who sell their product at about one-half the price of the best American article, but, even with this difference in cost, the American goods are greatly preferred; the export trade to those countries is large and constantly increasing. Few people, except those who employ them, have any conception of the varied and extensive uses to which solid emery wheels are applied. No

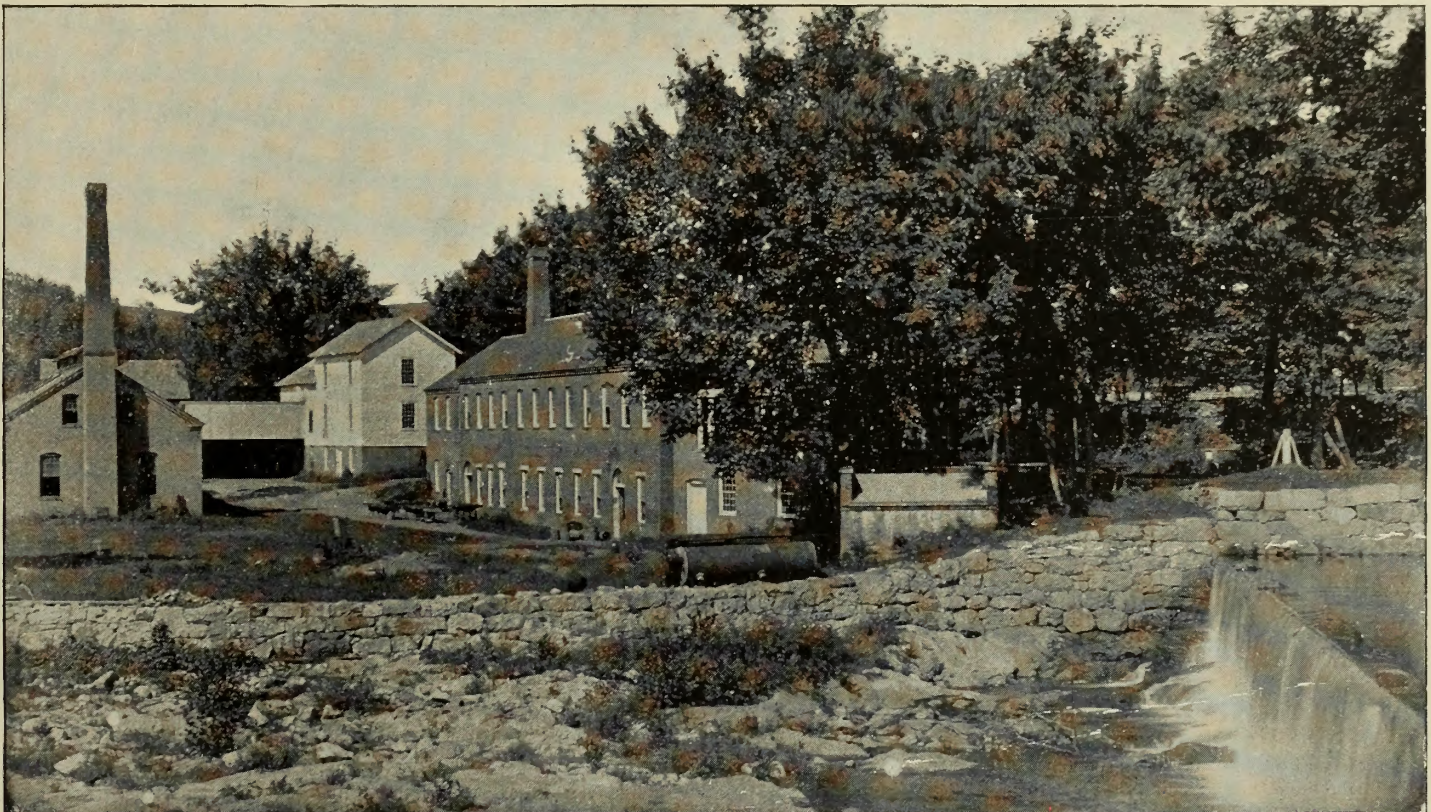


metal or wood-working shop or factory is without them; little machinery, of any kind is now made in the construction of which the solid emery wheel is not an important tool. From shaping and sharpening the most delicate implements to the construction of iron bridges it has become indispensable. In fitting stove plate, agricultural machinery and brass goods, it has superceded the grindstone, file and cold chisel. It was a feeble standing joke for ages to say to a man who complained of a dull saw, that it needed grinding; it is a joke no longer; solid emery wheels to the value of nearly, if not quite \$100,000 a year are consumed in America alone in grinding saws.

Solid emery wheels vary in size from 3-8 inch to 3 feet in diameter, and in cost from a few cents to more than \$100 each. As with all other tools, much of the advantage in using them depends upon the workman. Some can do none but the coarsest and most common work with them, while others can do the finest and

of the price at which they might be sold or the management of the business. But men "with cash to spare" are fast finding out that it can be dissipated as rapidly in a badly managed emery wheel business as in any other. All business is established for the purpose of making money for its proprietors, and no business can properly be called successful that fails to do this. Judged by this standard, many emery wheel companies have failed utterly of accomplishing the purpose for which they were created. Those that have proved successful have been managed by well-equipped business men, and by trained, well educated mechanics. Many who have run out their capital and had it replaced several times over, still go on selling goods below the cost of production; in other words, paying customers a premium (which eventually comes out of the pockets of their own stockholders and creditors) for taking their products. There is no margin for fooling, by the incom-

at No. 20, South Canal street, Chicago, where is carried the largest and most complete stock of grinders, polishers and platers' supplies in any one store in America. This stock includes, in addition to the goods manufactured by the company, dynamos, anodes chemicals, grain emery, corundum, walrus-leather, glues, cotton and merino buffs; in fact the almost endless variety of articles and appliances for fitting out completely establishments designed for grinding, polishing, buffing and electro-plating. Mr. E. L. Dyer, formerly of Northampton, has managed this branch successfully for many years. The men holding important positions with the company at Leeds have also been a long time in its employ. H. P. Otis, the superintendent, for 15 years; P. A. Otis, master mechanic, 12 years; Charles Kinney, foreman of wheel department, 11 years; George H. Sergeant, book-keeper and pay-master, 10 years. The business of the company in 1889, was \$20,000



FACTORY OF THE NORTHAMPTON EMERY WHEEL COMPANY.

most delicate. The quality of the workman's brain is as important as the quality of the wheel, although it is hard for any one to do good work with poor tools.

There are half a dozen different processes, of greater or less merit, by which these wheels are made. None of the processes are secret, nor are there any patents on them of any value. A large amount and variety of machinery for utilizing wheels to the best advantage is in use, from coarse, heavy and simple machines designed for fitting stove-plate and cleaning castings, to fine automatic tools of accuracy.

Twenty-three years ago, when the Northampton Emery Wheel company commenced business, there was but one other establishment in America, and the writer thinks, not one in Europe regularly engaged in the business of making emery wheels for the market; now there are from twenty-five to thirty in America, no less than ten of them being in Massachusetts. The idea has generally prevailed, as to the emery wheel business, that "there were millions in it," and any one who could contrive or ascertain some method of making grains of emery adhere together in the form of a wheel, had no difficulty in persuading people with capital that a bonanza awaited whoever might put wheels made by his process on the market, regardless

petent and unskillful, in the emery wheel business.

The business of this company was established in 1867 by the firm of Otis & Williams, the members being Gen. J. L. Otis and L. B. Williams, president of the Williams manufacturing company. It soon became apparent that under proper management the business could be developed into an important industry and a joint stock company was formed with a capital of \$40,000 and established at Leeds. The capital was soon increased to \$50,000, and in 1879 to \$100,000. The company has been uniformly successful from the first; none of its stock has been sold outside of the original stockholders, nor has there been any change in its officers or directors, except such as have been occasioned by death.

The officers are president, Ira Dimock; secretary, treasurer and business manager, J. L. Otis. The directors are Ira Dimock, L. B. Williams, J. L. Otis, S. B. Fuller and Chas. E. Williams. The late A. B. Clark and A. T. Lilly were directors up to the time of their death.

The company sends its products to almost every part of the world where mechanical industries are carried on. Its trade in the west became so important several years ago that a branch house was established

larger than in any previous year, with a still larger increase in 1890. A large addition to the buildings and other facilities for a larger production will be made in the spring of 1891. The average price at which this company's emery wheels are sold is ten per cent. above any other kind except the Vulcanite.

C. S. Shattuck—Gun Works.

Few of our readers have any comprehension of the quite considerable business of gun manufacturing carried on by Major C. S. Shattuck at Hatfield.

The business was started by Hyde & Shattuck fifteen years ago, and the past ten years has been carried on, since the retirement of Mr. Hyde, by Mr. Shattuck, and the last five years, the work of pistol or revolver-making, which was the early business of the works, has been almost entirely exchanged for that of gun manufacture. The building occupied by the works shows in our Hatfield illustrations, and there has been manufacturing on this spot for many years. Originally there was an old saw-mill here. At one time there was a button-shop here and fire-extinguishers were once made. The old buildings were destroyed by fire in 1881.

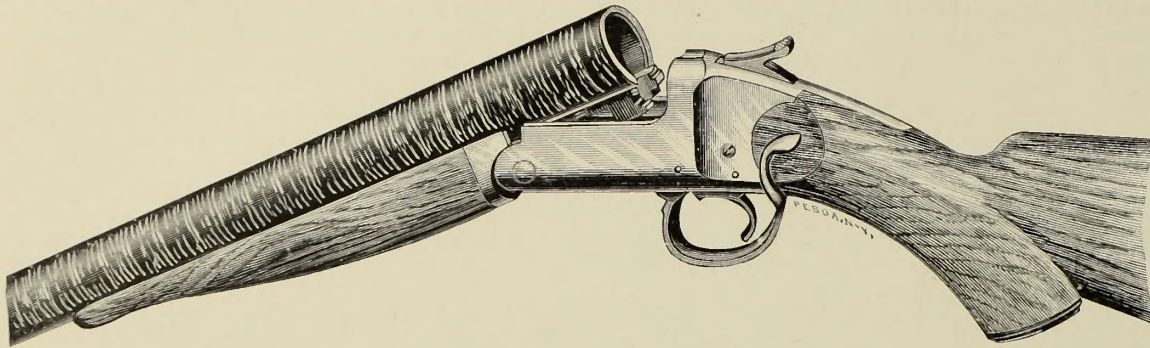
As to the gun business carried on by Major

Shattuck, it is something sportsmen will be interested in knowing about. The Major makes a Hammerless, a Top Lever, "American" and Perfection Side Snap gun, and he has sold over 20,000 of the "American" in the last four years, but the "Perfection" guns, for \$9 and \$12, are the favorite now, and Mr. Shattuck is selling these as fast as he can turn them out. In order to produce this gun at a low price he has added new machinery and tools for its special construction and with these and a corps of skilled mechanics claims to have produced a gun absolutely perfect in all its details. The gun has the favorite side snap action

manufactured is warranted and in order to give patrons ample time to test their merits the company will send on thirty days' trial to any responsible party one of any grade.

Williams Mfg. Co. — Baskets.

The Williams Mfg. Company of Northampton have not only a national but world-wide reputation, as the makers of splint and rattan baskets, and some of the views in our Northampton series of engravings, in the early part of this work, show some picturesque scenes about the works. L. B. Williams began the business at Huntington, with Roland S. Bartlett, in 1850, and continued there until 1862, at which time he moved to Northampton, and the style of firm was changed to L. B. Williams & Co. In 1867 the concern was incorporated under the name of the Williams Manufacturing company, with a capital of \$100,000 and began business with the largest basket factory in the world, and with enlarged resources. The building the firm occupied when they first came here was originally used by White, Smith & Co. for the manufacture of enameled cloth. The plant covers 800x50 feet in area, and comprises five buildings beside office, the main factory being a three-story frame 225x40 feet, four storehouses, two 100x50, the others 200x50, with a new office building, 60x30, of brick, and very



SHATTUCK'S "PERFECTION" GUN.

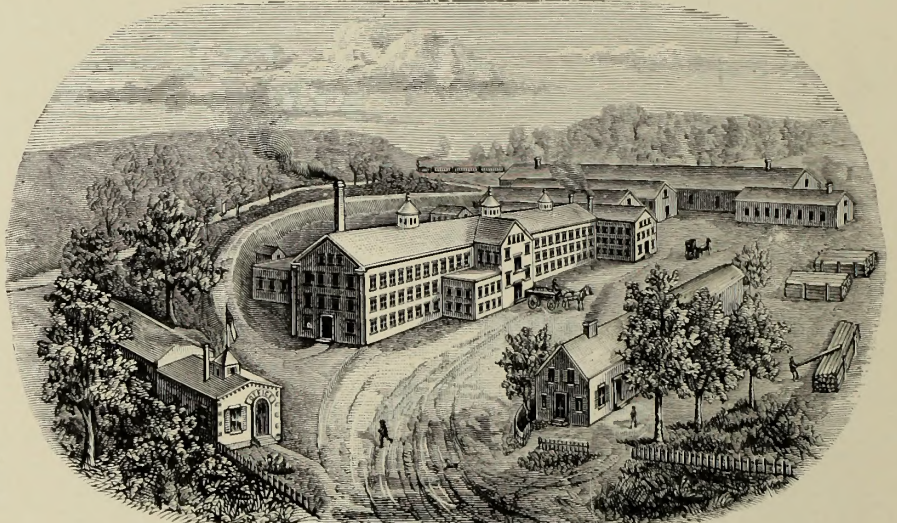
with the hammer in center of the frame. The hammer is very low, therefore does not obstruct the line of sight, and completely fills the slot in the frame, whatever its position, thereby making it impossible for dirt to enter the lock.

The Crystal Emery Wheel Company.

This company is doing a rapidly increasing business. It was incorporated in 1879, with a capital of \$30,000, and it is equipped with the best of facilities for the manufacture of superior solid emery and corundum wheels, emery grinding machinery of all kinds, etc. The president of the company is John Mulligan, who is a resident of Springfield, Mass., and also superintendent of the Coun. River R.R. company. The treasurer and manager, Charles E. Stevens, is a native of Maine and a resident of Northampton. The factory shown in the engraving on this page is a two-story frame structure, 25x50 feet in dimensions. It is equipped with the best machinery, which is operated by a forty horse power engine and boiler, and employment is furnished to ten hands. The company have recently effected great improvements in their products, and they are now sending out emery wheels that cannot be excelled in strength, durability and cutting qualities. Their cementing materials are so perfectly adjusted in their proportions that they can produce wheels in any grade or quantity that may be desired, of the most uniform texture, and give them the proper temper to produce the very best results for all classes of work for which emery wheels are used.

The specialty of the company has been what is termed the Leonite, which is a water-proof emery wheel and which has been in use for more than three years, and those who have given it the most severe tests are unanimous in pronouncing it superior to all others.

For saw gumming, the company make three grades, viz., hard, medium hard, and soft, and for all other classes of work two grades, viz., hard and medium hard. It can be used with or without water and is not affected by climatic changes, and will not warp or cramp under any circumstances. Every wheel



WORKS OF THE WILLIAMS MANUFACTURING COMPANY.

handsomely appointed. The factory is equipped with a full and complete complement of the most modern machinery and appliances, operated by a seventy-five horse power steam engine, and possesses the capacity of producing ten thousand baskets per day. The daily product of the company is from five thousand to eight thousand baskets, when running on full time. From one hundred and fifty to two hundred hands find constant employment. The output goes to all parts of the United States and Canada.

The company covers a considerable area of land back of its factory, with its lumber, of which it uses about 1,000,000 feet per year, the varieties of wood used being all hard wood, such as oak, birch, beech, ash, maple, hickory and elm, most of it being purchased in this vicinity.

A brief description of the process of manufacture must suffice. It is very simple. The wood is cut into pieces of requisite size and soaked a few hours in a steam vat, to make it pliable, after which it is split into pieces of varying thickness, as desired, by machinery. It is then woven and in a flat state, like a mat, is delivered to the finisher, who bends it over the wooden mould or pattern, forcing it into the required shape. The edges are trimmed off evenly and the rims nailed on quickly. The work in the finishing department is light and pleasant, and the odor of the still damp, steamed wood is very fragrant and aromatic; the rooms are well lighted and ventilated, and the workmen seem to have an exceptionally pleasant employment.

Every style of basket used in the country is made by the Williams basket company—verbena and grape baskets, fruit baskets, peach, picking and feed baskets, corn and grain, oyster and clam baskets, covered satchel and market baskets, factory, butchers' and grocer's baskets, office and counter baskets, laundry, clothes, cotton and coal baskets and hampers of all styles and sizes, while the company will fill orders for any size or style of basket ordered.

As may be understood from the extensive resources of the Williams Manufacturing company, the output is proportionately heavy, the trade extending all over the country. All the advantages and facilities heretofore



FACTORY OF THE CRYSTAL EMERY WHEEL COMPANY.

mentioned are rarely combined under one corporation or management, and therefore we give pre-eminence to this establishment that must be taken into consideration by those who require any such goods, goods that will prove satisfactory and perfect in every respect. The office is at the works, where all communications should be addressed.

The Williston & Knight Button Co.

The manufacture of cloth-covered buttons was commenced in a small way by Samnel Williston, at Easthampton, in 1826. At first and for many years they were made by hand-sewing, and the business so increased that at one time it furnished employment to hundreds of families in Hampshire and adjoining coun-

considerable importance, adding materially to the population and valuation of the town, as will be seen in other articles relating to Easthampton industries.

The accompanying cut represents the main building of the group owned and occupied by the Williston & Knight Co.

The establishment is one of the largest of its kind in the world, and the factory is equipped with improved machinery and tools for producing a great variety as well as a large quantity of buttons.

So great have been the improvements in the methods of manufacture that two hundred operatives can now do the work that formerly would have required five hundred.

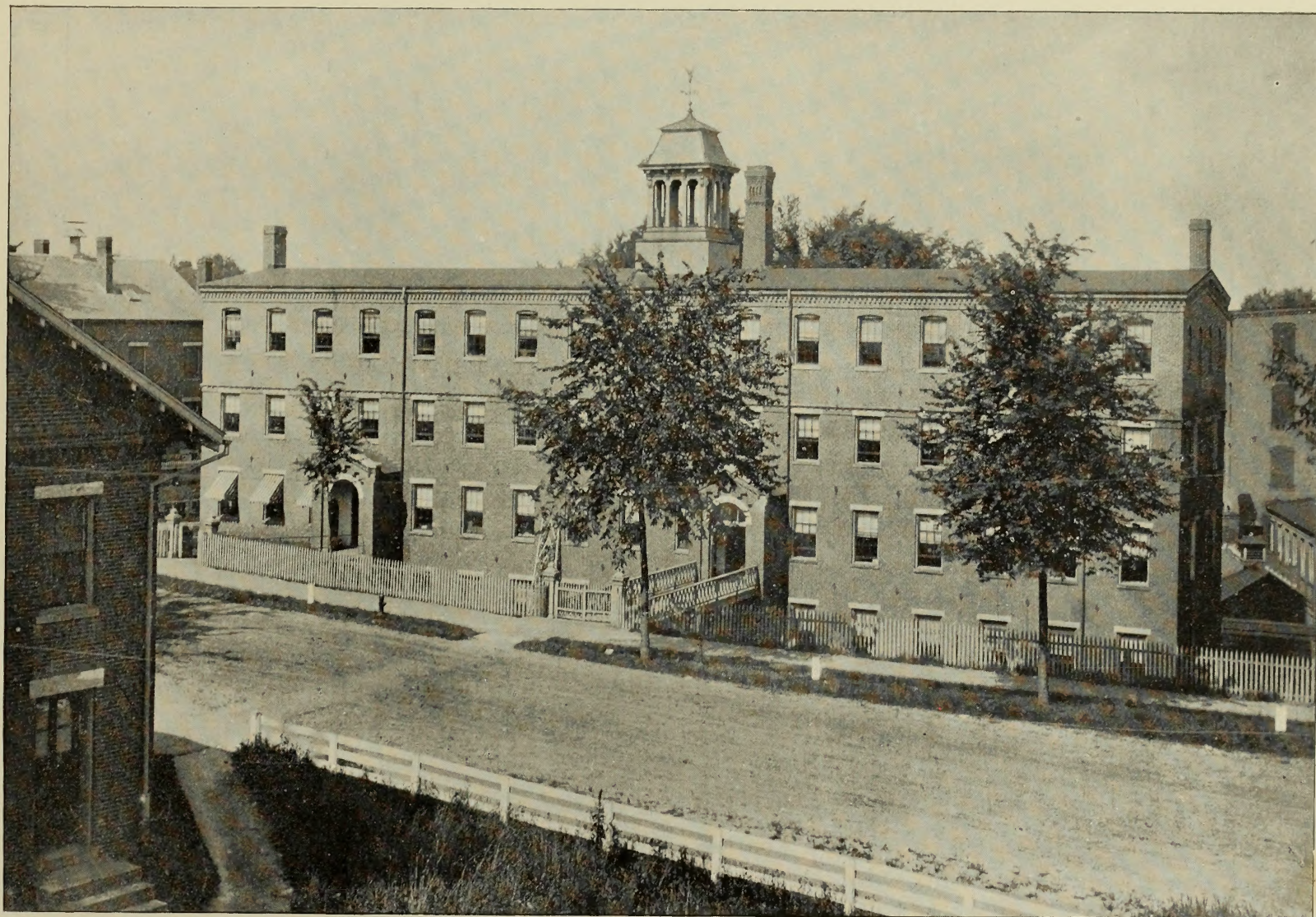
The company employs skillful mechanics and intelligent help in every department, and aims at

all work, became his chief salesman when twenty-one years of age and his partner three years later. He has been interested at various times in most of the Easthampton corporations and institutions.

Elastic Fabric Works of Geo. S. Colton.

Near the railroad station in Easthampton stands a plain, unpretentious looking building, where within a few years has been built up a large business in elastic fabrics. A ramble through this establishment shows it to be a busy hive of industry, from cellar to attic. No room is wasted, and all space used is made to tell.

Inventions within a few years have given the opportunity to those lately starting in business, to



MILL OF THE WILLISTON & KNIGHT BUTTON COMPANY AT EASTHAMPTON.

ties. Eight or ten years later button machines were invented and used at Haydenville, till finally the machine-made goods superseded those made by hand.

In 1847 Mr. Williston purchased Mr. Hayden's interest in the business, and during the following year it was restored to and established in Easthampton, where it has since been conducted, first by the firm of Samnel Williston & Co., second by the National Button Company, and now by the Williston & Knight Co., a corporation organized under the General Statutes of Massachusetts.

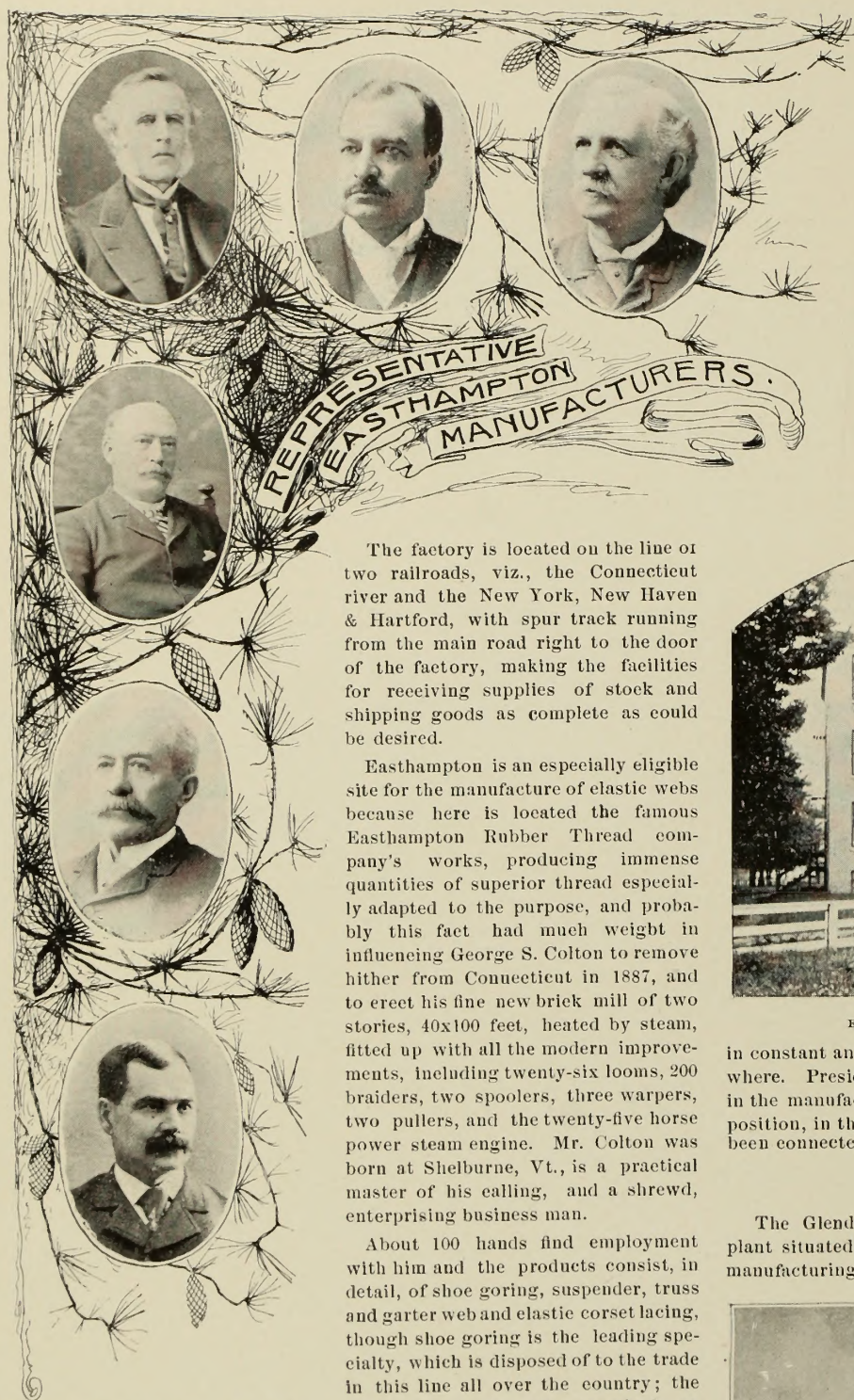
This was the first manufacturing industry established in Easthampton requiring buildings and power, and it was quickly followed by others of

a high degree of excellence in its products, which enables it to maintain a leading position in this industry. It also manufactures, in another factory, the much used vegetable ivory buttons, which are sold with other goods in its New York store and by its representatives in all the principal cities of the United States and Canada. A button is a very little thing, but the industry in its various branches gives employment with fair wages to many thousand persons and amounts to several million dollars per annum.

Horatio G. Knight, who has been general manager of this business many years and is president and treasurer of the Williston & Knight company, was first employed by Mr. Williston, as a boy of

take advantage of late and greatly improved machinery and we find Mr. Colton's floors filled with looms of modern invention, some of them made to his own special order and combining the latest appliances of labor saving machine movements. A new Porter engine of twenty-five horse power runs the machinery, and a steam pump supplies water to one of Coghlan's best boilers.

A study of this establishment shows a great variety of goods in process of manufacture, and, as a matter of fact, there is a greater diversity of rubber fabrics produced here than at any other similar establishment in the country, all the way from the common smallest round elastic band to the softest silk covered goods and heavy truss web.



Subjects of the Portraits — HON. H. G. KNIGHT, JOSEPH W. GREEN, JOHN MAYHER, E. T. SAWYER, E. H. NEWMAN, GEORGE S. COLTON.

Mr. Colton receives his supplies of rubber fresh every day from the mill. This is a very essential item in the production of this class of goods, and we think will be readily appreciated by those familiar with such requirements. Mr. Colton is the sole owner and superintends all the manufacturing at the factory and also the selling of the goods, and all communications should be addressed to him at the factory. It is needless in a notice like this to describe the various methods and steps by which he has been enabled to reach the present superiority of product. Practical skill conscientiously applied and diligently watched have been unceasingly brought to bear until the product has attained a uniformly good quality.

Mr. Colton has an excellent reputation, in common with his brother manufacturers of Easthampton, and the increasing demand for his goods testifies to the quality of his work.

The fact that Mr. Colton has personal supervision of every department of his factory should be mentioned however, as those who desire

The factory is located on the line of two railroads, viz., the Connecticut river and the New York, New Haven & Hartford, with spur track running from the main road right to the door of the factory, making the facilities for receiving supplies of stock and shipping goods as complete as could be desired.

Easthampton is an especially eligible site for the manufacture of elastic webs because here is located the famous Easthampton Rubber Thread company's works, producing immense quantities of superior thread especially adapted to the purpose, and probably this fact had much weight in influencing George S. Colton to remove hither from Connecticut in 1887, and to erect his fine new brick mill of two stories, 40x100 feet, heated by steam, fitted up with all the modern improvements, including twenty-six looms, 200 braidiers, two spoolers, three warpers, two pullers, and the twenty-five horse power steam engine. Mr. Colton was born at Shelburne, Vt., is a practical master of his calling, and a shrewd, enterprising business man.

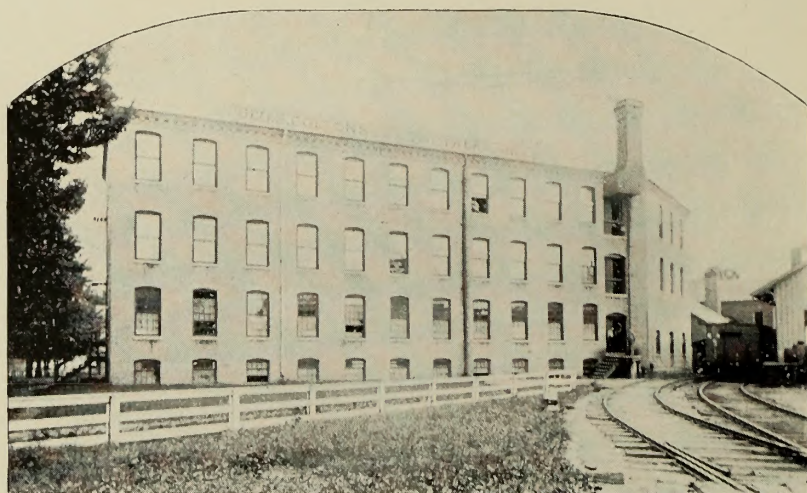
About 100 hands find employment with him and the products consist, in detail, of shoe goring, suspender, truss and garter web and elastic corset lacing, though shoe goring is the leading specialty, which is disposed of to the trade in this line all over the country; the truss and garter web, in which an immense business is done finds a market all over the United States and Canada. An important fact and one well worthy the consideration of the trade is that

perfectly firm, durable and generally trustworthy goods, such as are used in surgical and orthopedic appliances, will consider this a point of interest to them, to say the least.

Easthampton Rubber Thread Company.

Rubber thread is used for a variety of purposes, but principally in the manufacture of elastic fabrics, suspenders, garters, surgical and orthopedic bandages, suspensories and many other useful articles.

The Easthampton Rubber Thread Company was incorporated in 1864, and the plant and appurtenances represent a cash investment of \$200,000. The factory building, 50x200 feet, three stories in height, is of brick, heated by steam and provided with all requisite appliances for the prevention and extinguishment of fire. The machinery equipment is of special design and construction, has never been duplicated, and is said to be the most comprehensive, ingenious, effective and valuable for the purpose in the world. For obvious reasons a description is omitted. Fifty-five hands are employed, and the output, pronounced superior to that of any similar establishment on either side of the Atlantic, is

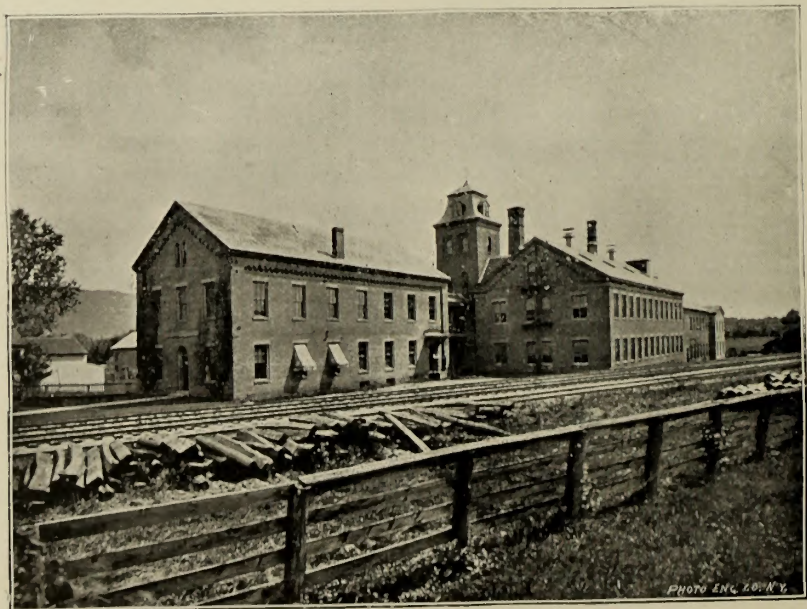


ELASTIC FABRICS MILL OF GEORGE S. COLTON, AT EASTHAMPTON.

in constant and increasing demand by manufacturers of elastic net goods everywhere. President Ford is a native and resident of New York, where he is engaged in the manufacture of rubber shoes and boots. He succeeded C. Meyer in his present position, in the spring of 1888. General Manager Sawyer, born in this state, has been connected with the company for the past eighteen years.

Glendale Elastic Fabrics Company.

The Glendale Vulcanized Rubber Co. was incorporated April 15, 1863 and its plant situated at Glendale village, a suburb of Easthampton. This branch of the manufacturing was afterwards removed to Easthampton. The Glendale Elastic



WORKS OF THE EASTHAMPTON RUBBER THREAD COMPANY.

Fabrics Co. was incorporated on July 1, 1867. The increase of the plant has been constant ever since, especially during the past ten years, under the present management. The fabrics made by this corporation include any desired style of goods that can be woven or braided with vulcanized rubber thread as a basis for the elasticity of the same. The principal product today is elastic goring, made under the Greenmoore patent, this webbing being superior in all points needed for use in first-class Congress shoes.

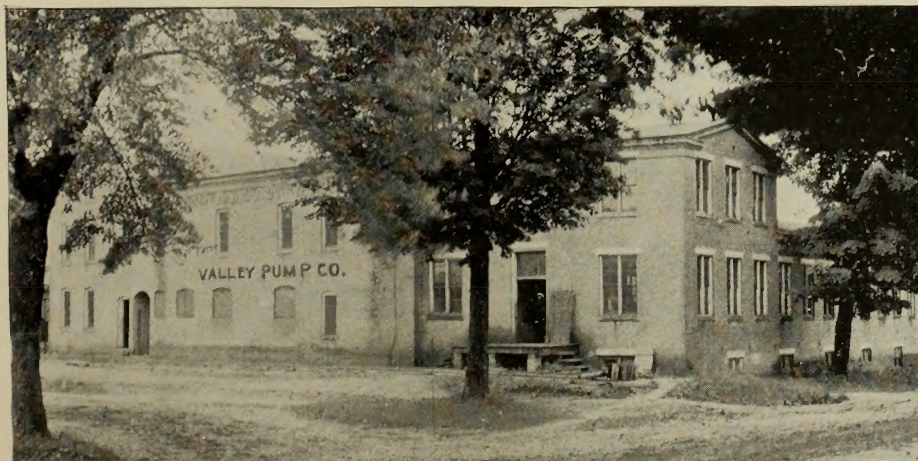
Next in importance is the narrow fabrics department, where an infinite variety of garter and loose webs are turned out. Lastly is the cord and braid department, where braided fabrics containing rubber thread are made. The total annual product is rising one half million dollars at present, with a capacity large enough to far exceed this in times of sharp demand.

The officers of the company are Dr. Samuel T. Seelye, Pres.; Jos. W. Green, Treas. and Manager, who are also directors, with E. T. Sawyer, John Mayher, J. Howard Ford, Henry G. Hubbard, Edwin Wallace. This company has distributing stores at 130-132 Bedford St., Boston, and at 74 and 76 Worth St., New York, and are agents for the Russell Mfg. Co., Middletown, Conn., and the Hopedale Elastic Fabrics Co. of Hopedale, Mass.

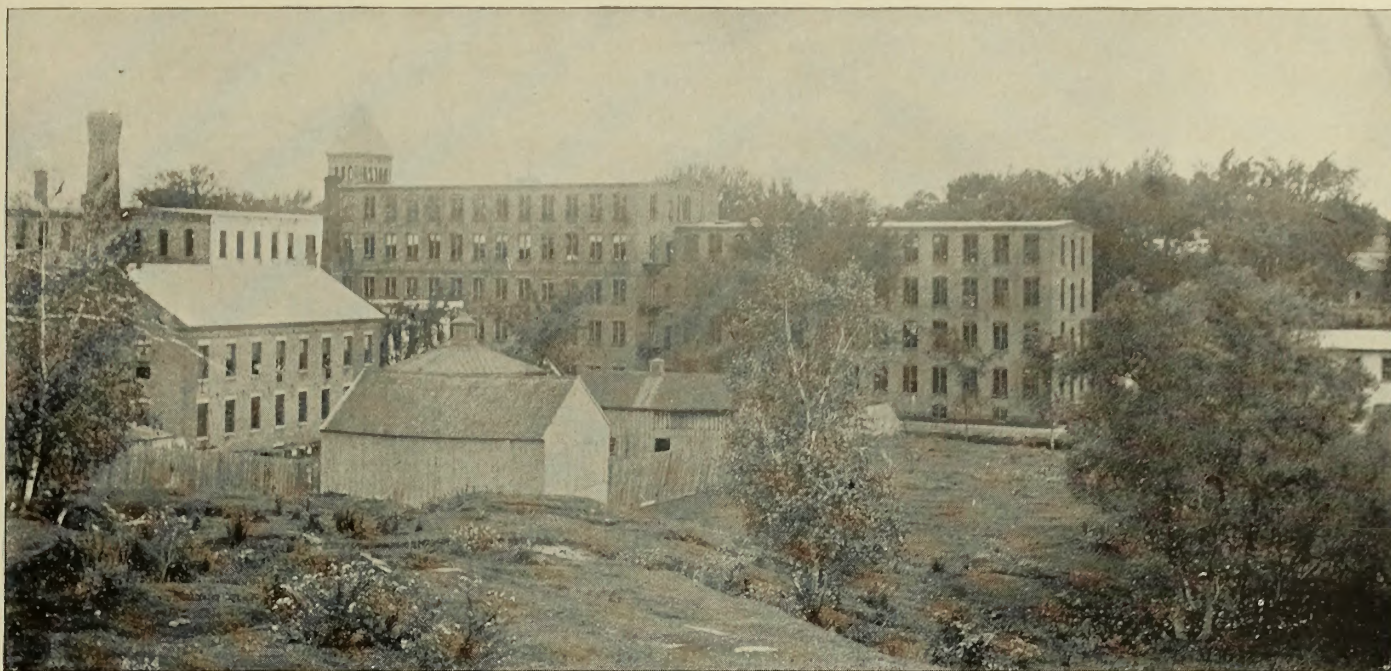
The Nashawannuck Mfg. Company.

This is one of the oldest of the Easthampton manufacturing concerns, having been organized April 8, 1850, with Samuel Williston as president and E. H. Sawyer as clerk, who were the original stockholders, along with Edward Smith and H. G. Knight. The amount of capital stock was then \$60,000, all paid in, and the growth of the corporation may be imagined from the fact that it now has a capital stock of \$400,000 and seventy stockholders.

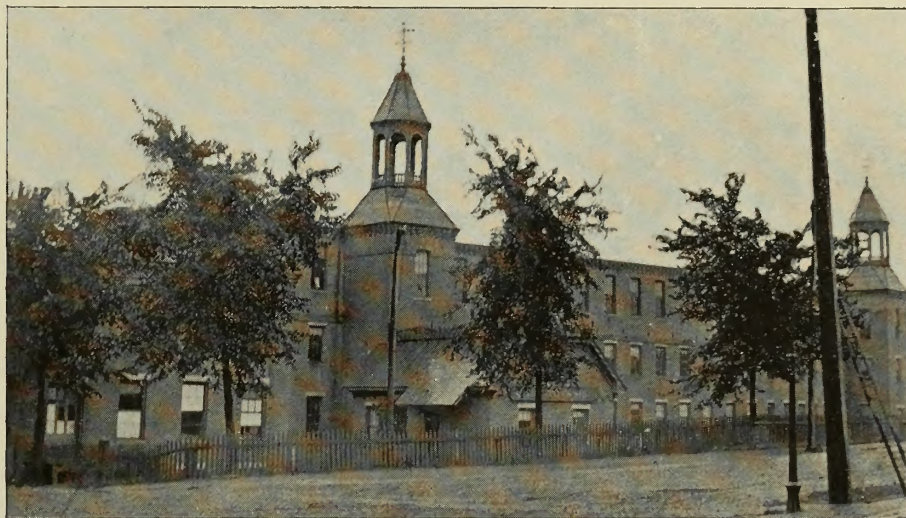
The buildings comprise a main factory which shows in the engraving on this page and which is a continuation of five buildings, all of brick, 370x42 feet, and a separate factory in which all the finishing is done; in this some one hundred and fifty hands are employed, and at the other over three hundred more find employment. The equipment of machinery represents everything that mechanical skill and inventive genius has devised to expedite the work. Suspenders have always been the leading specialty with the company, and in



WORKS OF THE VALLEY PUMP CO., EASTHAMPTON.



WORKS OF THE GLENDALE ELASTIC FABRICS CO., EASTHAMPTON.



MAIN MILL OF THE NASHAWANNUCK MFG. CO.

this alone the yearly output reaches about 400,000 dozen pairs, and in value something over three-quarters of a million dollars. This company was the first in this country to use Goodyear's patent vulcanized rubber in woven elastic goods.

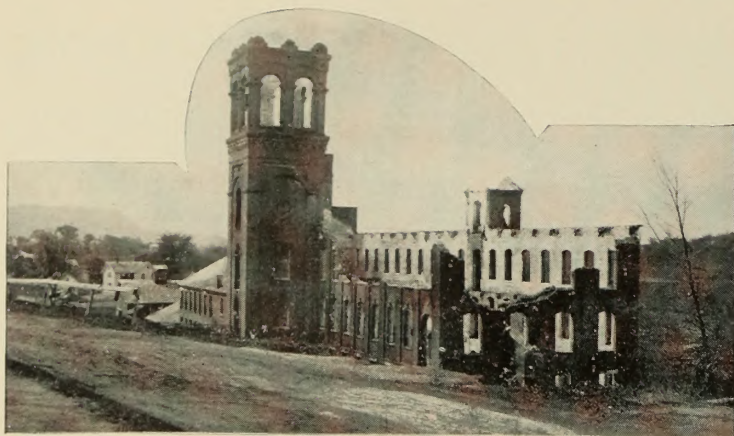
It is the largest suspender manufactory in the world, but besides the manufacture of suspenders an extensive business is done in elastic frills and webs. The trade has been doubled in twelve years, but is not confined to any section and embraces the large jobbing houses all over the United States and Canada, the company maintaining a sales-room in New York city at 74 and 76 Worth street and selling all their own goods through their agent stationed there. The present officers of the company are:

President—M. F. Dickinson, Jr.
Treas. and Manager—E. H. Newman.
Manufacturing Agent—G. H. Leonard.
Selling Agent at New York—E. D. Candee.

Valley Pump Company.

This company manufactures steam and power pumps, from the small boiler feed up to the large horizontal duplex, capable of discharging one thousand gallons per minute. They manufacture all their own castings, both of iron and brass, and with the exception of the heavy crank shafts, which are used in the large crank and fly-wheel pumps, do their own forging. Their work is first-class in every respect, as the proprietor is a mechanic of over forty years' experience.

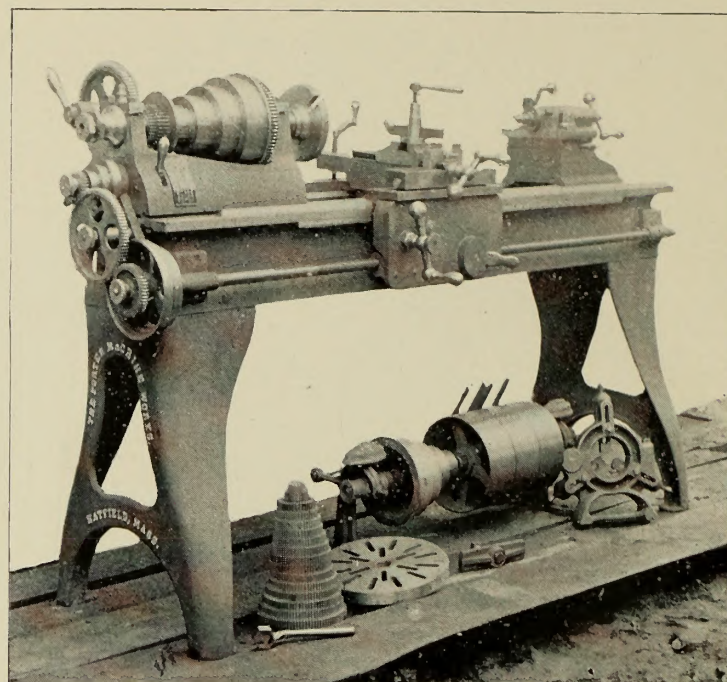
A picturesque illustration of the works will be found at the left.



C. A. MAYNARD'S HOE AND SHOVEL FACTORY.

Maynard's Hoe and Shovel Works.

The engravings on this page, excepting that of the Porter Lathe, represent what is now one of the picturesque objects in the city—the hoe and shovel works of C. A. Maynard, with a few of its products. This factory was badly injured by fire, in 1886, and will probably never again be built in its old form, but Mr. Maynard's business is increasing so that enlargement must soon be had on the ground floor. The factory is always running full, turns out the highest priced goods in America, and gives the most value for their cost.

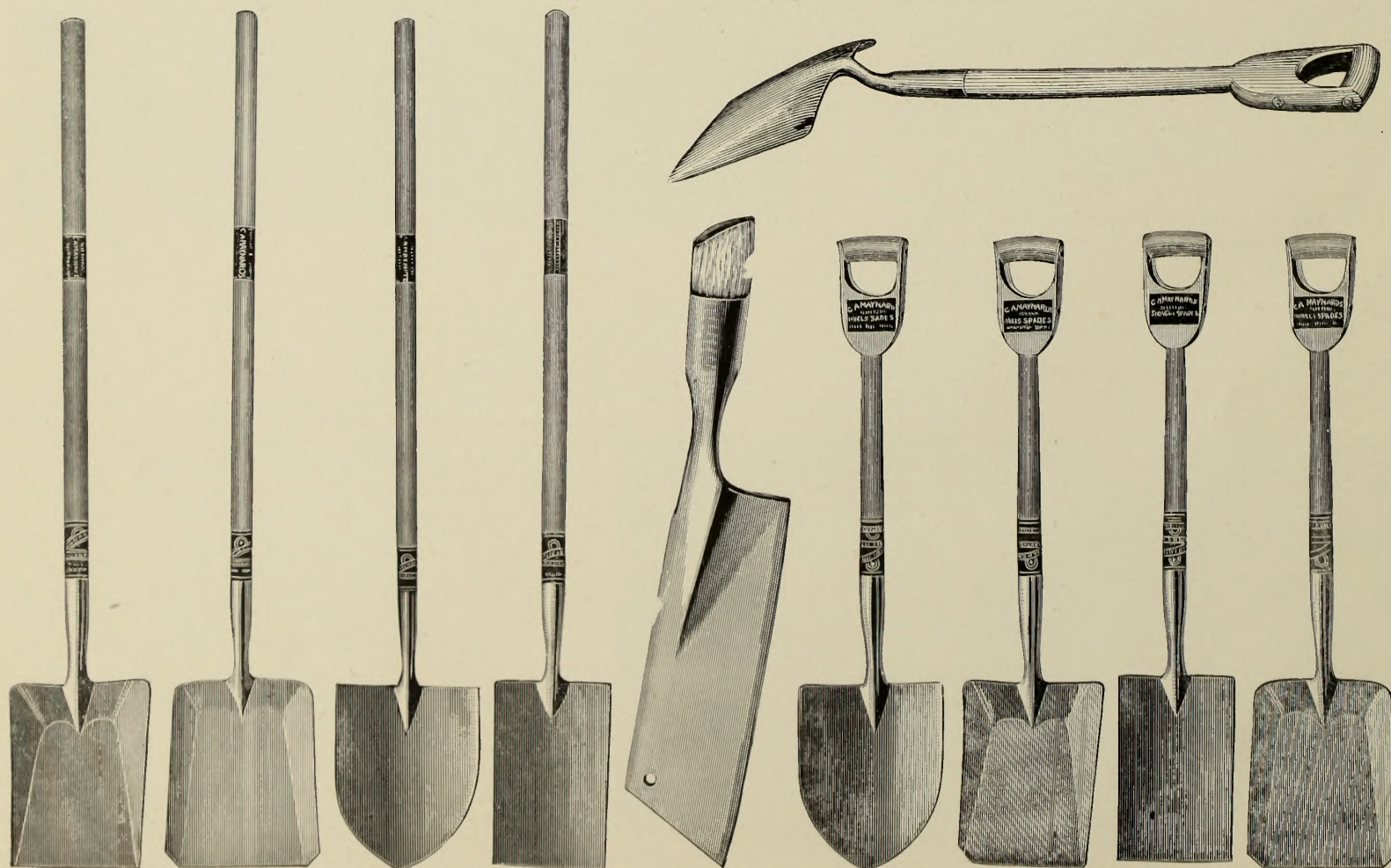
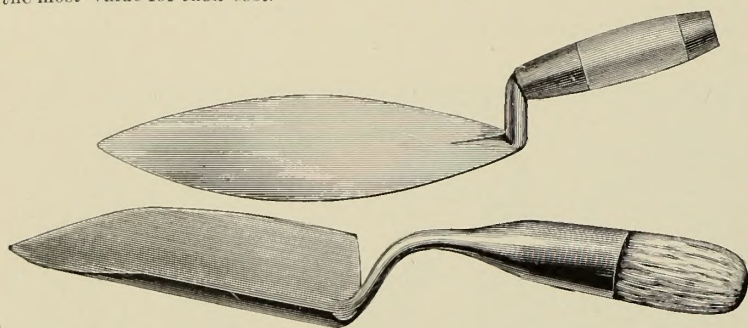


THE PORTER LATHE.

Porter Machine Works.

Jonathan E. Porter, the founder of these works, at Hatfield, started in a small way eight years ago, up-stairs, in the building now occupied by C. S. Shattuck. The present building was constructed three years ago, when the business had grown considerably, and this year further growth compelled the erection of a forty-foot addition, making the main factory 152x35 feet. To give some idea of the growth of the business it is only necessary to say that in May, 1887, the works employed 11 men; in May, 1889, 18 men, and in May, 1890, 28 men, while last month there were 33 men on the rolls.

The works make a lathe for turning iron, a superior machine, an engraving of which is shown above; it is a standard article in all machine shops, and the company have a great many orders booked ahead for this best pattern of all.



SOME PRODUCTS OF C. A. MAYNARD'S HOE AND SHOVEL WORKS.

Pansy Park and Its Octogenarian Owner.

Among its industrial enterprises Hampshire county may boast several fine poultry breeding farms, one of the Montague Bros. at Hadley, and others elsewhere, while the largest flower and seed farm in the county has been flourishing some years in the northern part of Belchertown. L. W. Goodell, son of Asahel Goodell, has been manager of the enterprise, since he was twenty-one years old, and started the work which he himself projected.

Asahel Goodell, Esq., however, owns Pansy Park and the buildings contiguous thereto which appear in the engraving on this page. The place consists of a tract of three hundred acres laid out with a diversified collection of flowers, and takes its name from the original flower tract of greatest prominence. It is one of the pleasantest locations amid some of the most charming and picturesque scenery in the region, alternating with hill, dale and valley, pleasant walks and shady groves. On the farm are grown annually acres of flowers, of almost every shade and hue that the imagination can conceive or the eye perceive. In the lakelet or aquatic garden may be seen water plants from the four quarters of the globe; lilies of the rarest beauty and loveliness, red, white, pink and blue, and other colors. The park is "a thing of beauty and a joy forever"—a world's fair in itself, but comparatively few Hampshire people know the attractions of the place, the fame of it having gone abroad more generally, like that of the prophet without honor in his own country. Yet hundreds of people on the east side of the Connecticut river visit Pansy Park every year and admire its beauties, which make it by far the most attractive place in the region. In the summer season, of course, the Park is to be seen at its best, when the flowers are in bloom, and any one making the visit will be well repaid. The grounds are situated about four miles from Amherst college, on the main road to Belchertown center, one mile from Pansy Park railroad station on the New London Northern and Central Mass. railroads. The place has been thoroughly advertised all over the country, and flower seeds as well as the matured plants are furnished in great quantities from it. The specialty, however, is flower seed growing, and the younger Mr. Goodell's success is largely attributable to the material and general facilities which his father has rendered him, coupled with the former's energy and perseverance, for about twenty years. L. W. Goodell, the now established and well-reputed florist and seedsman, has recently bought a farm adjoining his father's, on which he grows flowers, vegetables, etc., as well.

It is partly the purpose of this article, however, to describe the owner of Pansy Park, a really remarkable man, who can be justly taken as the subject for moderate eulogy in a work of this kind when it is well understood, as in his case, that wealth and powerful personal influence have nothing to do with it.

Probably before this work shall have been fully completed or distributed to its patrons, (Nov. 22, 1890) Asahel Goodell, the subject of this sketch, will have attained the age of eighty years, an age not often reached by a man in full possession of most of his faculties. Barring a very little difficulty in hearing, Mr. Goodell is yet quite a vigorous personality, and he is often seen about the county, looking after his business interests.

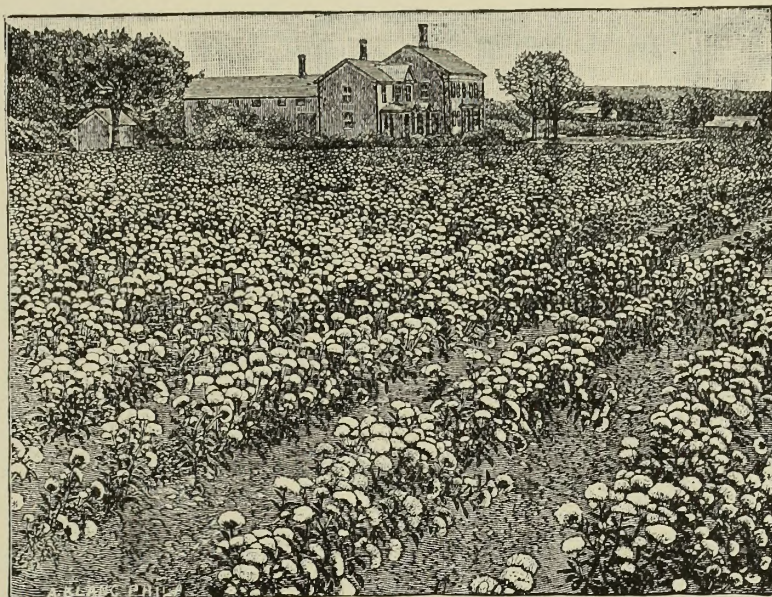
He was born in Belchertown Nov. 22, 1810. His father was Moses Goodell and his mother Susannah Pettingill, and the family, bearing an always honored name, has

lived for three generations on the present homestead. As a lad Asahel Goodell showed unusual eagerness for knowledge and devoured with avidity the contents of the one weekly county newspaper of that time. Later he became its correspondent and for forty-five years wrote for that and other county papers. Articles from his graphic pen were furnished the public press, in favor of the present location and the building of the Massachusetts agricultural college from the infancy of the project to its completion, and full occupancy of it by the faculty and students. He detailed comprehensively the advantages to be obtained by students and farmers, from the establishment of such an institution,

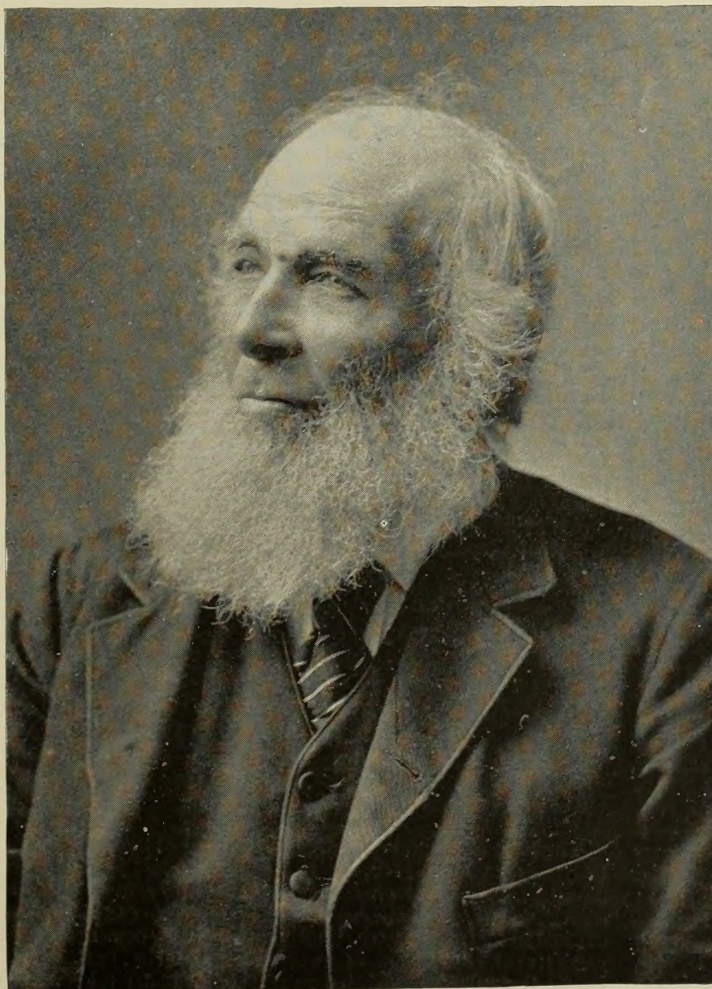
and we can now see that he was right. He was a local correspondent of the Hampshire Gazette, the Northampton Free Press and Amherst Record for several years, but it was his general writings, to these and other papers in different parts of the country, under the familiar signature of "A. G.," that attracted the most public attention, and these often took the form of predictions concerning public men and measures in this and other countries of the world, which almost invariably turned out to be correct. Mr. Goodell disclaims the mysterious source of prescience which is supposed to inspire the oracular utterances of a seer, and says that he based his judgment and opinions upon certain

well-established principles of human conduct and the teachings of history in relation to them. He has predicted who would be the successful candidate and elected as the next president of the United States, long before the election day occurred, after the respective parties had put in nomination their candidates, from Andrew Jackson, in 1832, to the present time, 58 years, and his predictions proved true with two exceptions—John C. Fremont in 1856 and James G. Blaine in 1884. During the darkest hours of the late civil war, in 1863, when foreign powers were openly predicting and covertly working for the success of the south, Napoleon III placed Maximilian on the throne of Mexico by the aid of French bayonets, upon the pretence of wishing to unite the Latin race, and against the protest of our government, because it was against the Monroe doctrine. Mr. Goodell then predicted the down-fall of Napoleon within ten years and seven years later that emperor surrendered his sword to the late Emperor William of Germany, the sword being now kept as a trophy of war in a museum and the once proud and haughty French emperor dying an exile in a foreign land. The fate of Maximilian is well known. "A. G." (Asahel Goodell) was a true patriot and lover of all mankind and consequently, when the anti-slavery struggle came on he advocated the cause of the slave. Mr. Goodell's first vote was for Andrew Jackson for president in 1832. In 1840 he supported Harrison. The two great national parties, the whigs and the democrats, were both wedded to slavery, and in 1842 he was one of three out of 400 voters in Belchertown who voted for the anti-slavery candidate for representative to the legislature. The three were laughed at and ridiculed by their whig and democratic brethren and Mr. Goodell predicted on the occasion of this vote, in the presence of his town's-people, that the three and those who would go with them would elect the president of the United States within twenty-five years from that time, and they elected Abraham Lincoln, eighteen years after he made the prediction, on the very same principles that he voted for in 1842. He was a free-soiler in 1848 and when the republican party was organized in 1855, he joined it and has ever since been a good and zealous republican. Mr. Goodell wrote many valuable and patriotic letters during the late war and the reconstruction period, to Senators Sumner and Wilson, who were his personal friends and he never lost faith in the triumph of the republic.

Mr. Goodell has always been an ardent friend and advocate of our public schools, colleges and literary and scientific institutions of every kind, as well as most objects for the betterment of mankind. He was one of the best and most successful writing masters in this section of the country, for twenty-five years, and in his early manhood was a great and extensive traveler throughout the country, in his professional business, more or less, later on. He has held various local offices in his native town



SECTION OF PANSY PARK AND RESIDENCE OF ASAHEL GOODELL AT BELCHERTOWN.



ASAHEL GOODELL, ESQ.

and was appointed justice of the peace by Gov. Briggs in 1849, holding the office ever since.

Is this plain, matter-of-fact tribute too much to be paid to such a character as that of Asahel Goodell? We think not. It seems just as sensible to say a few good things of men living as of men dead, especially when, in old age, an instructive example is furnished to the rising generation and added respect obtained for gray hairs, the crown and glory of age when an honorable and upright life accompanies it, as in the present case.

Asahel Goodell's neighbors and friends gather on the eightieth recurrence of his birthday, in this serene and sober month of the year, to congratulate him upon his attainment to an honored old age in substantially full possession of all his faculties. As he walks down the vale of life, for the few remaining steps, we believe the tribute herewith given will be conceded to be no more than one justly due to the owner of Pansy Park, one of the oldest and best known of the anti-slavery pioneers in this county, and one who has followed the instincts of a true patriot and lover of his race, be they white or

black, rich or poor. We can perhaps close this article most fitly by quoting his own words in a recent article to the Hampshire Gazette:

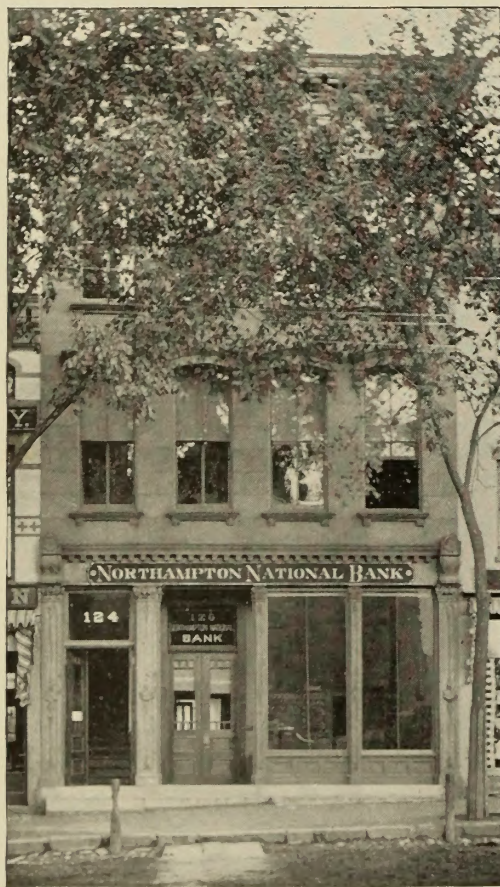
"Of all that I have said or written, I have always kept in mind the truth. It is mighty and must prevail. Men may change—truth never. It is immortal. 'Truth crushed to earth shall rise again,' with untold lustre and beauty, and shine forever, like the stars in the firmament of heaven."

"Nothing good shall ever perish,
Only the corrupt shall die,
Such as men and angels cherish,
Flourishes eternally."

Prominent Business Institutions.

The Northampton National Bank.

In its new banking-house on Main street, appropriately opposite the ("Old") First church, the "old" Northampton national bank corporation will undoubtedly take a new lease of life. Its new banking rooms are probably the handsomest and most convenient of any in this section of the state. Engravings on this page give some idea of them, but a personal inspection will better acquaint the business public with their superior conveniences. First, the bank is now offering unusual facilities in an inland institution of this kind, for the safe deposit of money, bonds and valuable articles generally, furnishing boxes in its vaults for this purpose of varying size, for from \$5 to \$40 a year.



Two keys accompany each box, one furnished to the depositor and the other kept by the bank; one is useless without the other, and the bank holds the "master-key," which can only be applied by the depositor after he has used his private key. Outside the banking counters are several small private retiring-rooms, self-locking only from the inside, where those having business with the bank can cut their coupons or place their papers and accounts in order leisurely, without attracting attention.

This institution, originally chartered under the State laws April 13, 1833, and reorganized as a national bank in 1865, has weathered safely the storms of well-nigh sixty years, and is more wealthy, influential and powerful today than ever before, its success and public

confidence in its stability being founded on the rock of integrity. At first the capital stock was \$100,000, which was increased in 1837 to \$200,000, and again to \$400,000 when organized under the national banking act. The first president under the old regime was Eliphalet Williams; cashier J. D. Whitney. Pres. Edwards has served for seven years and his ability is unquestioned. Of Cashier Whittlesey it is hardly necessary to speak at length, as his energy, capacity and unerring judgment in monetary matters is recognized on all hands. The board of directors include, besides the president and vice president, such prominent citizens and business men as L. B. Williams, H. R. Hinckley, William Skinner, John L. Otis, Frank N. Look, Charles N. Clark, and William M. Gaylord. Other prominent men have served in the past.

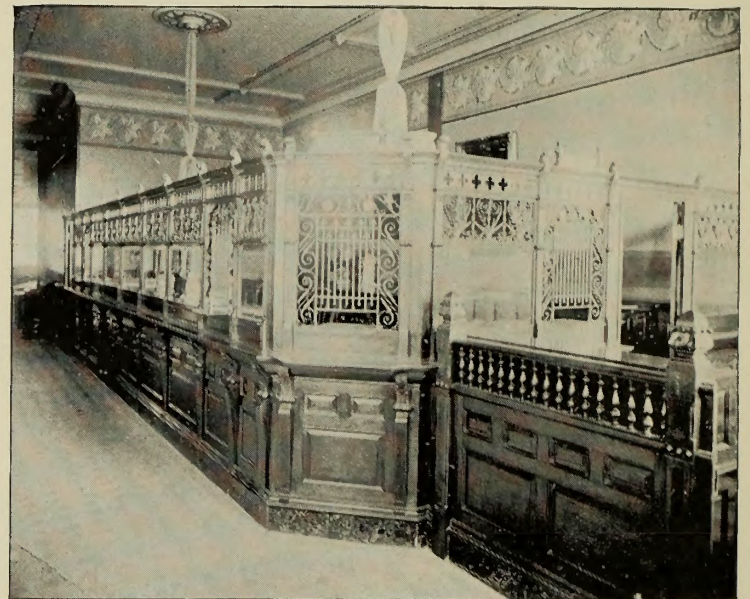
This bank for many years occupied a building nearly opposite its present quarters, on the other side of the street and it was in that building that the famous bank robbery occurred when the institution lost over a million dollars, most of which, however, was subsequently recovered. The sound financial condition of the institution is shown by the appended official report, dated Oct. 2, 1890:

RESOURCES.	
Loans and discounts.....	\$516,770.20
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured.....	449.38
U. S. bonds to secure circulation.....	100,000.00
Stocks, securities, judgments, claims, etc.....	365,901.69
Due from approved reserve agents.....	71,946.90
Due from other national banks.....	8,578.92
Due from state banks and bankers.....	27,612.28
Banking-house, furniture and fixtures.....	33,000.00
Current expenses and taxes paid.....	10.93
Checks and other cash items.....	2,626.41
Bills of other banks.....	2,020.00
Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents.....	170.00
Specie.....	34,833.83
Legal tender notes.....	3,015.00
Redemption fund with U. S. treasurer, five per cent. of circulation.....	4,500.00
Total.....	\$1,171,440.54
LIABILITIES.	
Capital stock paid in.....	\$400,000.00
Surplus fund.....	250,000.00
Undivided profits.....	12,794.73
National bank notes outstanding.....	88,500.00
Dividends unpaid.....	10,252.00
Individual deposits subject to check.....	396,170.82
Demand certificates of deposit.....	1,281.34
Cashier's checks outstanding.....	188.84
Due to other national banks.....	12,252.81
Total.....	\$1,171,440.54

First National Bank.

The First National is the lineal successor of the old Holyoke (state) bank, founded in 1848, with John Clark president, Thomas Green cashier, and \$100,000 paid up capital. A year later the capital was increased to \$150,000, and in 1890 to \$200,000. During the next fourteen years its career was one of unvarying prosperity, but finally, in 1864, it was decided to reorganize under the national banking act as the First National bank of

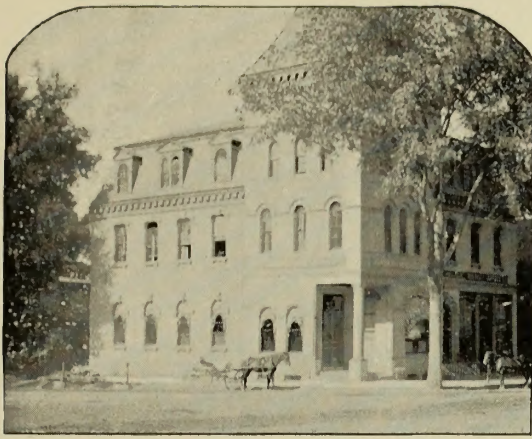
Northampton, capital \$300,000; Joel Hayden, president; W. B. Hale, vice president; H. Roberts, cashier. On the death of Mr. Hayden in 1873, Mr. Hale was promoted to the presidency, Mr. Roberts continuing as cashier



BANKING-ROOM OF THE NORTHAMPTON NATIONAL BANK.

until his decease in September, 1880, when Mr. F. N. Kneeland succeeded to and has since performed the duties of that position to the satisfaction of all concerned. The capital has been twice increased since reorganization—in 1865 to \$400,000, and in 1869 to \$500,000, at which figure it still remains. The gentleman who now fills the chair of president, A. L. Williston, was born here, and is an enterprising, public-spirited citizen, connected with numerous industrial and commercial enterprises, treasurer of the Mount Holyoke seminary and college of South Hadley, treasurer of Williston seminary at Easthampton, and controls the manufacture of Payson's indelible ink. Mr. Kneeland is a native and life long resident of Northampton and has been for several years a commissioner of the sinking fund of the city of Northampton.

Since 1864—a period of twenty-five years—the First National has paid to stockholders in dividends an aggregate of \$1,070,000. No more convincing evidence could be desired of the excellent financing and conservatism that marks its management. The banking-house at the corner of Main and King streets was erected expressly for this institution at an outlay of \$40,000, and is of brick with ornamental front, mansard roof, 42x50 feet in dimensions, three stories in height, and provided with fire and burglar proof vaults, secured by chronometer locks and all modern improved safeguards, while safety deposit boxes are furnished to those who desire them and a convenient private room is furnished for the convenience of those desiring to adjust their papers and accounts, or cut coupons. The present officers of the bank are as follows: President, A. L. Williston; cashier, F. N. Kneeland; teller, E. C. Miller; book-keeper, C. A. Clark; clerk, C. H. Tucker; directors A. L. Williston, L. J. Warner, J. C. Hammond, B. E. Cook, Jr., of Northampton; Chas. Cook, of Hadley;



THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK.

P. M. Wells, of Whately; L. D. James, of Williamsburg; D. W. Wells, of Hatfield; H. G. Knight, of Easthampton. Letters of credit and foreign drafts are furnished on short notice, and bank cheques for merchants and travelers available in all European cities and other parts of the world, are constantly on hand.

The First National does a strictly legitimate banking business in deposits, loans, discounts, collections, domestic and foreign exchange, etc., and is perfectly sound and responsible, as will be seen by the appended report to the comptroller, dated Oct. 2, 1890:

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts.....	\$853,878.96
Overdrafts.....	2,096.04
U. S. bonds to secure circulation.....	50,000.00
Stocks, securities, judgments, claims.....	112,900.00
Due from approved reserve agents.....	39,673.47
Due from other national banks.....	36.00
Due from state banks and bankers.....	1,343.68
Real estate, furniture and fixtures.....	30,000.00
Other real estate.....	2,715.97
Current expenses and taxes paid.....	2,896.45
Checks and other cash items.....	2,454.88
Bills of other banks.....	3,404.00
Fractional currency, nickels and cents.....	359.24
Specie.....	25,532.50
Legal tender notes.....	1,000.00
Five per cent redemption fund with U. S. treas.....	2,250.00
Total.....	\$1,130,541.19

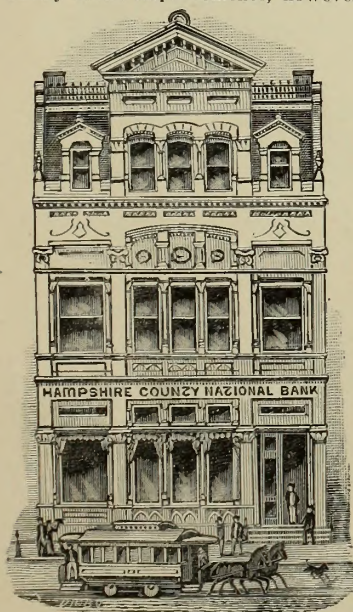
LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in.....	\$500,000.00
Surplus fund.....	125,000.00
Undivided profits.....	22,956.75
National bank notes outstanding.....	45,000.00
Individual deposits subject to check.....	344,465.31
Demand certificates of deposit.....	47,444.59
Due to other national banks.....	15,674.54
Bills payable.....	30,000.00
Total.....	\$1,130,541.19

Hampshire County National Bank.

In common with our other banking institutions, the Hampshire county national bank corporation has greatly improved its always handsome property, and has about as convenient banking-rooms as any in this vicinity. Lately made improvements, however, were completed

too late to admit of an illustration in these pages, and we are forced to be content with an engraving of the exterior of the building occupied by it the last fifteen years (near the post-office on Main street) and a likeness of the genial president, Lewis Warner, who has just completed his first quarter century of service with the bank. The directors are Josephus Crafts, Merritt Clark, M. W. Jackson, Lewis Warner, W. H. Dickinson, J. E. Clark, H. A. Kim-



ball. This is the second national bank established in Northampton, and was chartered May 21, 1864, with \$100,000 capital stock, since increased to a quarter million dollars. Luther Bodman, chosen president at the time of organization, continued in that position until 1887. W. C. Robinson was the first cashier, succeeded in 1865 by Lewis Warner, who was in 1887 promoted to the presidency, F. A. Macomber assuming the duties and responsibilities of cashier. The bank building, a handsome three-story brick structure with ornate iron front and mansard roof, was erected in 1874 at a cost of \$28,000, and is in all respects an attractive, complete and commodious edifice, elegantly appointed, and well suited in every way to the purpose for which it was designed.

The Hampshire County National enjoys, as it deserves, the unbounded confidence of the community and a generous share of public patronage, the result

It may be of interest, historically, to know that the Hampshire county bank was originally started in the second story of Clarke block, over the store now occupied by Hadley, Cowing & Drury. The capital was then \$100,000. Luther Bodman, Esq., of Conway was the prime mover in the enterprise. In December of its first year the bank was found to have become so popular that it was deemed advisable to double the capital stock and the following year another increase was made, making it \$250,000, at which figure it has since remained.

The first board of directors consisted of Luther Bodman, James C. Arms, Dr. James Dunlap and Dea. Wm. Stoddard of Northampton, Wm. H. Dickinson of Hatfield, Hiram Nash of Williamsburg and Josiah Allis of Whately. On the death of Mr. Allis in 1866, the late Gen. Luke Lyman was chosen his successor, and this was the only change in the board for eleven years. When the present building was opened to the public,



BANKING-ROOM OF THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK.

of a policy which, while eminently careful and conservative, is yet quite liberal toward all enterprises founded upon a sound basis and having for their object the transaction of a legitimate business. The value of such an institution to a progressive business center like Northampton can hardly be over-estimated, more especially when conducted in the interest of the general public and not exclusively for the enrichment of the stockholders. The past career of the Hampshire County National is ample guarantee of continued liberality toward all worthy enterprise of a local character. Operations cover the usual ground of deposits, individual and corporate; loans, discounts, drafts, collections, etc. The flourishing condition of the institution is shown by the subjoined report to the comptroller of the currency, October 2, 1890:

RESOURCES.

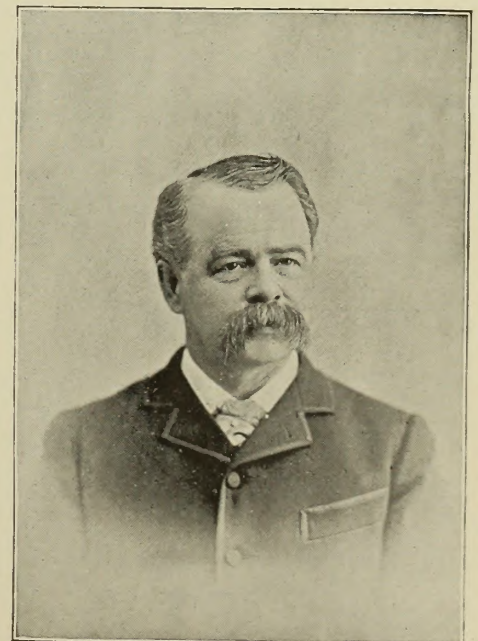
Loans and discounts.....	\$620,415.14
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured.....	2,872.89
U. S. bonds to secure circulation.....	50,000.00
Stocks, securities, judgments, claims, etc.....	20,900.00
Due from approved reserve agents.....	75,479.81
Due from other national banks.....	6,757.57
Banking house, furniture and fixtures.....	35,000.00
Current expenses and taxes paid.....	6,339.46
Checks and other cash items.....	3,329.58
Bills of other banks.....	7,451.00
Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents.....	294.22
Specie.....	26,187.78
Legal tender notes.....	23,398.00
Redemption fund with U. S. treasurer (five per cent. of circulation).....	2,250.00
Total.....	\$880,575.45

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in.....	\$250,000.00
Surplus fund.....	50,000.00
Undivided profits.....	19,974.56
National bank notes outstanding.....	45,000.00
Individual deposits subject to check.....	479,436.48
Demand certificates of deposit.....	31,389.52
Due to other national banks.....	4,774.89
Total.....	\$880,575.45

in 1875 it was conceded by all to be the handsomest business block front in the city, and after the lapse of fifteen years there yet remains to be built the building which, in the architectural lines of its front elevation, will surpass it in beauty.

The Hampshire savings-bank, advertised elsewhere, is an offshoot of this bank, and was established in 1869.



LEWIS WARNER, ESQ., PRES. OF HAMPSHIRE COUNTY BANK

Dry Goods Emporium of J. E. Lambie & Co.

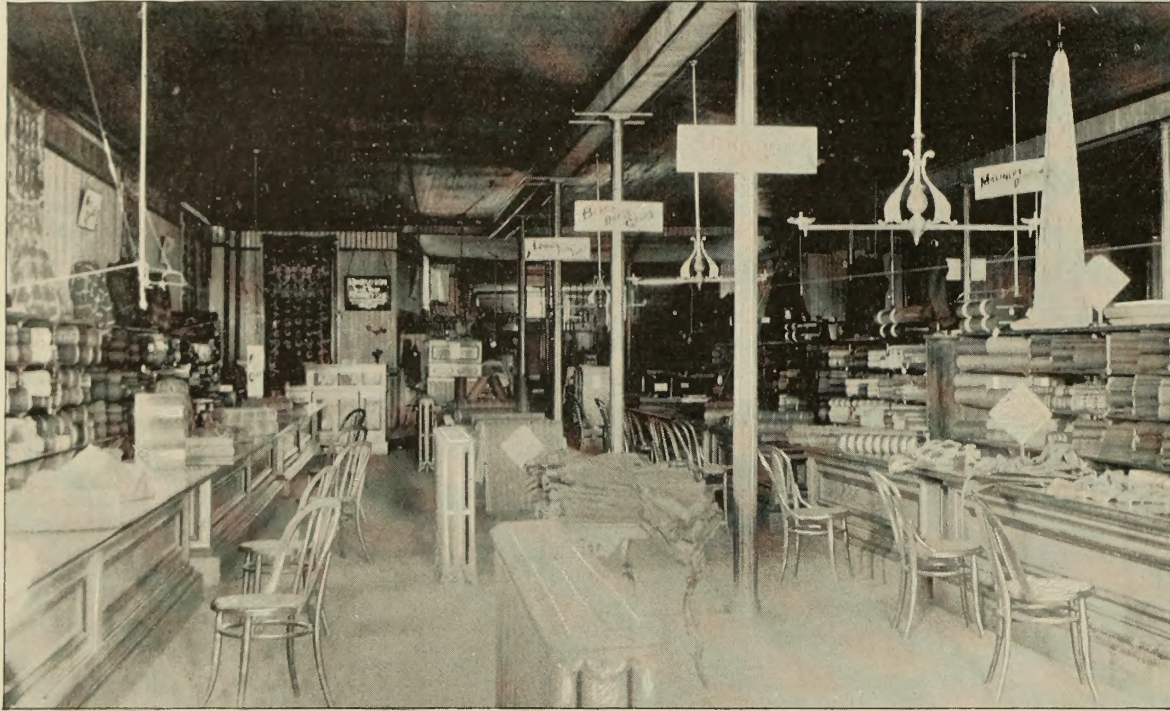
The accompanying illustration gives to our readers a view of a portion of the interior of the large dry goods emporium of J. E. Lambie & Co. Seven years ago J. E. Lambie came to this city and embarked in the dry

be pretty apt to visit the new and handsome headquarters occupied by Robert E. Edwards, on Pleasant street. They certainly could not do better, for they will find a genial and experienced dealer ready to please them. Mr. Edwards, who bears the name so honored in this locality, is a native of Chesterfield and has friends all

and depth of 100 feet. The place contains a large, complete assortment of kitchen, dining-room, parlor, bedroom, hall, library, and office furniture in cheap, medium, and fine goods manufacture, all being arranged in first class order. There is also a desirable assortment of upholstering goods, drapery and shades. As a furnishing undertaker Mr. Edwards performs all the responsible duties attached to this branch in an entirely satisfactory manner. He has a fine hearse and employs about ten hands. Mr. Edwards is a native of Massachusetts, his birthplace being Chesterfield. He employs both the cash and installment systems in his business and offers the most reasonable terms.

J. J. Raleigh, Undertaker.

A good undertaker must necessarily be a man of knowledge as to what is fit and just in matters of final obsequies. He should be a man of tenderness of spirit and great sagacity in discerning what is appropriate under varying circumstances. The house of J. J. Raleigh, whose establishment is located at 200 Main street, has for years been widely and pleasantly known throughout Northampton and its suburbs, for the general satisfaction he always gives to those who patronize him. He always carries a supply of all varieties of coffins, caskets, robes and trimmings, belonging to his profession; also promptly filling orders for special caskets and for preserving bodies and as an embalmer he has no superior. He makes entire arrangements for funerals, furnishing coaches, hearse, chairs, etc. The many facilities and accomplishments are duly appreciated, and his services are specially valued by the people. He is just the man needed when the shadow of death falls upon our homes. Mr. Raleigh stands high in social and business circles for his strict honor and integrity, and has always identified himself with any movement conducive to the good and welfare of his fellow-citizens.



A SECTION OF INTERIOR OF J. E. LAMBIE & CO'S DRY GOODS EMPORIUM.

goods trade in the store formerly occupied by E. G. Southwick & Co., which was at that time one of the largest establishments in the city.

With a determination for success, if honesty and fair dealing would achieve it, the firm rapidly gained friends, popularity and a rapid increase of trade, so that larger quarters were soon needed, and during the year 1886, an addition of 25x28 feet was built on the rear of their store, thus giving them what certainly seemed room enough for a dry goods store in a city of this size. But again increasing trade demanded more room and Messrs. Lambie & Co. decided upon further enlargement and as a result a large brick structure was added to the main store, giving them a room of 50x90 feet, which in connection with the original store gives them 7000 square feet of floor room for their extensive business, and does not include two large basements, used for duplicate stock, making by far the largest store of this kind in western Massachusetts, the entire length of this great establishment being nearly 200 feet.

The interior of the new store is finished in the natural color of light wood, with black walnut trimmings, which in addition to many large lighted windows give to this store what is so often neglected in many establishments of this kind, and that is good light. The upper floors are supported by handsome gilded iron columns and the entire store is heated by the hot water system.

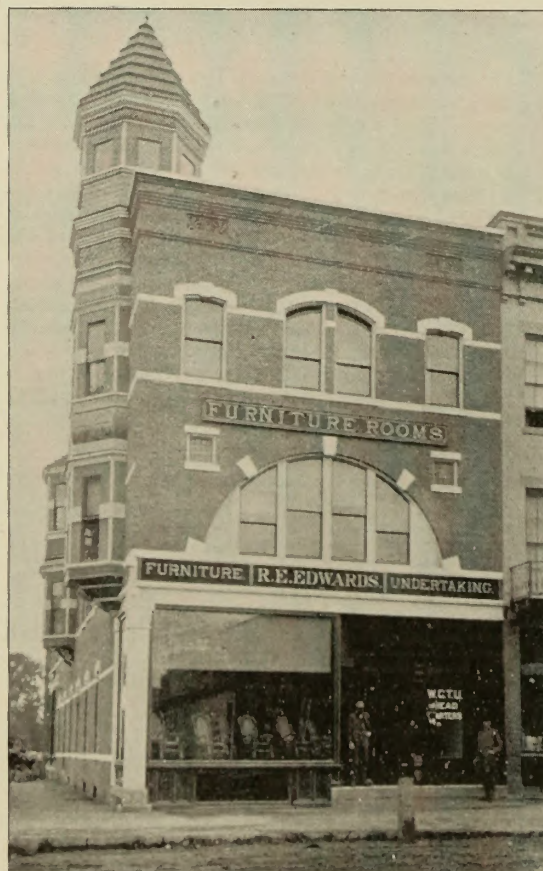
The south side of the new part is devoted to dress goods, trimmings, silks, cloaks, furs, etc., while on the opposite side is the large and well arranged millinery department, which is one off the leading features of the business. The linen, domestic and underwear department occupy one side of the original store and on the other hosiery, cotton underwear, and the large notion department. During the busy season the firm employ about 25 clerks. It is justly with a feeling of pride that this energetic firm point to their successes as the result of courteous treatment and honest dealing and the public can rest assured that they will ever receive cordial welcome when they visit Lambie's dry goods house.

Robert E. Edwards—Furniture Dealer and Undertaker.

When the people come to the shire of the county to trade and want anything in the furniture line they will

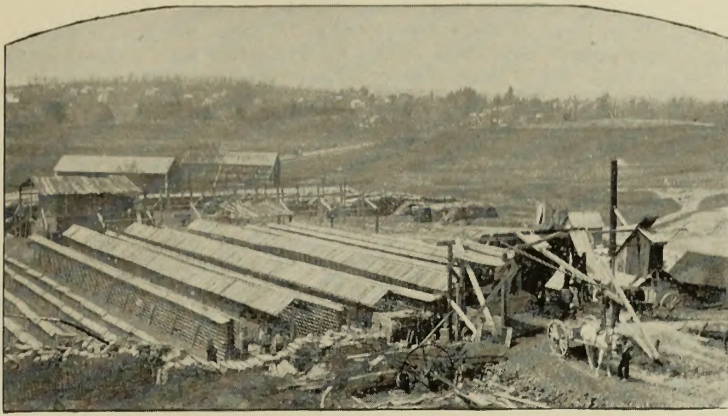
over Hampshire. The business of this establishment was originally founded in 1880, by J. H. Searle, in the Father Mathew Society building on Center street. The firm next became Searle & Edwards. Mr. Edwards succeeding to the sole proprietorship in 1884. The business is now located on Pleasant street, occupying a three story brick building, having a frontage of 25 feet

appreciated, and his services are specially valued by the people. He is just the man needed when the shadow of death falls upon our homes. Mr. Raleigh stands high in social and business circles for his strict honor and integrity, and has always identified himself with any movement conducive to the good and welfare of his fellow-citizens.



Commercial Endowment Association.

One of the popular corporations of this city is the Commercial Endowment association, chartered April 26th, 1890, under the laws of this Commonwealth. It pays endowments of \$500 at the expiration of four years from the date of certificate of membership, and sickness and accident benefits of \$20 per week. This organization seems to have embodied the good features of other associations of the kind, and to have eliminated those which are objectionable; consequently its standing is first-class, and second to none in the field; its membership shows a strong and healthful growth, and covers a class of men whose reputations are of the best in the communities where they reside. The managers of this corporation are careful, prudent, and experienced business men, and as a result of their labors we expect to see the Commercial Endowment association stand at the head of the column in prosperity and without a rival.



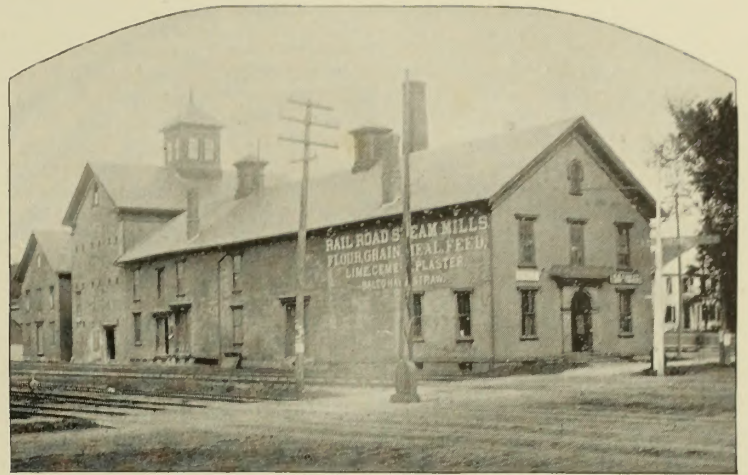
BRICK YARD AND WORKS OF BROWN & BAILEY.

Brown & Bailey, Brick-Makers and Builders.

Messrs. Brown & Bailey own and operate one of the oldest brick-making properties in the county—the plant formerly occupied by Porter Nutting, Esq., on the road to the village of Florence in Northampton. Over two million of brick were turned out by them the past year and over forty hands are almost constantly employed, requiring a pay roll of \$3500 a month. New machinery has lately been added and the firm are now ready to make fine pressed brick, while their regular run of brick is the best of its kind in appearance and durability. Mayor Jeremiah Brown is the senior member of the firm and Chief Fire Engineer Bailey is the junior.

M. L. & M. W. Graves' Elevator and Grist-Mill.

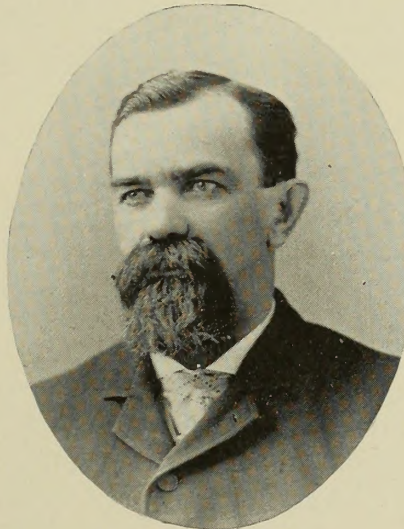
Lack of space prevents our speaking of the enterprising Graves Bros.' plant as we should like to. The engraving speaks for itself, and shows the structure originally erected by Thayer &



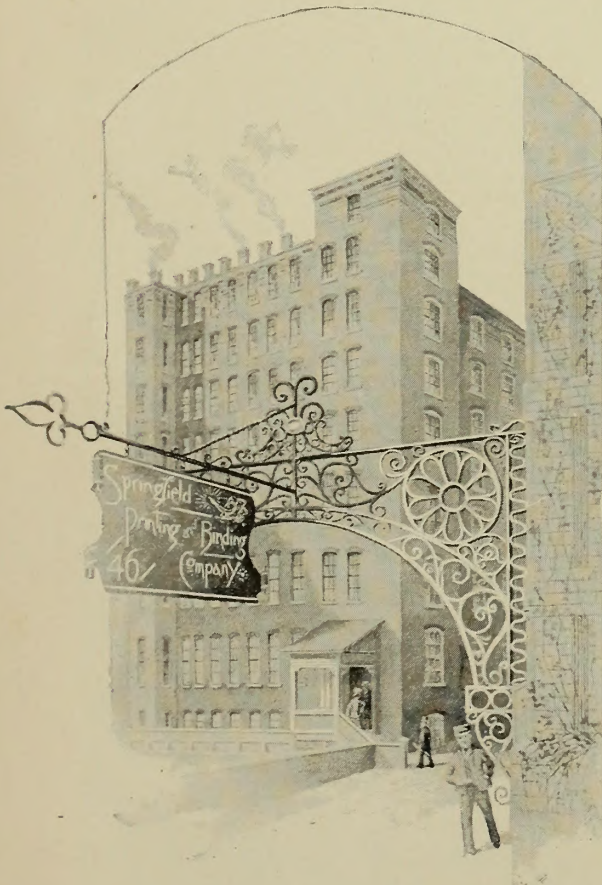
ELEVATOR AND GRIST-MILL OF M. L. & M. W. GRAVES.

Kimball & Cary, Coal Dealers.

Henry A. Kimball, the founder of the business under the above firm name, came to this town and started here in business in 1879. The first two years he was ostensibly in company with Mr. French of New Haven, but Mr. Kimball did all the business here. In 1881 Frank W. Cary was taken as a partner and he attended to the retail business, while Mr. Kimball began to cultivate the wholesale field, which he has brought to cover a large area of territory, as he controls the trade in certain kinds of coal from Springfield to St. Johnsbury, Vt. The business of the firm now amounts to half a million dollars a year and is constantly increasing. The firm occupy the River road building near the railroad tracks, which appears in the engraving on this page, and as the senior member of the firm has been a man of considerable local prominence as a representative of the people in the Legislature we give herewith his portrait. Mr. Kimball, before coming to Northampton, was a resident in the state of Connecticut, being born at Windham, in 1842. In 1869 he served a term as representative to the Legislature of that state and afterwards was in the service of the N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R. as clerk, conductor, general freight agent and superintendent. In 1878 he resigned to come to Northampton, where his popularity has been such that he has been elected as aforesaid, besides holding various positions of trust, such as director in the electric light company and the Hampshire county bank and trustee in the Hampshire savings-bank. Mr. Kimball's popularity was further shown this month by his election as State Senator in the Berkshire-Hampshire district, on the Democratic ticket, he running 400 votes ahead of his ticket in Northampton.



HENRY A. KIMBALL.



The Springfield Printing and Binding Co.

In closing a work of this kind it is a matter of fairness simply to give credit to all parties for their share in it and we believe all have been mentioned but the Springfield printing and binding company, who do the press work on "Picturesque Hampshire." They deserve mention for this and it is herewith accorded. All the type was set and engravings arranged in The Journal office, but that rare faculty of handling paper and ink to secure the finish observable in such a work as this is the gift of the company named. The building occupied by them on Harrison avenue, Springfield, shows in the above engraving.



BUILDING OCCUPIED BY KIMBALL & CARY,

Machinery for Modern House Construction.

Like everything else, the machinery used for the rapid construction of modern houses has been greatly simplified within a few years. Outside of the masonry and plaster-work, the building of an ordinary frame tenement-house has been reduced from the work of months to a matter of a few days, and this largely by the aid of new and perfected machinery in the production of the mouldings, mortises, tenons, and all the detail, which is generally a matter of more or less delay or slow work.

To obtain a correct and comprehensive idea of the perfection of the machinery brought to the aid of the

Next we noticed a movable saw for dado heads and grooving, as well as sawing at angles. A 24-inch planer and edger saws, gang-saws, and swingsaws were inspected next. Then there was a peculiar saw for sawing blind slats, which makes a second's work of sawing both ends and leaving the necessary projection in the center for the mortise. The self-feeding rip-saw seemed to have quite an appetite and took in all that was given it and the machine for sawing shingles seemed to be making itself useful. A small and very simple little machine, hardly larger than an ordinary seal stamp, was that which drove the staples into blind-slats and strung them together in readiness for hanging; another machine was for tenoning blind-slats, another

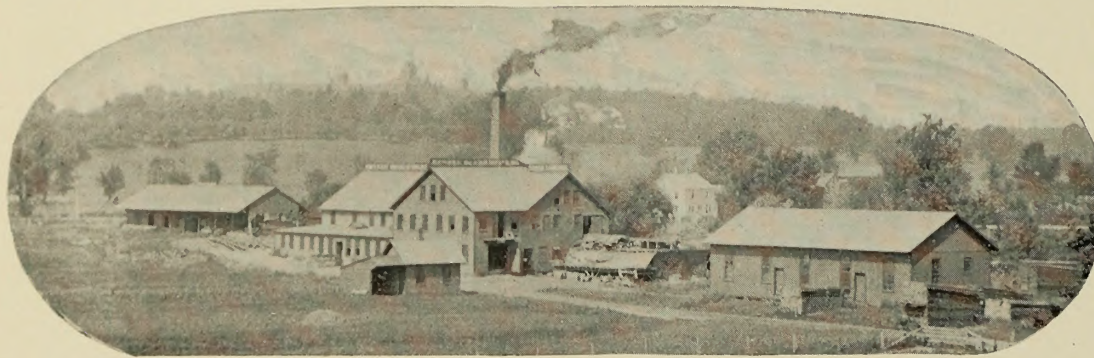
ciple, we understood, were not made. A large dry kiln is a feature of the establishment, and therein we saw quartered oak and other valuable woods. An 80 horse power engine furnishes power and heat.

From the enumeration of machines it may readily be seen what it would seem hardly necessary to announce in so many words—that this establishment is ready to turn out every article of wood and joiner work required in house building, including superior doors, sash, Venetian and panel blinds, general inside finish for buildings, and dressed lumber of every description, both soft and hard, filling bills for local delivery or shipment to all points at short notice, in the best style, and at reasonable figures. It is a most important item to the material interests of Northampton, because it saves freight on a great quantity of work which has heretofore been done out of the city and cheapens considerably the cost of building. Mr. Hebert deserves liberal support and substantial encouragement for his enterprise.

Besides his factory near South street, Mr. Hebert has other buildings on Hawley street, near the depots, where will be found complete lines of choice Canadian and Michigan pine, spruce, and hardwood lumber in all desirable dimensions, together with sash, doors, blinds, lath and shingles in great variety and of the best quality. Mr. Hebert's premises on Hawley street are quite commodious, and his storage capacity ample, his sheds being three stories in height, adjoining which is a large three-story brick structure lighted by gas, heated by steam, and occupied as a carpenter shop and office.

The necessity as well as convenience of having at hand ample supplies of rough and dressed lumber and other materials is recognized by all interested in building operations, and the dealer who carries the largest and best stocks is sure of a liberal patronage. Therefore Mr. Hebert, with his present complete outfit, is in position to make the most favorable terms to intending builders. He does an extensive business as contractor and builder, employing over ninety hands, and is prepared to make prompt and reasonable estimates on carpenter work of every description. He is of Canadian birth.

Among the important works of Mr. Hebert may be mentioned the building of the town hall at Enfield, the Lilly library, Congregational chapel, the barn for the late Mr. Kyle, at Florence; the Burnham-Capen school gymnasium, the Wallace and Clark houses on Smith college grounds, Dickinson Hospital, new Northampton national bank and schoolhouses on King, William street and at Leeds. At Holyoke Mr. Hebert is now building a new Catholic church. In building manufactures Mr. Hebert had a considerable share, having built Lamb's wire mill, the grist mill adjoining, Leonard & Co's new silk mill, Foote & Warner's button shop, Crystal emery wheel works, brush works for the Florence Mfg. Co., building for the Florence Machine Co., and an office building for the Belding Bros.



LUMBER, SASH, DOOR AND BLIND FACTORY OF JOSEPH HEBERT, NORTHAMPTON.

modern carpenter and house-joiner, one should visit the extensive lumber works formerly used by the Riverside lumber company, but which are now owned by Joseph Hebert and to which he has added thousands of dollars' worth of intricate machinery, so that now it is the most complete establishment of the kind outside of the great lumber or wood-working centers of trade.

A visit to the place recently, was one of great interest to a Journal reporter, and gave new ideas as to the facilities now at hand for the development of the builders' art in Hampshire county. Mr. Hebert has thirteen acres of ground at his disposal, and we expect to see every square foot of it in use within a few years. The buildings comprise the mill proper, the large lumber sheds, a paint shop, barn, forge-house, office and a neat little tenement.

A spur track from the Consolidated road leaves material at the sheds, and a large part of the grounds are covered with huge logs from different sources of local supply. The "raw material" goes into the primitive saw-mill, which every one is familiar with—the big circular saw made familiar by the story of the bear, who, sitting on the movable trucks which slowly approached it, obligingly put himself out of the way of means of danger to the scared backwoods mill-owner, by vigorously hugging the whirling disk of steel, as he approached and touched it.

Mr. Hebert's saw-mill is much like any other saw-mill, but down stairs, on the first floor, are the beauties of mechanism which hew from the slabs of rough log those myriad forms of carpenters' and joiners' art which make the modern house. Here we found a four and ten-inch square moulding machine which makes any pattern of that size. It has top and bottom and right and left attachments, thus moulding on all sides of the timber, if necessary, in one operation.

A large, heavy machine, near by, is a surfacer, weighing about 8000 pounds and it planes four sides at once.

Almost every one has seen the common band-saw and more than one man has been made unpleasantly acquainted with the buzz-saw. This article and the variety moulding machines are no "respectors of persons" and had "just as lieve take a fellow's finger off as not."

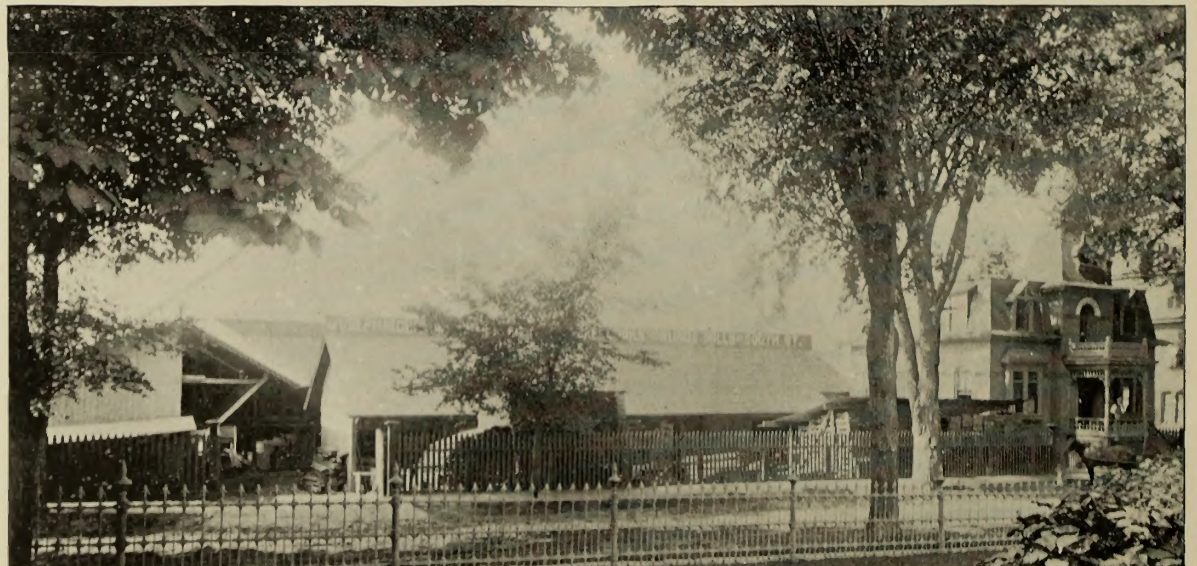
Here is a machine for putting in window-pulleys and tenoning. It will do all this work for the windows of an ordinary tenement house in one hour, where it formerly took days.



JOSEPH HEBERT.

tenoning doors. A door relisher seemed true to its name, for it made an oblong mortise and ate up the wood necessary thereto "in a jiffy." Other machines were a sash dovetailer, sash and door moulder, with "shiner head," one for rabbeting blinds and beading joints, which also grooves sash, being

a combination machine. To one who has never seen the machine which bores a square hole, its operation is interesting. Seemingly the bit is square, but the round hole is bored first, while almost identically the sharp edge of the square piece enters the hole and chips out the corners. This, however, is only about a three-quarter inch hole. Larger machines on the same prin-



HEBERT'S LUMBER YARD, SHOP AND OFFICE ON HAWLEY STREET.

Blodgett on State street; nine houses for Parker Whitcomb on Bright street and four for O. B. Smith on Massasoit street, besides one each for S. P. Billings at Hatfield and S. R. Cooley at Hadley, with many others which we have not space to enumerate.

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The Hampshire County Journal.

In closing a work like this it also seems quite proper to say a few words about the newspaper and office which publishes it. The accompanying engraving shows the home of the Hampshire County Journal, where "Picturesque Hampshire" was "made up." The circumstances which led to its publication have already been detailed. The publishers of The Journal, Wade, Warner & Co., have been in business in the same building now occupied by them, for over thirteen years. It is a slightly and desirable location, overlooking the court-house park and the lower part of Main street. This spot has been the home of printers from time immemorial.

It is safe to say that The Journal newspaper is one of the most influential institutions of Northampton, and its job printing department is one of the best patronized in the county. It does an enormous amount of poster, circular, program, business and amusement printing in the course of a year, for a country printing-office, and as its prices are moderate, service prompt and work neatly performed its patronage is continually increasing. It is one of the handiest

places in the city for our out-of-town friends to reach. They will see the large block shown in the engraving, across the court-house park, soon after coming on the

main street from the depots, and they are always welcome to call for the examination of specimens and estimates, whether they leave their orders or not.

The Hampshire County Journal newspaper needs little introduction to the public. It is an independent democratic newspaper. It believes in the people, in equality of representation and taxation, and has tried to be independent in its criticisms. Unlike other papers in the county it has been open to the freest discussion of all subjects, and that its course has been popular is shown from the trebling of its circulation since the present proprietors took charge, while the establishment of new papers has had no other effect upon its subscription list.

The outlook for The Journal was never brighter and the publishers of this work will of course be glad to make any one acquainted with The Journal who has not yet seen it. The paper is issued every Friday afternoon, in time to reach all county towns before Sunday. The terms of subscription are \$1.50 a year, and it will be sent one year to a new subscriber, with a copy of this work, for one dollar.

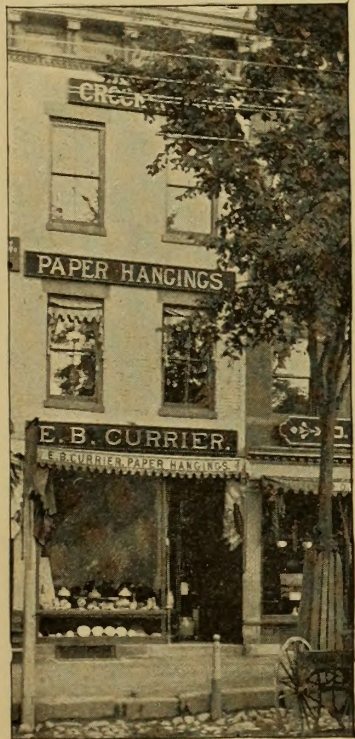


To the People of Hampshire Co. and Everybody else.

We wish to say a few words to you about buying your BOOKS AND STATIONERY, PAPER, ENVELOPES, INK, BLANK BOOKS, etc., at home.

1. It is a neighborly act, and due to those who are settled here and identified with the interests of our city.
2. In nineteen cases out of twenty you can buy as low in town as out of town.
3. If you do not buy, at any rate compare prices, and see if you cannot do equally well, or even better, here at your doors.
4. Do not be deluded by Subscription Book Agents who say, "CAN'T BE BOUGHT AT THE BOOKSTORES"—Cyclopedias, Books of Travel, History, etc. We will do as well as the AGENT, and generally GIVE BETTER PRICES.
5. Orders by mail, or questions concerning Books, gladly answered.
6. The Old College Bookstore, 108 MAIN STREET, is the place to verify these statements.

S. E. BRIDGMAN,
NORTHAMPTON, MASS.



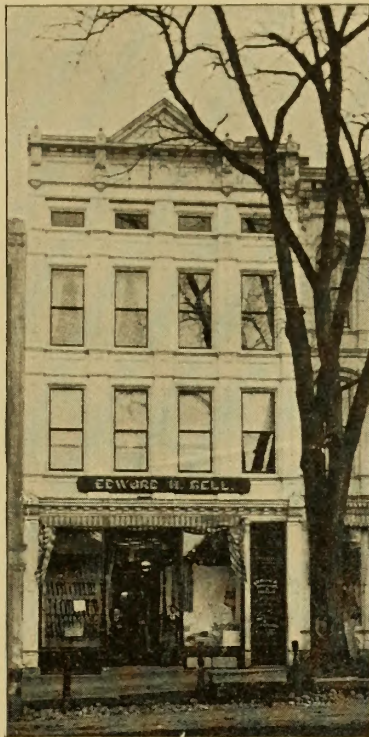
THE ABOVE ENGRAVING REPRESENTS
THE SUBSTANTIAL BUSINESS BLOCK
OCCUPIED BY

E. B. CURRIER,
DEALER IN
Crockery, Glass Ware,
FINE POTTERY,
LAMPS, PAPER HANGINGS,
AND HOUSEHOLD GOODS GENERALLY.

This building is crowded with stock
from basement to top story—Five Floors.

The Lower Mills,
RICHARD P. SMITH, Proprietor.
MILLING OF RYE AND WHEAT FLOUR,
IN CUSTOM LOTS.

All kinds of Custom Work promptly attended
to and Satisfaction Guaranteed.
All kinds of Flour and Feed in Stock.



EDWARD H. BELL
Dry Goods and Carpet Dealer,

Has no room in this space to make an
announcement. For particulars as to his
various BARGAINS readers are referred
to newspaper advertisements; but the
above substantial business block gives a
hint of the varied and elegant stock
within.



MATTHEW CARROLL,
DEALER IN
Choice Family Groceries,
FLOUR, PRODUCE,
Fine Teas, Coffees, Spices,
TOBACCO AND CIGARS,
14 Masonic Street,
Northampton, Mass.

Also agent for the INMAN, WHITE STAR,
ALLAN, ANCHOR, RED STAR, and STATE
LINE STEAMSHIPS, to and from England,
Ireland and Scotland.
Drafts for £1 and upward on Liverpool,
Glasgow and Edinburgh.

SHADY LAWN.

This fine Gothic building represented in the
picture on the middle of page 6, with its beautiful
grounds, is for sale on easy terms. It
was long occupied as a Collegiate Institute,
then fourteen years as a Private Sanitarium.
It is equally eligible as a summer residence
for city people or an elegant boarding-house
for Smith college students.

GO TO
—DEARDEN'S—
FOR
Fine Crockery,
LAMPS,
FANCY -- GOODS
AND
PAPER HANGINGS.
OPPOSITE SMITH CHARITIES,
MAIN STREET,
Northampton, Mass.

—F. D. BARNES—
FINE
GROGER
AND DEALER IN
Flour, Provisions and Fruit.
28 MAIN STREET,
Northampton, Mass.

OSCAR EDWARDS. LUCIUS S. DAVIS.
O. Edwards & Co.,
—DRUGGISTS—
AND DEALERS IN
Paints, Oils and Groceries,
SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS,
ETC., ETC.
Agents for H. W. Johns' Asbestos
Paint, and Longman & Martinez' Pure
Paint.
NO. 134 MAIN STREET,
NORTHAMPTON, MASS.

DO YOU WANT
Artists' Materials.
BLANK BOOKS,
Note Books, Memorandum Books,
Pass Books, College Text Books,
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Orders by mail will receive prompt
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EMPORIUM -- OF -- FASHION.
FANCY GOODS OF ALL KINDS FOR
LADIES, AND LADIES' UNDER-
WEAR A SPECIALTY.
Sewing Machines of every desirable style,
and all machines repaired.
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Cor. Strong Ave. and Main Street, opp.
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Commercial Travelers will find this house
centrally located, near both rail-
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pass the door.

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AMHERST, MASS.
The undersigned is pleased to announce to
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Spreads or Dinners, that he is now prepared
to accommodate at short notice large or small
patrons. Ample Dining Room, capacity for
200 people.
LORENZO CHASE, Proprietor.

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BELCHERTOWN, MASS.
Season opens in June and closes in October.
The hotel has a first-class table, is light-
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Estimates furnished on all kinds of
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Ready-Made Clothing, Gents' Furnishing
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BEGINNING with January, 1891, GOOD HOUSEKEEPING will be published

MONTHLY,

and each monthly number will have more than double the number of pages that has been heretofore contained in any two fortnightly issues. In other words, our readers will have a larger and better variety in one monthly number than they have heretofore had in two fortnightly ones.

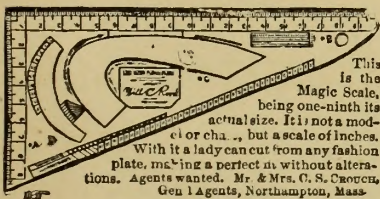
The regular subscription price is \$2.40 a year, \$1.20 for six months, \$1.00 for five months; 20 cents a number.

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WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN
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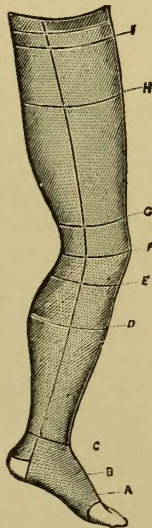


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Fine Surgical Elastic Goods,



HOSIERY,

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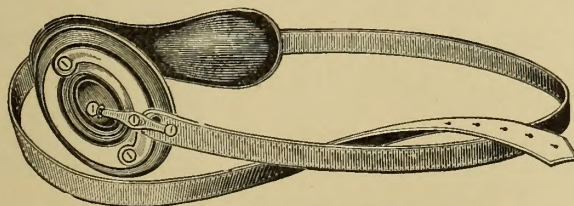
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A Fresh, Reliable Article,

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PERFECT FIT GUARANTEED.



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FITTING A SPECIALTY.

MORE THAN THIRTY YEARS IN PRESENT LOCATION.

My stock being a wholesale one, offers a better assortment than any retail dealer can be expected to keep.

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Low Prices

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Keep your Teeth White,

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VERY PLEASANT TO USE.

SEND 10c. FOR SAMPLE PACKAGE.

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L. MALTBY, Treasurer.

Deposits, Oct. 1, 1890, \$2,473,000.
Assets, 2,723,000.

HAMPSHIRE SAVINGS BANK,

ESTABLISHED A. D. 1869.

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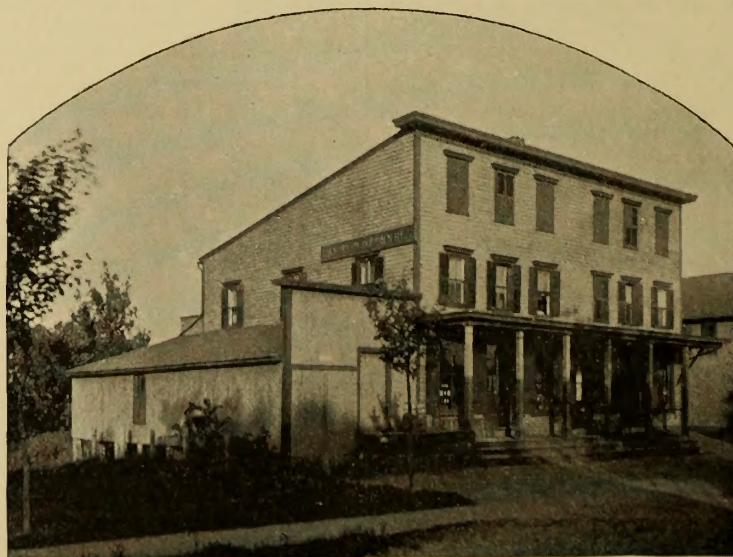
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Insures Dwellings, Barns and their Contents Only.

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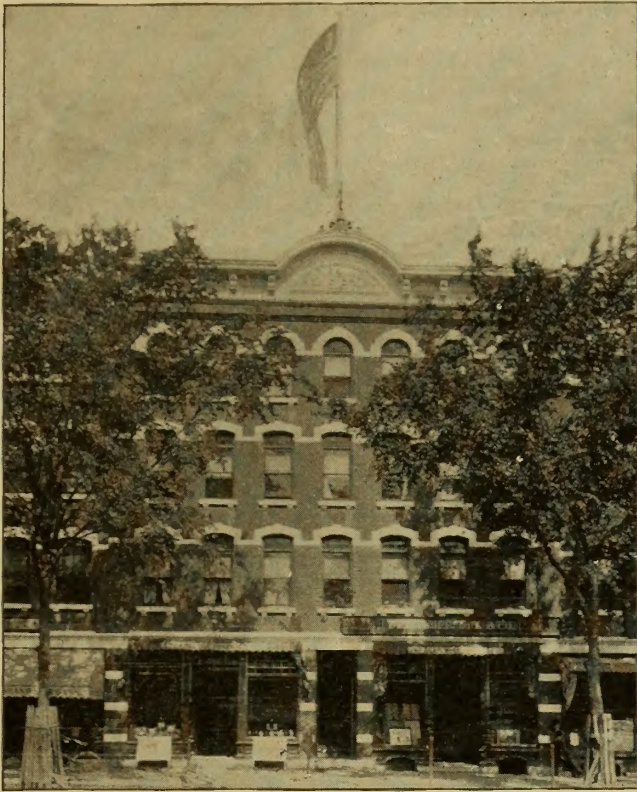
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PERFECTLY PURE. Extracts of THE BEST. Unequaled Strength for All. Winning Friends Everywhere. Choicest Fruits. Thousands of Gross Sold. Dealers Treble Sales with Them. EVERY FAMILY Should Know Their Delicious Flavors. Ask Your Grocer or Dealer for Them.

These Delicious Flavors of Very Great Strength win a large trade for Fine Quality and Great Economy. Why not get the BEST, always RELIABLE, HEALTHFUL, DELICIOUS, ECONOMICAL. In a sale of Thousands of Gross, no ADULTERATION or COLORING EVER USED.

THE **D. H. BRIGHAM CO.**
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Clothiers, Hatters,

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
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Yours very truly,

J. B. CLARK.

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For family use. Also

MACHINES FOR ALL KINDS OF
MANUFACTURING PURPOSES.

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CONSTANTLY ON HAND. OLD MACHINES
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In Hampshire county. We pay special attention to fine goods, and some of the best makes in the country are represented on our shelves. We carry all sizes and widths, from "aa" to "ee," consequently we can fit you, and fit you well.

Our PRICES we guarantee to be as LOW as the same quality of goods can be bought for anywhere.

By courteous treatment we would respectfully solicit a share of your patronage.

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Successors to W. D. Mandell,

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Where can always be found a large stock of Poultry, Fresh, Salt and Smoked Meats, selected from the best the Market affords. Also, Fresh Vegetables, Game, Venison, etc., in their season.

Cash paid for Hides, Calf and Wool Skins.
180 Main St. cor. South St. Northampton.

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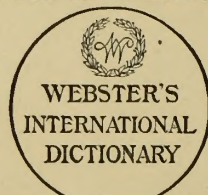
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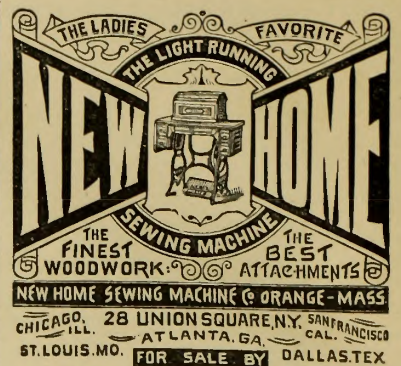
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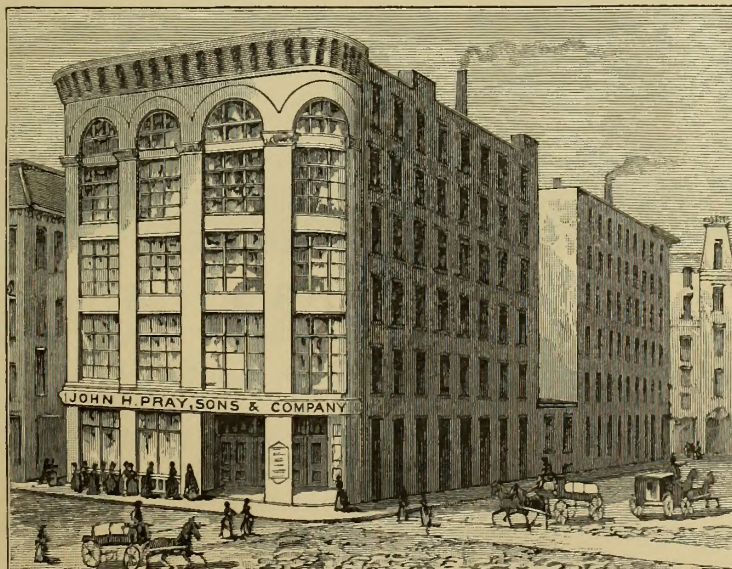
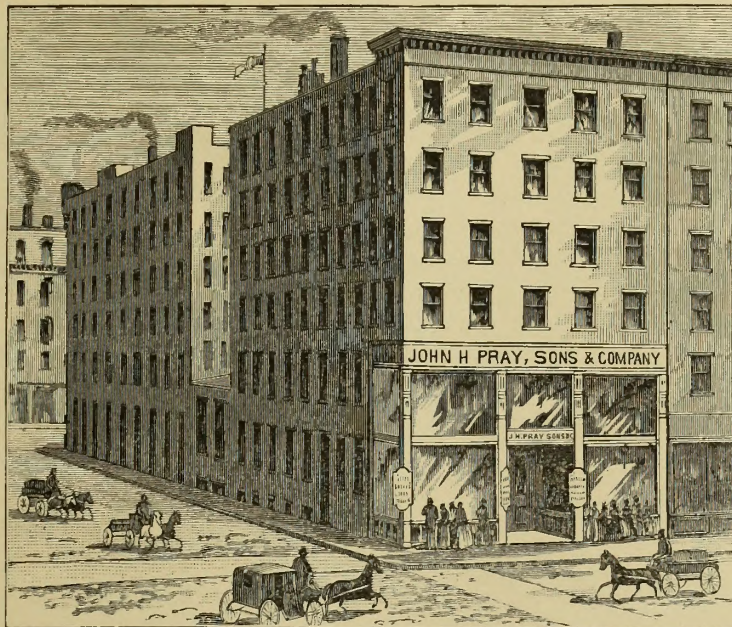
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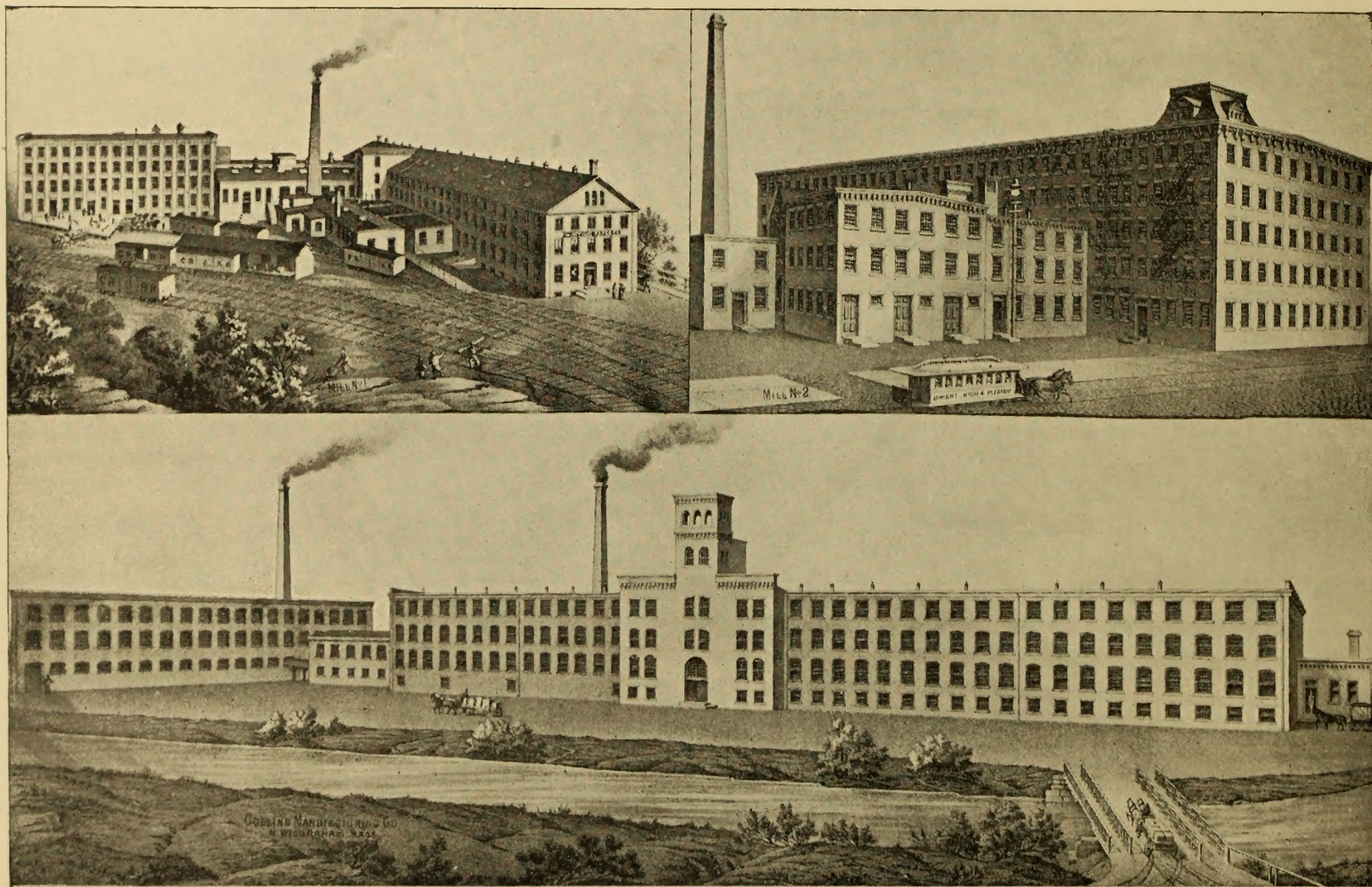
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